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MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxv

Toronto, January 1913

No. 3

*The Best Magazine in the World
for Canadians*

*MacLean's is the best magazine in the
world for Canadians.*

*It carries more Canadian matter than
any other monthly published.*

*That is why it is read and appreciated
from coast to coast.*

*If you're a real Canadian you'll find it
worth looking into.*

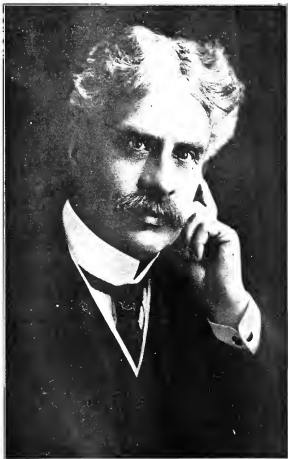
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RIGHT HON. R. L. BORDEN.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXV

Toronto January 1913

No. 3

The National Political Situation

The outstanding feature of interest in the Canadian political situation this month is the question of naval defence. The policy of the Government has been set forth in the measure submitted to Parliament by Hon. Mr. Borden, while the attitude of the Opposition is embodied in the amendment which has been presented. In this issue Mr. Thomson, after investigating coast defence conditions at first hand, studying the provisions of the policies proposed, and interviewing the leaders of the dominant political parties, reviews the situation and gives his conclusions as to Canadian naval requirements.

By Edward William Thomson

IN the December number Mr. Editor explained why he and the proprietor, Colonel MacLean, who "has always held anti-reciprocity, high protection views," afford space each month to discussion by the present writer, who favors "free trade and direct taxation" as the ideal policy for Canada and every other country. The Colonel regards his publications as national institutions, in which every side of every important political affair should be presented, if set forth with decent regard for contrary opinion. Thus he evinces admirable confidence in the strength of his side, as well as complimentary and, I hope, deserved confidence in his contributor and guest. By occupying this relation the writer is spiritually bound no less to politeness than to candor in expression. He is morally obligated to treat with respect and courtesy the tenets of his best and occasional opponent. Is it not much to be desired that other editors and proprietors of Canadian publications should similarly keep the forum open? How vastly more inter-

esting, educational and valuable than our existing partisan papers would be impartial journals, in which both sides of every large public question were regularly set out by sincere opposing writers the editor's function being confined to securing available contrary talents, and to insisting on controversial propriety in his columns. As things now go some of us have to shun reading the papers of our own side lest disgust at their frantic unfairness impel us to undue favor for the other! It is the present writer's happy practice to read every day those journals which oppose with most emphatic cocksure anger all such opinions as he most devotedly entertains. Thus one may be more confirmed in what he thinks the true faith than he can ever be by fellow disciples who howl intemperately in its support. Differences of opinion are much exaggerated in the strictly partisan press. Hence useful co-operation in common affairs is diminished. Said Baron Sergius in Disraeli's "Lothair" to Endermion, the young hero of that novel,

"All sensible men believe the same thing,"—"And what is that?" asked Endymion—"Sensible men never tell," replied the judicious Baron. Similarly one of the wisest of wealthy Canadians, one recognised as a sage by all who have long admired his walk and conversation, once said to his innermost circle, "I never say what I really think Canada ought to do, for fear I'd be put in a lunatic asylum." The next best course is what he habitually supports.

Just now he emphatically approves the Navy programme of our Right Honorable Premier. Probably Colonel MacLean also approves it—I do not know his opinion in the business. His present contributor holds and avows that Mr. Borden in this case has, by sincerity of intention, thought, conclusion and statement proved himself a right honorable man. Grant his prime postulate, as is avowedly done by almost all Canadians except Mr. John S. Ewart and a few others, then everything propounded by Mr. Borden seems wise. Also ingenious. He has contrived to satisfy ultra-imperialists, whose first desire is for Canadian strengthening of Old Country force on the high seas. He has no less contrived to satisfy those Canadian Nationalists who, like myself, hold that defence of Canada's coasts should first be provided. The singular merit of the Premier's plan is that it meets both requisitions in the speediest possible way. This would be bold dogmatism, if one did not proceed to argument, with hope of general consent.

Let us shortly consider the proposals. Mr. Borden designs to pay thirty-five millions of Canadian money, or of what is essentially the same thing—money borrowed at fair interest on Canada's perfect credit—for three battleships of the most formidable. He designs to place them in the service and complete control of the Admiralty, until such time as Canada may withdraw them. Is it not obvious that they could not be in complete London control, during the period of loan, if they were manned and officered by persons sup-

plied and paid by Ottawa? Some allege that the period of loan will not expire before the ships are worn out, superseded by vessels of later invention, or otherwise fit to be scrapped. If so, what harm? The period of loan must in any case extend until Canada shall have acquired the auxiliary craft necessary to great battleships. These addenda must include at least fast and strong cruisers for scouting, destroyers for employment against hostile torpedo craft, launches of lesser range for torpedo and mines service. Without such auxiliaries, which combined with a superior battleship constitute a fighting unit, the battleship itself would be not only much limited in action but much endangered, somewhat as a prizefighter would be if he were almost deaf, almost blind and capable only as to fists, arms, legs and trunk. Does Mr. Borden intend to obtain for Canada the auxiliary equipment without which Canada cannot recall the battleships?

His further or permanent Navy programme has not been disclosed at time of this writing. But his careful and lucid speech on his preliminary policy indicated that he designs establishment of shipyards, etc., on both Canadian coasts, which will be capable of constructing such vessels and appliances as may suffice for not only coast defence service, but as auxiliaries to super-dreadnoughts. How rapidly the intended Canadian shipyards, etc., may turn out such minor craft must depend on the sum voted by our Parliament, and the speed of its application to the purpose. Let the period be conceived as five, ten, twenty years—no matter how short or long it be, Canada will, at its termination, be enabled to manage battleships, and recall of her first trio may then reasonably occur. Meantime, not only will Canada's security be enhanced by her strengthening of Britain's power on the high seas, but the plan for Canada's future coast defence may be rushed as fast as it could have been by adhering to Sir Wilfrid's former programme, supposing Parliament as generous to that as to Mr. Borden's plan,

But that is not all the gain. The Premier clearly indicated that the Admiralty, upon completion of the three Canadian battleships (perhaps earlier) will be enabled to liberate and will detach for service along or off Canada's coasts, such cruisers, gunboats and other minor craft as will sufficiently insure these coasts against their main or sole danger in a great British war, viz., the danger from raids by hostile cruisers. Our three big ships will supply England with more than the line-of-battle strength of numerous smaller craft formidable enough to serve Canada's only need, and we shall get the use of these speedily—a fair exchange.

Yet the story is not all told. The London Government will employ the projected Canadian naval yards to build and repair armed vessels for Atlantic and Pacific service, thus aiding Canada to maintain effective staffs of artificers, whose presence here will facilitate the construction of such craft as we may undertake on account of a future Canadian Navy, or for the existing Fisheries Protection service. In short, everything needful to increase Canada's security, to guard her coasts, and to promote her presumed ambition to acquire a serviceable navy of her own, is intended by the Premier's business-like, masterly plan. He came to this success by looking straight at the military problem, with resolution to meet its requisitions. To those who, like myself, are convinced that Britain's sea-supremacy is necessary to her life; that both are now gravely endangered; and that Canada's separate political existence on this continent must depend on ample coast defence in case of Britain's very possible defeat at sea, Mr. Borden's plan may well appear the best possible. Thirty-five millions is a bagatelle compared with advantages to accrue. As much more, promptly, for Canadian shipyards and coast defence appliances would be another flea-bite in comparison with the benefits.

To him who deals shrewdly much more than he apparently sought is

often added. How about the political aspects of the Premier's scheme? Prima facie it must please Imperialists of every degree. Shall we who are primarily Nationalists, or decentralizationist Imperialists, be therefore woful? Surely it must be well to rejoice that our centralizationist brethren are glad over what may much please ourselves. There does not appear to be the slightest infringement on Canada's autonomy, or what I prefer to term independence. Were we absolutely independent, in the sense of separation from Great Britain and the Crown, even as Chile and Argentina are, it would be within our independent right to build battleships in England; to sell or loan them at any price or none to France, Greece, Germany or Great Britain; and to accompany the sale or loan with a proviso for recall of the vessels in certain contingencies, our own Government retaining right to decide as to when these had arrived. Sovereign governments have often sold warships to other sovereign governments. Such craft are commercial commodities between nations as between builders and governments, even as locomotives might be. The seller assumes no accountability for the use by buyer or borrower. Hence Canada is not one iota more involved politically by Mr. Borden's plan than at present. The Dominion might, perhaps, be slightly more involved than now, if the three battleships were manned and officered by Canadians. By the way, there is a glaring absurdity in protests that Canada is not adding men, but only ships, to Old Country sea-force. Those who lament this should either enlist or propose a scale of naval pay that will induce other Canadians to serve. Though the pay offered on the Laurier cruisers, "Niobe" and "Rainbow," is better than Old Country naval pay, crews for these ships could not be enlisted in the Dominion. They recruited but 349 men and boys in Canada, up to the end of last March, and 111 of these deserted, besides 38 who enlisted elsewhere. In Vancouver harbor last July the training-ship "Egeria"

of the local "Navy League" bad but two volunteer boys aboard. It is ridiculous to suppose that either patriotism or imperialism will move men and boys of the working class to volunteer in peace time for naval service at lower pay than they can get ashore. Do men and boys of the mercantile, professional or gentleman class often volunteer on pure sentiment at a dead loss of money? As it has been necessary to raise R. N. W. M. Police pay, or do without good recruits, so it is necessary to raise Canadian naval pay, greatly, or do without Canadians in the service.

Back now to the political aspect of Mr. Borden's scheme. Insofar as it purports coast defence, even Messrs. Boursasse and Lavergne cannot consistently complain, since they have ever favored such defence. This is written in no derision of those most honorable, consistent, upright, brave gentlemen. They, as well as Messrs. Monk, Doherty and many others of Quebec, contended that Canada should abstain from going afloat in armed ships on the high seas. Why? Because such procedure could not but involve Canada newly in liability to be engaged in the Old Country's possibly world-wide wars, not as mere defender of Canadian territory, but as a country maintaining afar ships auxiliary to those of Great Britain. They held that a voice in directing Great Britain's foreign policy should accrue to Canada if she put armed ships on the high seas. This contention surely implied that Canada, if her voice were over-ruled in council, might and should revert to her old obligation to do no more than defend herself in any Old-Country-made war. That was the traditional position of both our political parties, till the Boer war caused both to desert it. Now Mr. Borden does not propose to put Canada immediately afloat on the high seas.

We do not go there by paying for ships and towing them to England, any more than if we built them and sold or loaned them to France or the United States. We shall, so far as those vessels are concerned, remain precisely where

we have ever been in a political sense, i.e., liable to be engaged willy-nilly in our own defence, after strengthening Great Britain's. Again, Mr. Borden has not, at time of this writing, even proposed that Canada shall go afloat armed off her own shores. He has stated that the London Government will detach ships for the high-seas guard of our coasts, as of old. If his projected Canadian shipyards build war vessels for Great Britain, as proposed, Canada still will not be, any more than Vickers or Cramp, shipbuilders, going afloat on the ocean. Not till Canadian craft, controlled by Ottawa, and flying a distinctive Canadian flag, shall take to the high seas, can this Dominion be newly placed politically, toward Great Britain or foreign powers. Wherefore the Borden policy, except inasmuch as it proposes large expenditure, ought to be approved by the "Nationalists" chiefs. This is so clear that we may expect to hear the programme denounced by ingenious "Grits" as one contrived by Messrs. Boursasse and Lavergne! It does not appear that a Canadian Minister on the so-called Imperial Defence Committee can newly involve us in a political sense.

There is only one point of view from which the Premier's sincere yet subtle plan can be consistently and powerfully attacked. That vantage ground is held by Mr. John S. Ewart, K.C., who has long contended that Canada should take or receive the status of an independent kingdom of the British Crown. His latest pamphlet (No. 11, "Kingdom Papers") is amazingly thorough and shrewdly argued. It was written before Mr. Borden's scheme had been published. After acquaintance with its details, Mr. Ewart, now in England, may perhaps see reason to modify some arguments in his contention that Mr. Borden is bound by the spirit of the Canadian constitution to pass a Redistribution Act, and then call a general election on his naval policy. However desirable such procedure may be in view of so important a matter, there is less reason for doing so than Mr. Ewart supposed when he wrote, i.e., if it be true, as herein suggested, that the Premier presently

proposes to change of Canada's status toward foreign countries or Great Britain.

But nothing, except sentiments contrary to Mr. Ewart's, can make light of his argument that it is not only unreasonable for Canada to remain liable to be involved in Old Country wars, but that Canada might be far more useful to England as a neutral than as a combatant. And no degree of contrary sentiment can annul the force of his exposition as to the prodigious accumulated wealth of the Old Country British, and the consequent monstrosity of their inviting and receiving from Canada the price of three super-dreadnoughts. Consider Mr. Ewart's own sentences:—

"Turning now to the capability of the wealthy and well-to-do classes in the United Kingdom to pay for their own navy, let it be noticed that the national wealth is simply colossal. The United Kingdom is the great creditor nation of the world. Almost every corner of the globe pays tribute to her. Part of the income of almost every civilized man (and of a good many of the uncivilized) goes to pay the great banker her interest. Her foreign investments amount to about £3,750,000,000, and on this she draws every year the enormous revenue of £180,000,000. What does she do with it? Well, as she has nothing else to do with it, she re-invests it. Her new foreign investments last year were about £175,000,000. In fifteen years these investments have increased as follows:

Investments in 1911	£3,750,000,000
Investments in 1896	2,662,000,000

An increase of £1,088,000,000
Or an annual average increase of £110,000,000

The annual enhancement naturally increases in amount as the unexpended surpluses are re-invested. Last year, for example, exceeded the average of its fourteen predecessors as follows:

Income in 1911	£175,000,000
Average income in previous fourteen years	£110,000,000

An enhancement of 65,000,000
Foreign assets are but one-quarter of the total wealth of the United Kingdom. The magnificent aggregate is £16,000,000,000. It was estimated, in 1885, by Sir Robert

Giffen, at £9,000,000,000; increase in twenty-six years, £6,400,000,000, or an annual increase of over £246,000,000.

Analysis of income confirms these figures. The annual revenue of the wealthy Islanders is not less than £2,000,000,000. The portion on which income tax is paid can be stated with precision. For the year ending 5th April, 1910, it was £1,011,105,345. In 1896 it was £677,769,856; annual increase £233,809,320; increase in fourteen years £233,330,405. As the total income is about twice the income taxed, we may double this annual increase of revenue. The respective amounts, therefore, are as follows: Aggregate wealth £16,000,000,000; annual income £2,000,000,000; annual increase in wealth £246,000,000; annual increase in income £492,000,000. Figures like these are far from arousing my sympathy. They do not, by themselves, prove poverty or distress."

Mr. Ewart proceeds to show that the public debt of Great Britain has decreased by £89,000,000 since 1854, and by £36,000,000 during the last five years. The expenditure on army and navy is paid out of the ordinary revenue, and there was a surplus of £6,545,000 last year. Compared with his wealth "the weary Titan" is paying less day-to-day for armaments than ten years ago. "If the United Kingdom provided four new battleships, at cost of ten million pounds, her total war expenditure would be about one twenty-fifth part of the national income. If the ten million pounds were paid out of income there would still be left an increase in income, over the previous year, of £37,000,000. And what would be the proportion between the ten millions and the total foreign investments of £3,750,000,000. Not one three-hundred-and-seventy-fifth part. The poor weary Titan! How can he be expected to meet an emergency without somebody's help?"

Mr. Ewart gives many more undeniable statistics, observing that the Titan might be less weary if the orb under which he is fancifully said to stagger were not one of gold. In previous numbers of this series of contributions it has been similarly, though far less elaborately argued that the Old Count-

ry British wealthy ought to pay for their own safety, and the wealthier of Canada pay, per income tax, for any defensive armament needed here. As yet Premier Borden has not intimated an intention to produce the \$35,000,000 from the more hazy private pockets of our beloved fellow-countrymen.

But all that line of contention cannot count with a people of grand sentiments. It is not to relieve either the Old Country wealthy nor the Old Country poor that good Canadians mean to give thirty-five millions to Admiralty use. It is not merely to do themselves proud. It is not even to gratify their sense of humor, though nothing could be more delightful to a humorist of moderate wealth than to drop a bit of money into the extended hat of a millionaire. Wouldn't we all rush to contribute if Baron Rothschild, John Rockefeller, or Andrew Carnegie were personally soliciting alms? There is a good, practical reason for approving Premier Borden's ostensible scheme. It may be, it probably is, but part of his entire real project. Behind the preliminary of December 6th, considerate eyes may perceive a swiftly developed

Canadian Coast Defence and Navy. Whatever may be incidentally done, meantime, to aid Great Britain will be kindly done, valuable to our high seas defence, useful to Canadian self-respect, and elevating esteem for Canada in British and American kin. Said Edmund Burke—"Never was there a jar or discord between genuine sentiment and sound policy. Never, no, never did nature say one thing and wisdom say another."

The writer's intention, on beginning, was to discourse on a few other subjects of recent parliamentary debate. But his space has run out. No matter. The affairs are familiar by partisan discussion. The world is unlikely to get off its axis for lack of some impartial germane reflections here. If it should be reported wobbly for want of the same this month we can do our best to steady it about February first! That is one of the consolatory thoughts of a writer who does not say good bye, but merely au revoir. He retires meditating return, and hoping for as interesting a subject, and as kind an audience next time.

Raising a Twelve-Flat Building

It seems no job is too hard for the Chicago house-mover. If the owner of a building wants it removed or raised or can pay the bill, the work will be done, no matter how large the building or how much stone and iron is used in its composition. A twelve-flat building with a front of nearly one hundred feet was raised recently so that four stores could be constructed under the flats. While this work was in progress, the twelve flats were continuously occupied

by the tenants, who experienced no inconvenience whatever.

The work of cutting the building from the foundation, and inserting heavy beams and iron rails is the first work done and when the jackscrews are all in places, of which there are hundreds, the building is then gradually raised inch by inch by the men, each man turning a few jacks when the superintendent blows his whistle. So exact is the process that the brick work is not even cracked.

With the Aid of a Mountain

There is something of the spirit of the Canadian West in this story, which is but natural, since it was written by a Westerner. Although some features centre about Montreal and London the real scene of action is laid among the Rockies of British Columbia. The tale sketches the elements of adventure and romance, and is novel both in conception and treatment.

By R. W. Beaton

THE Position of Robert McLaren's glasses told that he was unusually perturbed about something. They rested perilously near the tip of his nose, and to be of any use to him he had to throw back his head until he presented a broad expanse of neck and chin. John Kenyon slowly removed his glasses and with them gently tapped a silver dog that guarded some papers of importance to the banking house of McLaren & Kenyon.

"What's the matter now, Robert?"

"Matter?" enquired the senior member, with a raise of the eyebrows. "What do you think, sir, that son of yours had the impudence to suggest?"

"That we take him in as a member of the firm," ventured Mr. Kenyon, as he turned the silver dog's head to face a bronze alligator whose rapacious mouth was filled with vouchers.

"No, sir. He had the audacity to come to my office this morning—just now, sir—and asked to be allowed to marry my daughter!" And Mr. McLaren's glasses clung desperately to the very extremity of his nose.

"What!" shouted Mr. Kenyon, as he jumped to his feet and gazed at his partner across the desk. "Did the young fool make such an ass of himself?"

"Yes, sir, he—" Mr. McLaren paused. He adjusted his glasses to a safer position and looked over them at Mr. Kenyon. "And may I ask, sir, why a young man is a fool for aspiring to the hand of my daughter?"

"The young fool," repeated Mr. Kenyon, partly to himself, as he resumed

his seat. Then a thought struck him, and he rose and enquired in tones which he tried to make most withering: "May I ask wherein the impudence lies in my son honorably asking for the hand of any young lady?"

The quarrel was becoming involved. Both partners appreciated this, and a truce was tacitly declared. They seated themselves and quietly talked it over.

Robert McLaren and John Kenyon had been brought up in Montreal. They had become brokers and bankers together as naturally as they got into mischief together earlier in life. They grew wealthy and weighty together. Each married rather late, and Mr. McLaren's hopes radiated around his daughter Ethel as did Mr. Kenyon's around his son Sterling, who was just completing his course at McGill. This talk of marriage was the first intimation either ever had that he was growing old, and it came as a shock. They still looked upon the young couple as children and they could not thoroughly awaken in an hour.

They talked it over and decided it was preposterous, at least for some time, a couple of years. That evening there were two conferences in two libraries, and two young people were firmly but kindly informed that at their age they must not think of marrying, and that each must get out and see something of the world before choosing a life companion.

Then the dark plot which had been that morning hatched in the luxurious private office of John Kenyon, of the

hanking house of McLozen & Kenyon, was laid bare in all its details. Ethel was to go to her aunt in London and spend a couple of years. Sterling was to go out to British Columbia and spend the summer doing engineering work on some mineral claims of the firm. He was to finish his career at McGill, and, after some experience would be at liberty to go to London.

Two weeks later Sterling lade Ethel a very ingenuous farewell as she embarked on the steamer and, accompanied by an austere maid, set out on her trip across the Atlantic. A few days later, the Imperial Limited was whirling the youth across Canada to the mountains of British Columbia.

He had received explicit instructions. His destination was the Apex group of claims which sprawled irregularly over the highest mountains in the great Kootenay country. He was a civil engineer, or at least after a few months McGill would tell him so, and he would spend the rest of his life in learning to be one. It was intended that he should ultimately have charge of the many mining properties in which his father and associates were interested, and his present summer was to be spent in the first practical work he had done. There was much work to be completed on the claims and the services of an engineer would be constantly required. He thought himself he was quite capable of undertaking the work, his father thought so, and Ethel knew it.

He ruminated about all these things and Ethel as he crossed the continent, and when he landed from the boat at Kaelo—he had left the train that morning at the foot of Kootenay Lake—he began to look forward with pleasure to the summer's work.

He was met by Thomas Boyd, who was reported to be the best mine superintendent in the country. He was in charge of the men working on the Apex group. That night Sterling slept seven thousand feet above the sea level, and next morning he appeared in hob-nailed boots that laced to his knees, canvas knickerbockers and a sweater, and was

ready for the campaign. He lit his pipe, and with Boyd visited some of the scenes of activity that made the hillside busy. The latter explained the situation as it stood.

"We have only a short time before the snow starts in, and we must get the tunnels well underground before the bad weather comes. Of course, the great thing is haste. If your people want this property worked with a full crew all winter to have something demonstrated by spring, there is not a day to lose." Before noon, Kenyon was in command of the details.

Two weeks after he arrived he began to survey the group. It was his first extensive surveying work, and it turned out to be the most memorable. Thirteen claims cover considerable ground. Some were secured for the timber on them, and others because "leads," partly developed, were to be found going in their direction. Kenyon's survey was to adjust the lines, determine the shape of the claims, and to correct the mistakes that the best prospector will make.

The prospector is the pioneer of all mining camps. He wanders over the hills with his pack on his back and his pick in his hand, knocking out pieces of mineralized rock where they poke through the moss or show in the face of the mountain side. When he finds anything he favors he stakes it. He puts one stake, generally a chopped-off tree, for trees will grow where it is difficult to dig post holes, at the place where he has discovered the mineral. That is the "discovery" post. Then he goes, say 750 feet north and puts in another stake, or chaps off another tree; then, at the same distance south of the discovery post he repeats the operation, and east and west he marks the boundaries of the land he wants. His name and the date and which post is which are written on a surface cut on each stake for the purpose, so that the next prospector will know what land is taken up. The "lead" will be followed up or down or across the hill and other claims staked, the prospector as before, guessing at his direction and distances, for in his pack

are no engineer's instruments except, perhaps, a compass. When, after the claims are recorded and pass from one owner to another until finally they are gobbled up by a syndicate or a company with much money and a large desire to probe them for riches, a careful survey is made. Then it becomes apparent that some prospectors are bad guessers, for claims supposed to be adjoining prove to be many feet apart. And when the whole group is put on paper it is often found that right in the middle of the claims there will perhaps be a tract of land that was never taken up. This the surveyor stakes and transfers to the owner of the group. At least, a surveyor who would take advantage of the fact that he was the first to discover the vacant land and keep it for himself would be forever disgraced in the eyes of the profession. These links that unite a solid group of claims, and which are found only by surveyors, are called fractions.

Day after day Kenyon tramped the mountains and at night he pondered over his notes. At least the outside work was done, and one whole day, all by himself in the superintendent's office, he drew triangles and rectangles on paper, and worked in the stables where they belonged, showing their relative position between the meal house and the site for the compressor, and everything else on the place that was not alive. The Apex group was on paper. The paper was put in a tin tube and locked up.

"Finished?" asked Boyd, when he came in for supper, fresh wax drops on his trousers and boots showing that he had been poking around underground with a candle.

"Yep," was Kenyon's abrupt reply, and he became very busy washing up with a bluster and splashing that precluded further conversation. He wiped his face explosively, and before Boyd could ask any more questions was out of doors wandering beneath the great fir trees.

"This beats the Dutch," he muttered

to himself. "I wonder, I wonder——" and he wondered off into silence.

After a quarter of an hour's hard thinking with much more muttering and sage shaking of the head, Kenyon found himself back at Boyd's cabin. He paused and took a letter from his pocket. It bore the English stamp and the London post-mark.

"Ethel," he decided, "I'll do it, by Jove, I will, and I'll name it after you."

"I'm going down the hill in the morning, Boyd," he announced to the superintendent when pipes were lighted after supper.

"What's up now?"

"Well, I want to send a couple of telegrams and get my hair trimmed and have a surveyor help me make the plan look decent, as I am ashamed to show it to you as it is now." Kenyon lied glibly along and persuaded the unsuspecting Boyd.

It was noon next day when Kenyon, who had made an early start, swung himself off his horse in front of the government recorder's office in Kaelo. When he came out he was the sole owner of the Ethel fraction, lying in the very heart of the Apex group of mineral claims.

Then he found his way to the office of a firm of lawyers. To one of them he explained, with the aid of his plan of the Apex group, that he was the owner of a long, narrow fraction, which, starting in a clump of timber, ran straight up the hill between the Joker and Derby claims. It was very plain on the blue paper, which also showed that on that strip of land, 600 feet long by 400 feet wide at the bottom and tapering to nothing at the top, there were marked "Tunnel No. 1," "Tunnel No. 2," "Tunnel No. 3," one above the other, and all in the middle of the long, slim triangle.

"Somewhat extraordinary," said the lawyer, "but what of it?"

"Well, you see," explained the client. "I own that property and a syndicate is drilling three tunnels on it, and I want the work stopped."

"But, my dear boy," said the benevolent gentleman, "what better could you wish than to have other people develop your claim at no expense to you?"

"That, sir, is a matter which affects me only," Kenyon replied. "All I want you to do is to stop the work."

"Can they show that it is necessary to drive through your property to properly develop their claims?" asked the lawyer. "If they can we have no case against them."

"I don't think they can," was the answer. "They could work here, or here," and he pointed at the map. "But it makes little difference. We could appeal. If it comes to a fight, money is no object. It's time. Time is everything, so we must move quickly."

As Kenyon wrote out a cheque he felt a little sorry for his father who had made the young man wealthy on his twenty-first birthday.

"The court is sitting now," the lawyer said, "and I can get out an injunction in the morning, send it up the hill at once, and by evening no drill will be chipping on the Ethel fraction."

It was as the legal gentleman had said. The injunction restraining Robert Boyd, in whose name all work was proceeding, from further operations on the Ethel fractional mineral claim was secured the next morning, returnable in ten days, and at five o'clock the same evening the superintendent was served with notice. At ten minutes after five, Robert Boyd was on his way down the hill.

Kenyon had disappeared. No one in Ksalo, except the lawyer, knew anything about him, and the lawyer was paid to keep quiet. Boyd showed a total disregard for telegraph tolls, and when answers began to come in they showed that the Montreal end of the syndicate was as stirred up as the British Columbia end. They were rather stunned in Montreal. They asked the telegraph company to repeat all the messages, and they wired Boyd asking him if he really meant what he said.

"Where is my son?" wired John Kenyon.

"I don't know where your son is," replied Thomas Boyd.

"Get all the lawyers you need to burst that injunction," wired Robert McLaren.

"We don't need lawyers. We need the Ethel fraction," replied Thomas Boyd.

"How much delay can we stand before the season's work will be seriously interfered with?" wired John Kenyon.

"None," replied Thomas Boyd.

Five days passed and things had remained at a standstill. John Kenyon was much alarmed about the strange disappearance of his son. He was in his partner's office talking over the situation.

Sterling walked in unannounced. "How do, governor. Good afternoon, uncle,"—he had always called Mr. McLaren uncle.

It does not matter what occurred the next few moments.

"Now, then, the situation is this," young Kenyon was saying, with the calm assurance of a man who has the trump card and is perfectly aware of it.

"I own the ground on which you are working and I have stopped you. I am going to see this thing through. The minute you withdraw your objection to Ethel and me getting married, at once I will transfer the fraction to you. I have left power of attorney with my solicitor in Ksalo and he can set for me on telegraphic orders. I'll let you think it over for a while and will expect to have your answer at dinner, father. I'm going home now. I have come across the continent and need a change."

That night a message went under the Atlantic.

"Do you wish to return at once and marry Sterling?"

Two hours and twenty minutes after the cablegram was put in Ethel's hands a train left London to connect with the boat at Liverpool.

Ethel, with the austere maid, caught it.

How Weak Lungs Made Canadian Millionaires

Some of the world's busiest and most successful men have achieved their greatest triumphs after a breakdown in health. They were forced to take an extended rest, following which they took up their life work and attained signal success. In this article some outstanding instances of the benefits of the "Rest Cure" are cited in the cases of prominent men, including two leaders in Canadian finance, all of whom, following a restoration to health through open-air treatment, have become millionaires.

By James P. Moir

IS THERE some virtue in lung troubles? To most people the question will appear almost absurd. All they know about pulmonary diseases has mighty little virtue in it. But that is merely one side of the picture, and it is the darker side at that. The other is much brighter; indeed, to view it is a genuine inspiration.

The virtue in lung troubles lies in a sort of recompense which frequently accompanies them. Whether or not one is prepared to admit this, the fact remains that some of the great things done by big men have been accomplished as a result of weak lungs.

Behind the lungs somehow lurks the secret of their achievements. The fact that they temporarily broke down in health, were given up to die, and were forced to seek rest and strength in the open, seems to have a direct connection with their subsequent success. Just what that connection is and why, they cannot themselves always tell you. But it is there all the same, and has forced them to the front in record time—in short, has made them millionaires.

Cecil Rhodes is a historic example of an incipient "lunger" whose threatened complaint ended in placing him among the "world forces." At school he was a delicate boy and neither there nor at Oriel College as a young man did he show many more indications of greatness than the average young man by whom he was surrounded—except that he dreamed dreams.

He broke down twice. First, after his school days at Bishop Stortford, he was sent to his brother's cotton plantation in Natal; and if this was not exactly wild lush life it was at all events a healthy, open-air life in a country which then—1870—was fairly free from stress and hurry of civilization. A couple of years in Natal and at Colerburg Kopje—which in time was to become Kimberley—did a great deal for the delicate lad and sent him back to England fit, as everyone thought, to finish his education. But he tried to "keep fit" in a civilized fashion. He became a "rowing man" at Oxford and nearly killed himself thereby. After a hard row he caught a chill, it settled on his lungs and his essay at "civilized" exercise ended in a doctor's death warrant. He was given no more than a year of life.

Next, therefore, to Colerburg Kopje and "uncivilization" he went. The pale, coughing, weak-chested lad—whose blue had always been bigger than his capacity for carrying them out—started to live his allotted year in the open; going on shooting expeditions with tent and ox wagon; living in a primitive shack in what was just beginning to be the biggest diamond camp of the world, and, in time, working hard with his hands in the digging.

The warrant ran out and the death sentence was not executed. Everyone knows the rest of Rhodes' history. The



CECIL RHODES.

A historic example of the tripulent "Lager."

consumptive undergraduate became the hurly, broad-shouldered, massive figure with which the world later became so familiar. With physical energy came the capacity for putting into practice the big ideas of which the young undergraduate had vaguely dreamed and been ridiculed for dreaming. Out of Cecil Rhodes the hunter, the digger, grew that stupendous figure which dominated the whole sub-continent.

Another historic example is the inventor of the telephone. It was early in 1870 that young Bell, born 23 years before in Glasgow, Scotland, was brought to Canada by his parents—to die. He was given only six months.

The father, Alexander Melville Bell, professor of elocution at London University, lost two sons from consumption, then decided to come to Canada with the remaining one, who, too, had been stricken by the disease.

In less than two years the invigorating breezes, which swept Tutela Heights, Brentford, Ont., where the family settled, had restored the patient to health and strength, and sent him forth into

the world to achieve great triumph, in the field of invention, and incidentally, to amass a fortune.

Dr. Bell, speaking of the days of his slow convalescence, said: "All I am, my health, strength and life itself, I owe to the open air life I lived." To-day he is a splendid specimen of physique, one of the world's busiest men, and in the lines which he has followed, one of the most useful and successful.

Two recent cases in Canada are of particular interest, one in Montreal and the other in Toronto. The principals figuring in them were sent away to die in the below-zero health resorts; yet they came back and have since done the big work of their lives—work that has made them leaders in Canadian finance and millionsaires.

Nearly five years ago D. Lorne McGibbon, Montreal financier and President of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., left Montreal for Saranac Lake, the great health resort of the Adirondack Mountains. His disease as diag-



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

The inventor of the telephone, who was troubled with weak lungs in his earlier days.

noosed by his physicians was acute tuberculosis of the lungs; and he was told that he might live a modified life if he took the best care of himself.

At the time, Mr. McGibbon was barely thirty-eight years of age, in the prime

To Saranac Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains, Mr. McGibbon went. For the first few months, absolute relaxation from business cares was enjoyed and strictly sanitarium treatment given. By exerting every effort to get well the pa-



D. LORNE MCGIBBON.

The Montreal capitalist, who made a million after a breakdown in health.

of life. He had just organized the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., to the hum-drum management of which he was likely to settle down for life.

Sanitarium treatment and outdoor life was recommended as the only hope.

patient responded quickly and in a few months, recovery was assured, but to make certain of the cure, Mr. McGibbon stayed at Saranac Lake two and a half years until his health was completely established. Long before this time,

however, his mental and physical energies had become so aggressive that he could not keep quiet. Big ideas evolved themselves and he simply had to do something. He had direct long distance telephone connection established with Montreal and New York and from his reclining chair on the verandah, while still undergoing treatment for pulmonary tuberculosis, directed his "big business." Here was completed the Canadian Consolidated Felt Company, of which he is president.



AMELIUS JARVIS.

A prominent Toronto broker, who believes in the outdoor life and still practices it.

It was, while lying upon his verandah chair that the re-organization of the La Rose Mines was planned. When Mr. McGibbon learned of the condition of affairs and being a large holder of stock, bought at high prices, he and his friends went to New York and took over the control and management and have since devoted time and energy in its rehabilitation.

In 1910, Mr. McGibbon returned to his new home at St. Agathe des Monts, near Montreal, where in the heart of the Laurentians he had been building a quarter million dollar summer res-

dence, nestling high in the mountains at an elevation similar to that of Saranac Lake. The house is surrounded by beautiful grounds, including the famous Italian sunken gardens. Six hundred acres of farm and woodland slope down to the shores of Lac Au Sables. Fish and game abound in these private woods, while nearer to the house are the stables and garages, lathouses and greenhouses, and not least is a model farm, two hundred acres in extent.

Following the few months of merging inactivity during the latter part of 1910, Mr. McGibbon launched into several huge enterprises at the beginning of 1911. The \$10,000,000 Ames-Holden-McCreedy consolidation was completed. Combining two of the biggest shoe manufacturers in Canada, this project is somewhat unique. The Cedars Rapids Manufacturing & Power Company was also organized. This is one of the largest power projects ever undertaken in this country, embracing the development of 150,000 horse power. The capitalization was originally \$10,000,000, with authorized issue of bonds of \$10,000,000 more. After the subsequent sale of control of the company to the Montreal Power-Shawinigan interests the capitalization was raised to \$15,000,000 and work on the first 100,000 horse power development is now fast going forward. Goodwins Limited, and A. E. Rea were two other projects put through this year. And 1912 has witnessed the formation of several big companies. One, the Canadian Mining and Exploration Co., formed for the purpose of investigating and developing mining claims of approved value; another, the Atlantic Sugar Refineries Limited, a huge sugar company recently floated. Mr. McGibbon has likewise associated himself with Sir Thomas Tait in the development of the coal fields of New Brunswick and the building of a railway in that district.

But not all the energies of this consolidationist have been used in the formation of immense commercial en-



A view of the Sanitarium at St. Agathe des Monts, erected largely through the generosity of D. Lorne McGibbon.

terprises. As well as the numerous consolidations mentioned above, there stands to the credit of D. Lorne McGibbon the Sanitarium of the Laurentian Society for Control and Treatment of Tuberculosis, located at St. Agathe des Monts. While undergoing treatment at Saranac Lake the thought occurred to him that there must be many less fortunate than himself who could not afford to take the cure. The

thought was father of the deed. After talking it over with his friend and medical advisor, Dr. Kinghorn, Dr. J. Roddick Byers was sent for, and together these three men planned the St. Agathe Sanitarium. Plans were ordered for a modern sanitarium building. In the meantime a cottage was secured at St. Agathe des Monts and prepared for the reception of the first patients. Dr. Byers was appointed medical superin-



Another view of the Sanitarium for the treatment of tubercular patients at St. Agathe des Monts.



D. Lorne McGibbon's paternal home at St. Agathe des Monts.

tendent and the task of supervising all the sanitarium work given to him.

From this small beginning has grown the present large sanitarium. As soon as possible a building site of 200 acres was secured and a \$160,000 building commenced. By July, 1911, it was completed. It has accommodation for fifty patients, and is so built that by addition of wings accommodation can be had for one hundred and fifty. The building is some 1,400 feet above the sea level, on dry sandy soil. The equipment is of the very best and latest.

The sanitarium as well as being originally the idea of Mr. McGibbon is also largely the result of his generosity, the initial contribution of \$50,000 coming from him and various amounts since, largely having made possible the carrying on of the work. The Laurentian Society since formed has the maintenance. Mr. McGibbon is the president of this society.

The best proof of the curableness of tuberculosis is D. Lorne McGibbon himself. No one looking at him would ever dream that anything was ever wrong with him. He weighs 225 pounds and is certainly broad and big around the

chest. "Four years ago," he said to the interviewer, "I weighed only 166 pounds; and now look at me tipping the scales at 225. And I work harder than anybody else, too."

A Toronto example of the benefits of the open air life has his headquarters in a modest building on Bay Street. He is Aemilius Jarvis, "banker, yachtsman and one of the most progressive citizens of the Dominion" to quote his newspaper biography.

He is another man who cut loose from civilization twice—the first time by choice and the second of necessity—and as with Cecil Rhodes, it was after his second "relapse" that he began to make his presence felt in the business world.

Born in 1860 he comes of a family of distinction. His great grandfather was a U. E. Loyalist from Connecticut and the first Secretary of Upper Canada. His grandfather, Samuel Peters Jarvis, was one of the prominent Torontonians of his time.

There are incidents in the career of Samuel Peters Jarvis which are indications of the native energy of the family. He commanded the right wing of

the Canadian troops during the attack of Montgomery's Hill in the war of 1812 and his fighting qualities won for him a number of decorations, including a medal with the Detroit clasp, one of the rarest there is. And he was the man who when McKensie published his articles during the troublous times of the thirties headed those who marched to the printing office and threw his type into the bay. Aemilius Jarvis' father was a prominent lawyer, and altogether he is a man whose ancestry and family traditions fit him for a strenuous and distinguished career.

Some boys would have settled down more or less contentedly into humdrum civilized life almost immediately—probably young Aemilius' parents had some eminently orthodox course of action mapped out for him. Yet when he left Upper Canada College at sixteen, instead of entering a lawyer's office or settling down to learn the ways of business, he shipped himself before the mast on the three-masted schooner "Edward Blake" and set out to see the world in about the most strenuous way he could

find. For a year and a half he travelled in this unconventional manner—London, where he left the "Edward Blake," Liverpool, Leghorn, Hull, knocking about from port to port and ship to ship and developing that taste for sailing and the sea that has never left him.

But this first outbreak from the restraints of convention did not have much effect—effect, that is to say, on his business career. His second "relapse" was to come years later and was to be followed by a quick, if not dramatically sudden, rise to a front position in the financial world.

On his return from the sea, still only a lad of eighteen, he entered the Bank of Hamilton as junior clerk. After graduating there in knowledge of financial business he became manager of the Farmers and Traders Loan Association and later manager of the Traders Bank at Hamilton.

So far his career was that of an ordinarily successful man. He was a financial authority, a man whose opinion was worth listening to and who was



The "Zebra" at the left, one of Aemilius Jarvis' splendid yachts, here shown in the George Cup race.



Mr. Jarvis driving through the Munkoka snows.

worthy of high posts; but there are hundreds of his contemporaries of whom the same could be said, and he showed no obvious sign of blossoming into the millionaire class.

Then came sickness; a chest complaint and a warning that serious lung trouble might follow. So for the second time Aemilius Jarvis left his business, threw aside every thought of finance and took to the woods in real earnest.

For two years he remained almost out of touch with civilization. Occasionally he made a brief visit to the city; now and again, when he was not too far away, friends came and shared his camp life for a while. But for two years he spent practically all his time wandering with an Indian guide through the Northern woods, shooting, fishing, doing the roughest work of camp and portage and living after the roughest fashion of the woods. One season he pushed as far north as James Bay; seldom did he condescend to any of the more or less frequented regions

of the amateur camper; alone, but for his guide, he wandered through country that is, even to-day, almost unexplored and into regions which the railway has even yet to find.

He came back to civilization with the threatened lung trouble successfully beaten off and with, it would seem, a new appetite for and outlook on business. Almost immediately he began to rise upward in the business world, founding the firm of Aemilius Jarvis & Co., which has since achieved notable financial successes.

An amusing anecdote is related by Mr. Jarvis in connection with one of his visits to California. As the train pulled into a station he thrust his head out of the car window to size up the town. There were a score or more persons on the platform—all coughing. "What's the matter with all those coughers?" enquired Mr. Jarvis of the porter. "Oh, that's all right, sah," replied the worthy attendant. "It's the fashion to cough down here. Everybody does it." "Well," rejoined Mr.



Mr. Jarvis riding "Hercules," his famous high jumper.

Jarvis, "they're the worst I ever heard." "Oh, they're not bad," added the porter enthusiastically. "They're nothing to a man we had on the train a few nights ago. He was the worst ever. And would you believe it, sir, he was in the very berth you are now occupying." In relating the incident Mr. Jarvis jokingly explains that it was after that that he started coughing himself.

Mr. Jarvis is still an outdoor enthusiast. To the outward eye there may be nothing to distinguish him from a thousand other rich men in his mode of life. He is most methodical and systematic in his work, which he accomplishes with dispatch and vigor during his regular office hours, and then rushes for the open air, in which he spends much time in walking and driving. But there is this essential difference in his mode of life. Although he owns a fine house on one of Toronto's fashionable streets he still re-

members the wild and sleeps, not under his own roof, but under canvas in a tent in the garden. Just an ordinary tent such as he slept in in the woods he continues to sleep in now whatever the state of the weather and the thermometer. If it is impossible to be a business man in the woods, to combine financial wisdom and scout-craft at the same moment of time, he at least brings as much of the woods as possible into his financial atmosphere. His sea-faring days are remembered in his yachts—yachts and horses are twin passions with him. And in winter time, instead of the hot bath customary to most people, he takes an early morning plunge in a snow bank—and enjoys it, too.

Other instances might be enumerated of prominent men who have taken the "Rest Cure" and afterwards accomplished the great work of their lives. Sufficient has been given, however, to show that there is a relation between cause and effect insofar as some cases

of lung troubles are concerned. The breakdown enforces rest which fits a man for big undertakings. In the instances noted it is doubtful if the men who have made such fine records would have had the clearness of intellect and vital energy essential to the carrying out of the projects, had they not taken an enforced rest of twelve or twenty-four months. And so weak lungs are oftentimes a blessing in disguise. For that matter the same conditions apply also to various other diseases. The ex-

perience is related of a young doctor, who over twenty years ago was found to be suffering from a serious kidney ailment. He was given only a few years to live. But he did not despair and putting himself on a diet led a sane open air life, with the result that his health was restored. His name is now listed among the leading specialists. He works only a few hours a day and receives enormous fees. Thus in both health and wealth the "Rest Cure" pays handsome dividends.



To Hunt Lions in London

Agitation has been raised against a scheme of lion hunting in London, through the papers, due to the fact that an erroneous report was circulated that there was going to be a "shooting of lions in London," whereas, as a matter of fact, it is not "shooting of lions" but hunting and capturing lions in London that is intended.

A club is being formed, the initiation fee of which is one hundred guineas—\$500—which entitles the members to participate (at their own risk) in the hunting and capturing of lions. Each member of the club is entitled to invite five persons at a fee of five guineas and for their safety a number of cages will be dispersed around the enclosure, where they can sit in perfect safety and

watch the event. It has been thoroughly explained to the various participants that there is an element of great danger attached to this thing, and before becoming members they have to sign a document relieving others from all responsibility that may occur as a result thereof, permission for shooting being granted only in case of self-defence, when an animal makes a deliberate attack on any of the hunters, in which case they have the right to the use of their rifles, but not otherwise.

It will be a very select affair and the cost of transforming the immense stadium to this special use, will be exceptionally heavy, hence the fee in question. Already very large offers have come in for the cinematograph rights.

Lady Gay's Note Book

The appended sketch "Lady Gay's Note-book," is written by one of the leading newspapermen of the country. It really concerns a couple of interesting little incidents connected with the history of a most interesting note-book which Mrs. Denison purchased while on a European tour in 1889. Strange to relate, apart altogether from its adventures in Europe, the book had something to do with Mrs. Denison's entering the literary field, where she has attained merited success.

By Mrs. Alfred Denison

IT'S not much of a note book. The corners are rubbed, from much contact with boot heels, umbrella ribs and other hard angles in the crowded confines of a steamer trunk.

The elastic band is slack with old age and bulky enclosures, such as photos, guide books and letters of credit or travellers' cheques. And yet it's a note book of parts; twice its custody has brought me into custody or nearly so, and its contents led indirectly to the beginning of a journalistic career of nearly a quarter of a century. So it's "some note-book," as the office boy would express it. To begin at the day I got it! It was in the summer of '89, and I was wandering about in the vicinity of the Place Verte in Antwerp, searching for a bookseller's shop wherein I might purchase a convenient sized note book for carriage in my hand bag,

and pencils wherewith to jot down the incidents of my first European tour. I presently found a rambling sort of shop on the corner, where the door impartially sat in the angle,

between show cases of all sorts of odds and ends extending along both streets. I picked up one book after another and tried them in my hand bag. Some were too long, some too wide. But finally, after I had rounded the corner, unheedingly, I found just the right size and slipped it into my bag, while I continued looking for the pencils. When I found the sort I preferred, I was rather bewildered to notice the strange street, and as I stood wondering where the shop door was, the



Mrs. Alfred Denison, from a photograph taken about the time of her entry into the literary field.

only other person in sight, a diminutive gendarme, with baggy breeches, a fierce moustache and a perky sword, crossed the street and thus addressed me—"I have observed you! You have stolen a

book! It is in your bag! You would without doubt also slice these pencils!" He put his hand upon my arm—"You will come with me to the muster of this shop, whom you have robbed!" For one moment I felt like giggling but the next brought wiser thoughts. I bristled up to wee soldier man and said loudly,



The "note book."

"Idiot! Miscreant! Pig! It is you who come with me," and seized him by the arm and dragged him bodily into the shop, where a fat woman and a bald-headed man sat comfortably snoring. They fell out of their chairs while I harangued them in passionate French, throwing the note book on the counter, telling them that I was but one of half a hundred tourists, all of whom would infallibly have come to buy note books, pencils, maps and guide books at his shop on my advice, had not this pig, the son of a pig, insulted and threatened me, whereas, now—pouf! I should have to warn them all never to trust them-

selves near his emporium." The fat woman and the bald-headed man with one accord set upon the little gendarme, and chased him out of the shop, then they apologized abjectly and with fervor to me. We smiled upon one another. I bought the note book and the pencils and departed, followed by thanks and blessings. I might mention that I really did bring and send several of our company to that book shop in the next two days, though I think they went rather to see the little gendarme than to buy note books, while I thoroughly enjoyed pointing the finger of scorn at the poor little policeman.

As Antwerp was the nearest city to New York which I visited on that first European trip, so Budapest was the most remote, and it was in the latter that the note book once more got me into trouble. It was a glorious morning and I had driven across from Pesh to Buda and up the winding road from the country to the top of the high Gibraltair-like rock whereon the citadel and King's palace are perched, and from whose summit one gets a superb view over low lying Pesh across the Danube. I left my Victoria waiting in the castle square while I poked about, and came on a little walled in sort of garden, wherein a sentry paced to and fro. During a "fro" trip, I saw a little gateway in a green hedge through which I slipped before the sentry turned and I was enchanted to find myself in a quiet little place stretched on the very brink of the cliff, terraced down to the river and dotted with rich residences, and from whose low parapet I could see miles and miles on three sides, a perfect panorama of loveliness. While I stood quietly gazing my fill at it all, I heard men's voices and the grating of sabres on the stones of the little enclosure, and looking around my eye fell upon the funniest little fat man in a light blue uniform who was energetically laying down the law to a couple of young officers, very deferential and attentive. The note book and pencil were in my hand and in a moment I had lightly sketched the outlines of the rotund and



The "diminutive gendarme."

loud-voiced officer. It was, of course, a caricature, the moustachios a great deal bigger and the figure more like a toy balloon. Just as I slipped the notebook into my bag he turned and saw me at it. In a moment he shouted to the younger of the officers, and that one marched over to me. He addressed me politely in Hungarian. I countered in German. Then he said the General demanded the book I had concealed. I stood firm but polite and said he couldn't have it, and furthermore, asked why they interfered with me? It transpired that I was trespassing, and that the General suspected I had been sketching the walls or the fortress or some equally important detail. I smilingly assured the handsome young man that the General was mistaken, and that if I were trespassing, why did the sentry allow me? He said he'd enquire into that later, but the present question was, would I give up the book or would I prefer to be placed under arrest and have it taken from me? I said, "Nonsense!" and confessed to what I had done, assuring him that he

must not let his General see the caricature, and proposing that he should look for himself, and then tell the General that it was merely a sketch of the scenery. I cautioned him to turn his back to the General, which he did, and then I showed him the page I had used. He bowed gravely and went to his superior officer with some Hungarian taradiddle, at which the General shrugged his shoulders and marched out. Needless to say, I followed in short order, and as I climbed into my carriage, I caught a merry glance from a dancing pair of brown eyes, as the littlest officer deferentially stood aside while the very fat General rolled into the Castle enclosure.

So much for the note book and its adventures and as it happened it was the reading of its contents to a literary man and his insistence that I should make a book of them, and the reading of that book by the owner of a newspaper and his insistence that I should at once join his editorial staff that landed me in journalism. So you see that note book has a certain interest, despite its shabby appearance.



The "funniest little fat man in a light blue uniform."

How Royalty Reads the Daily Papers

THE popular idea that kings live their lives apart, and know little or nothing about what is going on in the outside and workday world, may have had some foundation in fact in the old days. Speaking generally, it has absolutely none now. The leading monarchs of Europe are all careful readers of the daily press, through which they keep in touch with conditions throughout the world.

King George is a firm believer in doing things himself, and he personally reads the leading newspapers. His Majesty's private secretary saves a certain amount of time and trouble, however, by marking articles and items of news of special interest. The King often jots down notes while he is reading. Some of these notes take the shape of queries asking for further information on some particular subject, and it is the duty of the private secretary to see that this is supplied. His Majesty has a remarkable keen memory, and is therefore able to converse on a very wide range of subjects.

In this respect he resembles the Kaiser, who is a very "hungry" reader, and is able to absorb a vast quantity of information in a very short time. He reads the papers quickly, and is specially interested in technical and engineering papers and in journals dealing with shipbuilding, gunnery, and other warlike matters. He has also a sense of humor, and always glances at the leading comic papers. Should any subject appeal particularly to him, he has experts thereon summoned to the palace, and over cigars and beer he fires off his questions and expects to receive the fullest information. The annual cruise which he takes on the Imperial yacht is the great occasion for these cross-examinations. A distinguished company of naval, military, scientific and business men accompanies him,

and if any details he is in search of cannot be supplied no time is lost in telegraphing to some one who is in a position to give them.

The Emperor of Austria very rarely reads himself. He is read to. The aged monarch still takes the keenest possible interest in the political movements in his country; he also likes to keep abreast of the time in military subjects. Literature and art do not, however, appeal to him.

The Czar has a paper of his own, specially printed each morning. It is the most exclusive paper in the world, for only two copies are supplied, one for the Czar, the other for his private secretary. It is a two-page sheet containing a digest of the news of the world compressed into tabloid form. Needless to say, everything calculated to disturb His Majesty's peace of mind is carefully omitted.

The King of Italy has a literary leaning and is fond of reading magazine articles, a taste shared by the King of Denmark, who is thoroughly informed on the literary movements of the day and well able to converse on them.

The King of Spain has a great admiration for everything English, and English papers and magazines figure on his study table. His Majesty is more a worker than a reader, however, and it is the Queen who supplies him with much of his information. Details concerning his own kingdom are supplied by his secretaries and an official who holds the post of Court Newsmen and is supposed to be up in all the social gossip of the hour. The King takes much interest in motoring, flying, shooting and other sports. He also follows the trend of masculine fashions in London, and is kept advised as to the latest styles. This information is sent by a firm of tailors in London, from whom the King gets the bulk of his clothes.

D. R. Wilkie: a Dominant Figure in Canadian Banking

The aim of this regular monthly feature is to give our readers right across the continent a knowledge of the leaders—the men and women who are doing things in all departments of Canadian life. The sketch this month deals with D. R. Wilkie, one of the outstanding figures in Canadian banking, giving an account of his interesting career, and incidentally touching on many features in connection with his personality and success.

By W. A. Craick

IT was a happy coincidence that the year which witnessed the completion of his half-century of service in the banking arena, should have been sig-

nalized by the elevation of the chief executive of the Imperial Bank to the presidency of the Canadian Bankers' Association. In May, 1882, D. R. Wilkie, then a youth of fifteen, became a member of the staff of the Quebec Bank, and in all the fifty years that have since elapsed, his name has constantly figured on the pay roll of one or other of the two banks with which he has been continuously associated. To-day, succeeding the late Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., he occupies the most commanding position in Canadian banking circles.

Unlike many of the leading men of the day, who take a delight in tracing their rise from such humble beginnings

as shining shoes, carrying water or selling newspapers, D. R. Wilkie can scarcely be called a self-made man. He belongs to the third generation at least

of culture. His father and his grand-uncle before him were scholars of brilliant attainments, rectors in succession of the Quebec High School and men whose personalities were impressed on two generations of the youth of the Ancient Capital. Born into such a family, the future banker inherited not only their abilities, but the advantages of position which such a connection gave.

A mixed Scottish and French strain exists in the Wilkie blood, which may be taken to account for a certain contrariness in his make-up, the carefulness of the Scot contrasting at times with the open-hearted liberality of the Frenchman. The son of a Scotchman,



D. R. WILKIE,
President Canadian Bankers' Association.

born in Quebec on December 17, 1846, he was brought up among the picturesque surroundings of the French-Canadian city and here he spent his first twenty years.

One can well imagine the kind of life that was lived in the home of the strict, precise schoolmaster. There was rigid discipline, enforced application to study, and constant training in methodical habits, the results of which are apparent in the mature man of to-day. The mother was a woman of fine character, whose influence was likewise calculated to mould a strong personality. In the Wilkie household there were also accommodated from time to time boys from other parts, attending the High School, who were there placed under the immediate care of the Rector. Prominent among these at the time when D. R. Wilkie was living at home, was a youth who is to-day a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, Mr. Justice Cassels, of Ottawa. In the companionship of these boys and under the supervision of his father, the future bank president passed his earlier years.

It is always a matter of interest to trace out that circumstance in life which influences a man in his choice of a profession. Oftentimes it is seemingly of the most trivial character. In the case of Mr. Wilkie it was so slight an incident as to be almost inappreciable, and yet his whole future career has apparently hinged upon it.

When a lad of fifteen his father had occasion to send him one day with a message to a friend. The friend happened to be one of the directors of the Quebec Bank. As a man will often do, when he sees before him a bright, intelligent-looking boy, he asked young Wilkie what he intended to become when he got through school. The boy had not made up his mind; he had far-off visions of taking up the study of law, but for the present he expressed anxiety to be doing something for himself, no matter what.

The director was evidently impressed with the youth's personality, and spoke to the president of the bank about him. The latter, who knew the father intimately, and was assured that the

son of such a man ought to turn out well, asked him whether he would not care to enter the service of the bank. The opportunity to get started in business seemed too good to miss and the fifteen-year-old lad became forthwith an employee of the financial institution.

Still, this step in itself did not settle the problem of what he was to be. The profession of the law continued to fascinate him, and he determined to use the bank as a stepping-stone to this end. In the sixties, banking hours were short and the work comparatively easy. He was able to continue his studies at Morris College in the ample spare time which was his after the duties of the day had been completed.

Thanks to native ability and also to the fact that other employees of the bank had dropped out of the ranks, his rise in the service was unexpectedly rapid—a circumstance which placed him in a dilemma. He was anxious to continue his preparation for the life of the bar; but at the same time he began to see gratifying prospects ahead of him in the banking business. A decision became imperative. He was assisted in his choice by James Stevenson, general manager of the bank. The latter had heard through Professor Hatch, of Morris College, that the boy was intent on going in for the law. He summoned him to his office one day and put the case to him frankly. If he intended ultimately to leave the bank, he could not expect to receive further promotion. On the other hand, if he would agree to stay by the bank, he would assure him that there were splendid opportunities before him. The case, thus stated, was not without its effect, and D. R. Wilkie then and there decided on his future course. A banker he would remain.

James Stevenson was an excellent mentor. An accomplished gentleman, with wide literary tastes, he was one of the foremost bankers of the day, and under him Mr. Wilkie received his early training in banking. Much of a man's future success undoubtedly depends on the kind of instruction and encouragement given him at the outset by his superiors and the president

of the Imperial Bank does not hesitate to express his obligation to the veteran Quebec financier, who gave him his start by imparting a solid groundwork of banking knowledge and inspiring him to aim high.

At the astonishingly early age of twenty, D. R. Wilkie was sent from Quebec to St. Catharines to assume the management of the bank's branch there. Even in those days of opportunity when promotion was rapid, his rise to a managership within five years was remarkable. It showed that the young man was already regarded as possessing abilities of no ordinary character.

Three years after his arrival in Ontario, history records that he was married to Miss Benson, a daughter of the late Senator John R. Benson, of St. Catharines. He is thus related by marriage to a family, the head of which once occupied a prominent place in the legislative life of Canada, and which has given a son to distinguished service in the British army in the person of Major-General Sir F. W. Benson. Mr. Wilkie's two sons inherit a little of the military spirit of the Bensons, for they have both taken up soldiering as a career.

In 1872 the Bank of Hamilton was launched by capitalists of the Ambitious City and in their search for a general manager, the promoters hit upon the late H. C. Hammond, at the time manager of the Toronto branch of the Quebec Bank. Mr. Hammond accepted the offer that was made to him and resigned his position. In the emergency young Wilkie was instructed to report in Toronto and take over from him the keys of the Toronto office. It is true that forty years ago Toronto was a comparatively small city, but none the less the time was one of expansion in banking circles and the arrival of Mr. Wilkie in the Queen City at the age of twenty-five was fortunate for him.

The following year witnessed the incorporation of the Imperial Bank by a group of Toronto capitalists. At first it appears the efforts made to secure sufficient capital proved ineffectual, and it seemed as if the institution was doomed to perish still-born. But in 1874, the

late H. S. Howland, who was one of the originators of the bank, came into contact with Mr. Wilkie, and, appreciating his abilities, urged him to take an interest in the organization of the new corporation. The young banker was gifted with shrewdness and foresight, even in those early days, and he was nothing loath to forego the distant prospect of further promotion in the Quebec Bank for the immediate opportunity for advancement in a new and prospectively vigorous rival.

Through his St. Catharines' connections he was able to make an immediate arrangement that guaranteed the success of the Imperial flotation. His father-in-law was interested in the Niagara District Bank of St. Catharines, of which the late T. R. Merritt had been for twenty-one years president. The bank was small, having only two branches, in Ingersoll and Port Colborne, in addition to the head office, but it had sufficient standing to make its absorption of value. With the Niagara District Bank merged in the Imperial, the shareholders of the two institutions assembled on February 25, 1875, and appointed H. S. Howland president and T. R. Merritt, vice-president. D. R. Wilkie had meanwhile become general manager, or cashier, as the office was then called.

It may prove interesting to hark back to the March day in 1875, when the Imperial Bank first opened its doors for business. The Toronto office was accommodated in the building on Toronto Street now occupied by the Canada Permanent Loan Corporation. The quarters were small, so small that the least of all the Imperial branches to-day would be ashamed to do business in such premises. The staff consisted of Mr. Wilkie and two or three other young men. There was no vault, and on the conclusion of the day's business one might see the manager put the cash and securities in a small satchel and, guarded by his staff, carry them solemnly down the street to the Quebec Bank vault, there to be kept over-night.

The memory of these humble beginnings is lost in the glory of present achievements. Palatial offices, with plenty of marble and polished wood and

metal, make one forget that there was ever a time when business was transacted in cramped, ill-lighted premises. But the meteoric rise is not without its significance, and in the little offices even of to-day where ambitious young men are making a start, one may see a repetition forty years hence of what Mr. Wilkie has achieved.

The remaining chapter of Mr. Wilkie's career is synonymous with the history of the Imperial Bank. Beginning with a paid-up capital amounting to \$804,000 in 1876, and with branches in Toronto, St. Catharines, Ingersoll and Port Colborne, expansion has carried the capital up to \$6,598,500 at the close of 1912, while the number of branches has increased to one hundred and ten. Until 1902, H. S. Howland continued in the presidency. On his death in that year, he was succeeded by T. R. Merritt. When in 1906 the latter likewise passed away, Mr. Wilkie was elected to the presidency, retaining as well the position of general manager.

As a banker, D. R. Wilkie's outstanding characteristic is an extreme cautiousness. He has a mania for holding large cash reserves and in this respect his bank, with possibly one exception, maintains a pre-eminent position among all the chartered banks of the country. As navigator of the financial barque, he has a keen eye for squalls and begins to take in sail at the first symptom of disturbance. When the storm of 1906-07 swept down on the sea of business, the Imperial was closed-roofed to meet the onslaught and rode through the gale with scarce a tremor, while some other craft were in considerable distress.

The position of the Imperial Bank at this crisis was undoubtedly a steady influence in Canadian finance, and the country owes not a little to the careful guidance of D. R. Wilkie and men like him when conditions were so uncertain.

At the same time it must not be assumed that Mr. Wilkie lacks progressiveness. If he has an eye for storms, he has also a keen scent for favorable breezes. He foresaw the expansion of

the West, and it will be found that the Imperial Bank was one of the first to establish branches beyond the Great Lakes. Indeed, at several points it was the first bank on the ground. It opened in Winnipeg in 1880. It established a branch in Calgary in 1882, and in other cities it was early in the field. It may be said in fact that the Imperial policy from the start has been largely the promotion of Western development along conservative lines.

In the actual work of management, Mr. Wilkie is strong on detail. He has a wonderful grasp of all sides of a problem. There are those who are ready to maintain that he attempts too much and that in seeking to control every movement, he is unconsciously weakening the efficiency of his staff. Be this as it may, he is an outstanding example of the strong-willed, dominant personality who sweeps things before him by sheer strength of purpose. He has aimed to make the Imperial Bank not necessarily big but strong. He has cared more for quality than size, and these ideas he has impressed on those under him.

Discipline rather than a desire to court popularity has marked the general manager's attitude towards the staff of the bank. There is a trace of the military as well as of the magisterial in his make-up, which inclines him to severity. He is not a popular manager, if by popular is meant one who lays himself out to be agreeable by adopting a frazzled and easy manner. The Imperial system is military in its discipline, and D. R. Wilkie is the dictator. His authority is not divided. He is the one man whose word carries weight from the assistant general manager down to the youngest office boy, and in this sense, the bank is veritably a one-man institution.

The system, however, is not without its advantages. It has meant that he has gathered about him in the management a staff of men who have a high regard for the dignity of the institution. It will be found that the Imperial managers are as a rule men of superior calibre, who merit the respect and real confidence of their customers.

Persoually, D. R. Wilkie is a neat, well-groomed figure, always immaculately dressed and frequently appearing with a boutonniere. He is inclined to be stout, and his bearing is dignified. He is clean-shaven, save for a moustache, with hair growing thin but always carefully brushed. When at work he affects the new-fangled horn spectacles, which add a further note of distinction to his appearance. His accent is slightly English, and he speaks slowly and deliberately. He is a man who looks ten years younger than he actually is.

Blessed with an iron constitution, Mr. Wilkie is able to do two men's work without distress. There is no rest cure for him, no dieting, no regular and systematic exercising. He works early and late, and thinks nothing of carrying home an armful of documents to be studied out in the quiet of his library. He can dispense with sleep to an amazing extent. Indeed, when on one of his Western tours of inspection, he can actually work the clock around and appear as fresh and debonair as ever the next morning.

At the same time, while he is a strenuous worker, with great powers of application, he can also take his recreation with equal zest. In his earlier years he was a devotee of cricket, and played a good game. For some time he was vice-president of the Toronto Cricket Club, and one of its best batsmen. Lately he has taken up golf with enthusiasm, and his is one of the familiar figures on the Toronto Golf Links in the summer time. He has an odd style of play, all his own, and the Wilkie flourish as he swings his club, would enable one to distinguish him half a mile away. As he plays, he keeps up a constant flow of almost boyish chaffing of his opponent.

Several stories are told about his play among his golfing companions. On one historic occasion he made a stupendous drive, which carried his ball quite out of sight. A thorough search was made for the lost object, but for a long time it could not be located. Then, wonderful to relate, it was discovered reposing peacefully in the hole at the next green.

The president of the Imperial had obviously done the hole in one stroke, which was a feat unparalleled in the annals of the club. Unfortunately for the prowess of the doughty player it subsequently transpired that one of his vagabond friends, noticing the search, had slyly dropped the ball into the hole. It is said that Mr. Wilkie took the joke in good part.

On another occasion he was driving off from the first tee near the clubhouse and as usual was making one of his tremendous flourishes in hitting at the ball, when, for some unaccountable reason the club slipped from his hands and went hurtling over the roof of the house. Most players would have uttered unprintable ejaculations at the mishap, but not so Mr. Wilkie. He simply called to the caddy in a most matter-of-fact tone to run and bring him back the club.

While it would be untrue to say that D. R. Wilkie has confined his energies exclusively to the building up of a great banking institution, there is no doubt that the development of the Imperial Bank has been his one passion. If there has been a trace of self-glorification in his efforts, that pardonable weakness will be overlooked in the success which the bank has attained under his guidance. Such work as he has done outside the walls of the bank and such interest as he has taken in art, music or society, has been genuine and unstudied. It has been a spontaneous expression of his personality, not assumed to gain fame or popularity.

He has gone in for the encouragement of art simply because he was at one time put in charge of the affairs of a young artist. He became interested in his work and that interest spread to the work of other artists. He makes no pretence of being a connoisseur, and he is not a collector. He likes pictures, but he cares more for encouraging native artists than for laying up a store of costly paintings, the value of which is too often dependent on what they will bring. His friendliness with the artists of Toronto and his pleasure in visiting their studios led to his having selected

president of the Canadian Art Club a few years ago.

Most people are familiar with the appearance of the Imperial's bank notes, which are undoubtedly among the most artistically attractive of those of any Canadian bank. In designing them, Mr. Wilkie, of course, took a personal interest, and their beauty owes not a little to his good taste. Apropos of these bills a little story may be told which illustrates the love of badinage which exists among Mr. Wilkie's circle of friends. It will be remembered that a prominent feature on the bills is the portrait of the Prince of Wales. Now it seems that the bills were first issued south after the appointment of Mr. Cawthra Mulock to the directorate of the bank. Mr. Mulock was then and still is a boyish figure and the opportunity afforded thereby for a joke at Mr. Wilkie was not to be lost. A friend accosted him at the club with the remark, "Well, Wilkie, I must say you are to be congratulated on those new bills of yours. It was certainly quite a stunt to work in that picture of your baby director."

Mr. Wilkie entertains lavishly because he enjoys it; not because he wishes to gain popularity. He is an active member of many clubs, yet no one can accuse him of being a tuft-hunter. He does not go out of his way to be friendly, but is contented with the society of the people he likes. At no time does he appear to better advantage than at the head of his own table. Extremely hospitable and fond of entertaining, he is a past master in the art of making his guests feel at ease, and he can keep a room of people in the best of humor with themselves and the world in general for hours at a time. He is fond of banter and remarkably quick at repartee. Among the ladies he is a great favorite, and no one is more gifted than he is in saying and doing the right thing at the right time.

In his attitude towards charity and public service he adopts the same principle. He does not pose as a great philanthropist, but at the same time he does not refrain from helping forward good

causes. He has been particularly active in the support of the Victorian Order of Nurses, and his name will be found associated with the work of the Toronto General Hospital.

That he has a kindly heart goes without saying. One day not long ago he was walking to his office and his way took him down George Street, past the Boys' Home. As he went by the institution he noticed a row of weary-looking young faces peering through the railings at the passers-by. The sight touched him, and he was not long in making up his mind that the urchins ought to be provided with a gymnasium where they could spend their time to better advantage. He set to work to collect money for the purpose, and now the Home is well equipped in this respect.

Formerly Mr. Wilkie took an active interest in Board of Trade work and was president of the Toronto Board during the critical years of the commercial union agitation, which he opposed strongly. He is an ardent Imperialist, and has made some strong pronouncements in the press on the duty of Canadians towards the Empire.

Mr. Wilkie once wrote a book on "The Theory and Practice of Banking in Canada," and he is the author of several essays and newspaper articles on the same subject, particularly dealing with the legal aspects. He is an authority on bank law, which renders his selection as president of the Bankers' Association at this particular time, when new legislation is in preparation of special advantage to banking interests.

Apart from the attention he pays to books and articles on banking, his reading is of a general order. He retains the remnants of the excellent libraries which belonged to his father and grand uncle, and occasionally looks over the old volumes. He is a great admirer of Rudyard Kipling, whom he likes because of the Imperialistic strain of his writing, and he is also fond of Shakespeare, Carlyle and Scott.

The views of such a man on the prospects of bank clerks in Canada should carry weight and this sketch of his

career and personality may well be wound up with a few of his own observations on the subject.

"The business of banking from the employer's point of view, is full of promise," says Mr. Wilkie. "It is true that salaries are small at the start, but banking comes very close to being a profession, and what profession is there which offers remuneration from the very date of the entrance of the student upon his career? A student of law, of medicine, or even of divinity, spends from four to five years in preparation for his calling at the expense frequently of his parents. The student of banking enters at once on the receipt of a salary of from \$250 to \$350, and at the end of his fifth year he is enjoying an income

of \$750 at least. From that point he has his future in his own hands; he has been thoroughly trained in business affairs, and is fit to take up any business occupation.

"It should not be long before the bank clerk has proved himself capable of taking charge of a branch, where the remuneration is not less than \$1400 and may even be as much as \$2500. From that point to the management of a large branch, with a salary of \$5,000 or more, or even to a general managership, is within the possibilities. I don't know of any better opening for a young lad who has not had the advantage of a college education, than that of the banking profession."

Latest in Criminal Detection

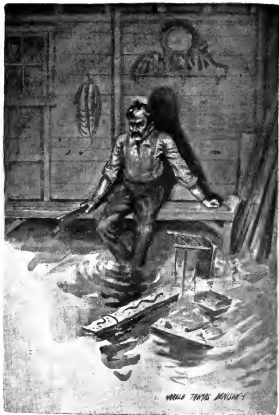
Electrical authorities have discovered what they believe to be the surest method of criminal detection yet known. It is in the photographing of the human voice by means of the oscillograph.

The oscillograph is a combination light plant, telephone and photograph gallery all enclosed in a little box two feet long, 18 inches high and ten inches wide. A small, but very powerful electric arc light throws a beam of light about the size of a lead pencil against a minute prism of glass. This refracts the beam to the back end of the box where it strikes a small cell filled with oil. Suspended in this little cell by means of silver wires is a little mirror almost too small to see with the human eye, but it is this mirror that turns the sound vibrations into light vibrations that are recorded on the photographic film. The mirror reflects such portions of the beam of light that falls upon it, back through a slit less than a half inch wide in the opposite end of the box through which the minute ray of light falls upon a rapidly revolving photographic film. The mirror is connected by means of the silver wires with a common telephone transmitter into which the words to be pho-

tographed are spoken. The vibrations in the transmitter cause similar vibrations of the little mirror through the beam of light in the cells and this fitful vibrating of the reflector is faithfully recorded on the revolving film.

The use of this apparatus in the detection of criminals is based upon the physiological fact that every set of vocal cords differs from every other set of vocal cords, or in other words, every human voice is different in some quality from every other human voice. The difference in the vocal cords causes a difference in the nature of the vibrations in speaking any given word and the different sound vibrations produce exactly different light vibrations. Therefore, no two human voices can produce the same picture of any spoken letter or word.

By photographing the voices of convicted criminals and keeping these records in a permanent file, present methods of identifying suspects by means of finger prints and certain measurements, may be backed up by reference to the voice records. If they agree with the conclusion otherwise reached the identification will be more absolutely certain and beyond question.



"Of all the strange sights I have ever experienced, that was the strangest."
"The Unexpected Siege."

The Unexpected Siege

The stories of H. Mortimer Batten are so different from those of many other writers because they always have a real personal interest. He almost tells of his own experiences in them. And it is always experience at first hand, too,—set in the rugged wilds of the Canadian North, where he spent much time in gathering material for articles which have come from his pen since his return to England. In "The Unexpected Siege" we have one of Mr. Batten's typical Canadian tales.

By H. Mortimer Batten

IT was early spring when I took up my quarters in the Slatewater district, and the many lakes and creeks that intercept the country like a great network were still at winter level. Dave Sharman's ranch had just been put up for sale, and I bought it at a mere song, considering the price of apple grounds about there, and on the whole was thoroughly well pleased with myself. The only point that worried me was—why was Dave Sharman, having cleared the ground and completed the bulk of the heart-rendering and back-breaking donkey work, selling the place at such a low price? The only reason to which I could attribute his extraordinary conduct was that he had found the flies and the loneliness too much for him. I, however, was young and ambitious, and such considerations did not daunt me in the least. Dave had certainly spared no pains in fitting up an habitable outfit, and already the wall creepers were beginning to flourish. The hut was provided with a large-sized window, a bunk, a cupboard, and an extraordinarily good stove. At right angles from the door was a very useful storeroom, suitable for keeping agricultural implements, apples, potatoes, and such like provider. Also there was a pigsty, a hen-run, and a dog kennel. The whole outfit was dry, warm in the winter, cool in the summer, and well-sheltered from the northerly winds.

Moreover there was excellent fishing to be had by way of recreation. With

in twenty yards of the door stretched the lake, occupying some four or five acres, and overflowing at its far end through a narrow rocky cutting, not more than twenty feet wide, but carrying the whole of the river waters. The ranch and the homestead lay within the very basin of this Lake, and before buying the property I had the forethought to ask whether a "jam" had ever occurred across the lake outlet, which would certainly have meant the submersion of the apple grounds. I was assured, however, that the property was safely above high-water level, and that it had never been flooded since the history of that part of the world began.

"Don't you worry about too much water," laughed a neighboring rancher. "Think yourself blessed lucky if you get enough."

By the end of April I was thoroughly installed, having carted all my belongings over four miles of abominable country by the sweat of my own brow. The spring swiftly merged into summer, the river rose, carried down its cargo of logs, and fell to its normal level without in any way interfering with any domestic felicity. With Daggo, my small cocker spaniel, the hens and the pig as company, I was as happy as a Lord, and wished for nothing better, during the day I worked hard, ate heartily when I felt that I needed it, and smoked abundant quantities of "black-tack." In the evening I staked it by the lake with rod and pipe, strolled

round with my rifle potting gophers, or took a walk to the hotel to see Jack Robinson, who was an easterner, like myself.

Sometimes I went into the saloon and discussed apples and politics and magazines with the woodsmen, though the smoke-laden atmosphere of the place had little charm for me.

Thus the weeks slipped by, and it was late in the summer when one evening I happened to walk down the river past the narrow chute by which the lake adjoining my property emptied itself. Below the chute followed a short stretch of rapids, boiling and tumultuous, which, further on emptied themselves into another lake, not very wide, comparatively shallow, and drained in turn by a second narrow chute.

"If ever my lake gets over-fished," I told myself, "I'll try this one. Guess nobody fishes it all summer."

This supposition proved erroneous, however, for on returning after dusk I discerned a large raft, occupied by two anglers, out in the centre of the expanse of water. It was too dark to recognize the men, and they did not see me as I walked through the shadow of the foliage, with Dagoo at my heels. As I neared the home lake I was surprised to see quite a quantity of timber drifting towards the outlet, and concluded that someone had been busy dislodging the stranded logs up stream. It was getting chilly, however, so I turned in, fed the dog, and having cooked myself a flapjack went to bed. As usual I left the door wide open and the sweet summer breezes fanning in on my face, for both Dagoo and I had become used to the occasional nocturnal visits of skunk and porcupine. Dagoo, as usual, curled himself up under the bunk.

It must have been near midnight when I woke suddenly—wide awake—conscious in some mysterious manner that something was out of order. As I opened my eyes I caught sight of a large black shape seated calmly on the foot of the bunk. Presently it turned and looked at me without apparent discomposure, and I realized that this new

bedfellow was nothing more dangerous than master Dagoo.

... What on earth was he doing up there? Never before had I known the dog to take such a liberty, but after a moment's thought my sudden anger vanished. Clearly something had made the animal uncomfortable in his own bed, and as we were partners in most things he had quietly assayed to share mine.

Turning my head to search for the cause of the dog's unusual behavior, I was greeted by a scene that held me spellbound with amazement. This, then, accounted for the strange *lap-lap* I had heard in my dreams—for the mysterious rustling and awakening that filled the air like the sound of gentle showers. The floor was flooded, and as far as I could see through the open doorway lay a still expanse of water, scintillating in the light of the low summer moon. Here and there things were floating on the surface—newspapers, tin cans, one or two pairs of boots, and all manner of household treasures that had previously occupied a place on the floor.

Still half asleep I realized that something extraordinary had happened,—that there must have been a cloud-burst somewhere up the valley and temporarily flooded the creek. While I was still considering it I heard a low, threatening growl from Dagoo, and at the same instant something slipped across the blanket, and touched my face with a cold, clammy touch. It was a snake! Taking the blanket in both hands I soon disposed of the reptile, and threw it out of the door. Then I felt many other creatures running about on my hands and face, and jumping up, plunged into the icy flood of besieging waters.

Striking a match I lit the oil lamp, and instantly became aware of the fact that the air was thick with minute winged insects. They bumped into the lamp chimney and fell with tiny splashes into the water, and presently I glanced towards the bunk on which I had been sleeping.

What a sight for an entomologist! The blanket was literally alive with

creeping things. Moths, beetles, ants, centipedes—insects such as I had never before seen or dreamt of, and of all the varied hues in creation. It reminded me of a poster I had seen in Nelson advertising a patent insect exterminator.

To some people the sight would have proved horrifying, but since a boy I have always taken a vast interest in the wonderful creeping inhabitants of the woodland. Here were insects of all shapes and sizes,—yellow, copper, green and gold;—a veritable congress of tins.

It was some seconds before I realized the full significance of the predicament. The insects were probably angry. Like myself they had been rudely disturbed by the flood. Creeping before it, they had sought the highest points of land, creeping further and further from the water as it advanced behind them, forcing them upwards. Some of them might be capable of stinging or inflicting painful bites. I considered it prudent not to handle them.

Taking Dagoo in my arms I transferred him to a sugar box on the other side of the hut. As I did so I felt something creeping up my leg, and before I had time to sweep it away it stung me badly just above the waterline. Looking down I saw that the offender was a large black and yellow fly, like a hornet, save that the roots and tips of his wings were tinted with brown.

After that I rolled the blankets into a heap, placed them on the cupboard, and took my seat on the naked boards of the bunk. One or two insects still continued to creep up the woodwork, so snatching up a fragment of broken wood I proceeded to hold the fort against the invading army, instantly demolishing anything that bore the least resemblance to a yellow and black horse.

Before very long, however, I became painfully aware of the fact that the flood waters were still rising. I had used the lower hinge of the door as a gunge, but it was now totally submerged. Moreover the water was beginning to creep between the lower boards of the bunk, and greatly interfering with my comfort, which was none too great un-

der any conditions. Pulling on my high knee boots I joined Dagoo on the sugar box, much to that isolated gentleman's delight. Determined to make the best of things I drew up my legs, lit my pipe, and continued to wage war against the insects.

Anyhow, I determined to write a very humorous letter home about it all, for far from expecting to sustain any losses through the flood, I was speculating on the vast amount of good the thorough soaking would do my sun-baked orchard.

While thus ruminating, however, a sudden loud cackling outside diverted my attention. Goodness—What an aw! I was! I had forgotten all about the hens and the pig!

I have often read that in time of an earthquake, the people who are unfortunate enough to be in the district are reduced to a state of dazed stupidity. They regard the whole hideous maelstrom as a matter of course, are not at all overwhelmed, and do the most absurd things. It seems to me that any great and unexpected event, arousing one from one's slumbers, has much the same effect. These hens and that pig had been my daily consideration for weeks past, yet here was I sitting calmly on a sugar box not twenty yards away, and leaving the poor beasts to drown without so much as a thought!

Jumping up, I plunged into the water, now almost hip deep, and wallowed hurriedly towards the outhouses. Fortunately the pigsty stood on high ground, but five inches of water already covered the floor. After much tussling and screeching on the part of the pig I managed to get a rope round his neck, posing it in a loop round his hind quarters so that it would not cut. This done, I placed a rickety, home-made ladder against the eaves of the house, and drazed the expostulating pig into the flood. On reaching the foot of the ladder I managed to get the beast under my arm—fortunately, it was only half-grown—and step by step began the precarious ascent.

Scarcely had we ascended two feet

when the pig gave a huge tussle, just at the wrong moment, totally upsetting the balance of affairs. The ladder turned round, and still hugging the screaming porker I fell full length into the muddy flood. The pig posed under water, still screaming, and for a second disappeared from view.

Choking and angry I struggled to my feet, again clasped the animal, and made a frantic dash for the ladder.

This time we safely reached the slightly-slanting roof, and with soft and soothing words deposited my unwieldy burden. With a snort of rage the animal instantly dashed for the open, and a second later disappeared with a squeal of dismay over the other side of the hut.

I wallowed hurriedly round, and found the foolish creature endeavoring to ascend the perpendicular wall, but without much success. Having again conveyed him to the roof, I tied him securely to the chimney pipe, leaving him just enough spare rope to lie down.

The hens gave little trouble. I found them sitting in a row within two inches of the water, and transplanted them, two at a time, to the roof of the hut. They seemed too sleepy to grasp what was happening, and squatted without complaint just where I put them. After that I returned for Dagoo and my overcoat, and in a few minutes, hens, pig, dog and man were seated on the roof, gazing out somnolently across the expanse of moonlight water.

Before many minutes had elapsed I felt heartily glad that the dog and I had abandoned the hut. Peering over the eaves I saw a large black snake swim at a terrific speed into the open door. Looking down I watched the reptile wriggle onto the floating soap box, lie still for a moment, then dart back into the water. The movements of the venomous reptile were so quick that I should have experienced some difficulty in evading it.

Of all the strange nights I have ever experienced, that was the strangest. The air was filled with incessant sounds, the hum of myriads of insects, the weird cries of disquieted birds—low,

guttural whispers and a thousand and one eerie notes for which there was no accounting. Now and then a vivid flash of summer lightning lit up the shadowy scene. I was clad in a thick overcoat, but hit by hit began to feel chilly, and was ultimately compelled to pace the roof. The pig was thoroughly determined to make a nuisance of himself and to commit suicide at the same time. Lying back to the full length of the rope he would squat resignedly on his hanches, the noose pulled so tight round his neck that his ears were pushed forward to where his eyes ought to have been. Every now and then it was necessary to go and give him a "bodge up," whereupon Dagoo, who thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the situation, would consider it his duty to round up the hens—a task at which he considered himself somewhat of an adept. But sure enough, when I had restored order, the pig would be back again in his old position, and the chimney on the point of collapsing.

How long was the siege going to last? If the abnormal abundance of water were due to a cloudburst—which, though vastly improbable, was the only cause I could think of—the river should be down at normal level before day-break. I was thoroughly sick of this Robinson Crusoe business, but was too disturbed to spend the hours in peaceful slumbers. Suddenly the cockerel, awakening to a sense of his responsibilities, crowed lustily, greatly startling Dagoo, myself and the pig. After that we kept a watchful eye on the old bird, and directly he began to stretch out his long neck we hardened our nerves, knowing what to expect. A few minutes after this slight diversion, our party was joined by yet another refugee from the flood. A little red squirrel, wet and bedraggled, scrambled up the ladder, eyed our family gathering narrowly, then scuttled away round the eaves. He stayed with us till the end of the siege, which came about an hour after his arrival.

It must have been four o'clock in the morning when a terrific explosion

sounded from the far end of the lake. The whole earth and air seemed to shake, and glancing towards the distant chute I saw a huge tongue of flame, against which danced black fantastic shadows, leap high into the air. The uproar died down as suddenly as it had begun, and a strange whisper, soft, but disquieting, succeeded the explosion. (Glancing down I saw that the flood waters were rapidly receding, and creeping with an oily swirl back towards the lake.)

In a flash, I understood what had happened. Someone had dammed the outlet of the lake, and thus caused the flooding of the basin. The roar I had just heard was the blasting of the dam, and now the lake was rapidly sinking to its normal level.

What could it mean? Determined to solve the mystery, I climbed hurriedly down, and without so much as a thought for snakes and hornets, waded into the hut, snatched up my light sporting rifle and struck out for dry land.

In a few minutes I had reached the outlet of the lake, and standing in the shadows, caught sight of a man, lustily lading a pack mule, under the trees a short distance away. The man was wearing a soft hat, overall breeches tied at the knees, and a tarpaulin jacket. As I drew near he turned and nodded as though in no way disconcerted.

"What's the game, boy?" I queried. "Suppose you know you've flooded me out!"

The man grunted. "Sorry partner," he said. "We didn't intend to disturb ye, or sure, we'd have dropped you a line."

Just at this juncture a second man appeared from somewhere in the shadows. He was tall and sinuous, with a fair moustache, and a pleasant sunburnt face. His jacket lay open at the neck, and he was wearing loose rubber boots from which his trousers bulged loosely.

"My name's Dave Sharman," he introduced himself, "Maybe you'll remember making a cheque out to me when you bought the ranch?"

"Just so," I agreed. "But what in thunder is the game at this time of night?"

The two men glanced at each other and back at me. "Just a little venture," said Sharman. "Maybe you'll keep your mouth shut, partner, and with luck I'll be writing you in a month or two."

"Oh, I shan't talk," I promised. "But it seems a mighty strange business, anyway."

With that I returned to my disordered home, now high and dry, and with a sigh of relief restored the pig to his proper quarters. Needless to say, I kept quiet about the mysterious affair, for in the backwoods it isn't worth while for a man to take upon himself the duties of policeman. Men have to help each other as best they can without taking any responsibilities for each other's spiritual affairs.

A month later I received a letter bearing a Vancouver postmark and the name of a well known hotel of that city. It was from Dave Sharman, and ran as follows:

"Dear Partner: Thanks for keeping mum. It wasn't you I was afraid of anyway—it was the power stations lower down. I enclose cheques for \$200, which I hope will pay for damage done by the flood."

"Say! You bought that ranch of mine almighty cheap. It didn't suit me; apple growing isn't the right game for an old prospector. I soon wanted to get back to the hills, and one day, when fishing the lake below the ranch, I dropped my reel, and tried to fish it out with a snow rake. I didn't get the reel, but I got a chunk of quartz that gave me the fever properly, and set me thinking. The mining rights about there belong to the Railway Co., of course, but I didn't feel inclined to pay their fancy prices."

"You know the rest. A few yards of cable netting, a few logs and young spruce, and the dam was complete. Pretty risky business working below it, I can tell you, but we cleared something like \$4,000 worth, and I guess the Rail-

way Co. won't miss it. Finding's keeping, any road, and hope you'll think we've treated you square.

Yours truly,
Dave Sharrman."

That two hundred dollars kept me awake all night. I didn't just fancy

giving it to a hospital. Couldn't bear the idea of poor helpless invalids being carried into a building that had been partly paid for with stolen money. At last, to ease my conscience, I bought a strip more land from the Railway Co., and sold it two years ago for just under one thousand!

Why Colonial Furniture is Valuable

Why Colonial furniture is valuable is explained in a booklet issued by the College of Agriculture of Cornell University.

"No one knows better than the Colonial folk the relation between structure and form," declare the Cornell furniture experts. "It is not because Colonial furniture is old that it is valuable, but because it is sound in workmanship, normal in form and made of a kind of mahogany that is not on the market to-day. The decoration applied by the Colonial makers to their furniture, whether carving, inlay, mouldings, turnings or decorative grain, with few exceptions enhanced the effect and in no way distorted the natural shape. Cherry and birch were used for legs and for uprights requiring strength, mahogany being too brittle for this purpose. The fronts of bureau drawers, the backs of daybeds and other parts showing beautiful grain were merely veneered with a thin layer of mahogany glued to a backing of soft wood.

"Wood veneer should not be looked on as a sham, since it is used for the purpose of preventing large panels of wood from warping: table tops, door panels and the like would warp out of all usefulness unless they were built up to two or more layers of wood running in different directions and glued together, so that the tendency of one layer of wood to shrink in one direction is overcome by the tendency of another layer to remain firm in that direction and to shrink in the opposite direction.

"Walnut furniture will never be valuable as a style for the reason that it

represents a period of poor design. Walnut is in itself a beautiful wood, glowing in color and fine in grain, but the sort of grooving, piercing, carving and moulding to which it was subjected largely robbed it of its natural charm. Many pieces were too ponderous to be easily moved about. Simple designs in walnut similar to Colonial pieces would be beautiful and valuable but even mahogany worked into ornate designs as was walnut would be artistically valueless. A few of the plainer pieces of walnut are good in design and therefore permanent in worth."

For the golden oak furniture which was popular a few years ago and which is still to be seen in many of the houses of the reasonably well-to-do the College of Agriculture has nothing but the severest condemnation. To the false facility of the machine work the failing off in the beauty and dignity of the furniture of the golden oak period is attributed.

"Stamped decorations of poor pattern, machine carving glued to panels, scrollwork brackets and banded arms ending in animal heads—all these distortions have been applied to furniture in the name of decoration. But all in vain is the name, for decoration means enhancement. A chair or table of plain structure with straight edges has at least the dignity of being genuine. If the general form is to be softened or refined a human being, not a machine, must have the upper hand. The attempt to beautify must be an inspiration, not a nightmare," says the pamphlet.



An old seal at her last anchorage

"To the Ice" for Seals

None but the strongest, we are told, are taken "to the ice" for seals—a quest beset with the greatest danger. Only such men are chosen as can stand hardship, men who are willing to look death in the face at every hour as return for the rich rewards of a successful trip. Something of the dangers of this peculiar and perilous business is presented in the accompanying article and views.

By Daniel Owen

THE last good-byes are over, the huge hawsers have been cast off, the steamers sail proudly down the harbor, while women standing on the docks gaze wistfully after them. When those same vessels come back to port there will be more widows and orphans in Newfoundland, for they have started on a quest that is beset with the greatest danger. They have gone "to the ice."

The time is early spring, the place is the capital of Newfoundland. An unwanted stir along the waterfront had taken me to the docks and I had just seen the sealing fleet steam outward to the open sea. They are gone in search of the hair seal.

None but the strongest are taken "to the ice." The crews, numbering from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty men, are picked from the bravest of those composing the fishing population of Newfoundland. They are men who can stand hardship—men who are willing to look death in the face at every hour, in return for the rich rewards of the successful trip.

The perils of seal fishing have not been overestimated. It is no rare occurrence for hunting parties to become

separated on the floes and be lost in the blinding snow storms that rise without warning in the Arctic regions. For days they will wander about in the surging ice only to find, when the storm abates, that their steamer has been driven off by the freezing mass. Food is gone, cold is intense, and when death comes it is welcomed as a merciful release. Again, a sudden shift in the current and the floe parts; the ice forces the steamer off, and the men are left to meet their fate. There are times, too, when the angry animals which they would slaughter tear the men to pieces, wounding them frightfully and sometimes killing them outright.

It is not only on the frozen seas that danger lurks. It is present on the steamers, which, strongly as they are constructed, are not always able to stand the strain of the breaking ice, which crushes in the sides. Nearly every season one or more of the sealing fleet is lost in the northern seas, and, with its crew, pays the toll of those who go "to the ice."

There are only two species of seal worthy of consideration. The "harp" and the "hood." The "harp," which is



R. S. Vanguard off "to the ice."

the seal of commerce, derives its name from the singular markings with which it is adorned. A broad, and slightly curved line of black spots run from either shoulder until they converge at the back just above the tail, and form a figure that somewhat resembles a harp. The "dog hood" is distinguished by a large bag of flesh suspended from the nose. When the "hood" is attached he inflicts this hood, which completely shelters the face and is impervious to bullets. Killing is accomplished by shooting or "gaffing" on the neck at the base of the skull.

The migratory habits of the seals are as interesting as they are regular. When the young seals are about two months old and are thoroughly accustomed to the water, the exodus to the Arctic regions commences and by the latter part of May the huge colony will have arrived in the Greenland waters, there to remain for a period of about three

months. With the approach of winter the seals are once more on the march—this time directing their course to the Labrador Coast. When the Straits of Belle Isle are reached the "pack" parts company; one section going to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the other continuing southward along the Newfoundland coast, finally coming to a halt in the vicinity of the "banks." Here they feed upon the abundance of fish until about the first week of February, when they return to the colder Arctic regions. The floes of the Arctic drift are the birthplace of the young seals, and here they are weaned, and are directed through the curriculum provided for such amphibious creatures.

This migratory tendency of the seals affords an unusual and amazing spectacle, at least it so appears to one who has never before witnessed it. When the seals are on the march they have the appearance of a grand army wend-

ing its way through hostile territory. First comes the advance guard, or perhaps two thousand odd and well-tried "hoods." Behind them straggle small bodies connecting with the main division of three hundred thousand seals. Last of all comes the rear guard. Slowly they move over the ice, but steadily, and with every appearance of a fixed purpose. When the advance guard stops, the main army stops; when the advance guard moves on, the great division does likewise.

It is about the first of March that the fleet sets out from St. John's. By this time the "white coats"—as the young seals are called—are ready for the killing. Just how long it will take to reach the "pack" is uncertain. Everything depends on the Arctic Current and the drift of the floes. It may be only a few days before the men in the look-outs at the head of the masts "pick

up" the prey, or it may be three weeks. Some times they come upon them in the night, and the presence of the seals is made known by the weird whining of the young that can be heard for miles.

As soon as the "pack" is sighted the steamer approaches the floe, and, when a secure spot is reached, is moored to the ice. Then every available man is landed and sent into the pack to accomplish the slaughter. The crew divides and parties of from six to ten men spread over the ice. The hunters are armed with long poles, at the end of which is a steel gaff, and with this weapon the young seals are despatched. So easily are they killed that often a kick is all that is necessary. The whole process takes but a moment. A kick or a "gaff" on the animal's nose; a quick slash with the knife, and the body and skin are separated. Sometimes, however, the task is more difficult, for the old



A whole ship's crew towing seal pelts.



Haul pelts on dock at Harlowe Shore, Newfoundland.

"hoods" fight long and fiercely in defence of their young. The hunters become the attacked and a battle royal ensues. Usually the old seal is finally killed, but not before he has seriously wounded, and often killed some of the hunters.

Men who have gone "to the ice" for years have told me that so marvellous is the paternal instinct that an old "hood" will come charging down upon a killing party, and forcing its way to where the quivering bodies are lying on the ice, carry away the skinless body of a "white coal." Occasionally it will happen that the season is unusually advanced, and when the steamers reach the "pack" the old seals will have gone north for a week's feeding in colder waters. On their return they will hurry through a pack of two hundred thous- and seals and pick out their young without the least hesitation or mistake.

As soon as sufficient seals are killed the skins are piled on a "pan" and a

flag with the initial or number of the steamer whose crew had killed them, is placed in the ice. Several "pans" are made in one day. This signal proves possession, and it is rarely that a sister ship will steal the pelts belonging to another. The hunters seldom haul the skins to the ship. This is only done when the steamer is unable to force her way through the ice to gather up the "pans," which is the usual procedure.

While in Newfoundland I became acquainted with several old salts who year after year had gone "to the ice," and it was from some of these that I gathered tales of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes in the frozen north.

In the spring of eighty-eight about a hundred men from the old *Fortuna* were "killing" on the ice, when a sharp report sounded on the floe, louder and longer than the sound of a gun. All heard the ominous warning and read its meaning. The ice was breaking. Hur-



Skimming an old hood's pelt.

riedly they made for their ship, three miles away, but even as they raced over the "hummocky" snow, the floe was parting, and little islands began to shape themselves out of what a few minutes before had appeared an almost permanent solid. The majority of the crew reached the vessel in safety; only seven remained on the ice, and these were within three minutes of their refuge, when suddenly a gap appeared in the ice and spread with incredible rapidity. By the time that the dilatory party reached the side of the chasm its width was over a hundred yards. On the *Fortuna* the sailors were getting out a life boat with which to rescue their comrades. Just as it was launched the storm broke, and a blinding snow enveloped not only the party on the ice, but those in the boat. Instead of immediately returning (they were not twenty yards from the ship's side), the latter continued, probably lost their bearings and the crew were either drowned or

perished from cold and hunger. As for those on the ice they simply waited; waited for the boat that never came. Meanwhile the ice continued to break, until in a few hours they were afloat in the Arctic Ocean, on a huge cake of ice with scarce enough food to last twenty-four hours. Added to the pangs of hunger came the suffering of intense cold. They dared not walk, lest they fall over the sides of the berg, and so lee themselves in the icy waters. Nine days later a passing sealer found them. Six were dead, frozen stiff, the seventh survived long enough to tell the story of the suffering experienced by himself and companions.

In the same winter one of the finest sealers that ever sailed into Labrador waters, up lost on her maiden voyage. Caught between the heavy ice cakes, and unable to free herself, her sides were crushed in and the whole crew was forced to take to the ice. For nearly four weeks the men lived upon the desolate



A view of sailing operations, from an old painting.

"field of white," and when rescued there was hardly a man who escaped without the loss of a limb through freezing, while several died from the effects of the exposure.

On another occasion a boat's crew became lost in a blizzard, wandered aimlessly over the ice for days and days, and when finally the party was sighted by a sealer, three were insane, two were in a dying condition, while the other four were suffering intense agony from cold and lack of food.

The most harrowing story that I heard concerned two seal hunters who were lost on the floes. For three days they experienced little discomfort, but on the fourth day their food was gone, and it became colder. Exhausted, they lay down to sleep, and when they awoke one of them found that his right leg was frozen. Twenty-four hours later, becoming crazed with the pain, he cut his foot off. Soon gangrene set in and after hours of intense suffering he died. In-

stead of abandoning the body, the survivor placed it upon a sled that they happened to have with them at the time they were lost, and dragged it after him for three nights and days, when he in turn lay down to sleep a last sleep. Fate, however, decreed otherwise. A hunting party rescued the man, and with the body of his dead friend, took him to their ship. There, in order to save his life, both legs were amputated above the knee; the right arm was removed above the elbow and an ear was cut off. This man was the sole support of a wife and five young children.

The hardships and dangers of the frozen North are indeed great, but it is not only the hunters that suffer as a result of the perils that are encountered by those who answer the never-ceasing cry for men, and fill the ranks of those who annually go to "the hunt." Women and children must bear the burden that is thrown down by those who give their lives in quest of the hair seal that is to be found away "to the ice."

The Smoke Bellew Series

WONDER OF WOMAN—Part II.

With the installment published in this issue the *Smoke Bellew* series is concluded. The tales have been typical Jack London stories, for his characters are always persons with plenty of red blood in their veins, and his field of conquest is the big open world, with all it offers in the way of thrilling adventure. The *Smoke Bellew* tales have been a big feature in *Maclean's* during the past year, and have won for the magazine many warm friends.

By Jack London

VIII.

SMOKE'S new situation at Snare's fire was embarrassing. He saw more of Labiakwee than ever. In its sweetness and innocence, the frankness of her love was terrible. Her glances were love glances; every look was a caress. A score of times he nerved himself to tell her of Joy Gastell, and a score of times he discovered that he was a coward. The damnable part of it was that Labiakwee was so delightful. She was good to look upon. Despite the hurt to his self-esteem of every moment spent with her, he pleasure in every such moment. For the first time in his life he was really learning women, and so clear was Labiakwee's soul, so appalling in its innocence and ignorance, that he could not misread a line of it. All the pristine goodness of her sex was in her, unclouded by the conventionality of knowledge or the deceit of self-protection. In memory he reread his Schopenhauer and knew beyond all evil that the sad philosopher was wrong. To know woman, as smoke came to know Labiakwee, was to know that all woman-haters were sick men.

Labiakwee was wonderful, and yet, beside her face in the flesh burned the vision of the face of Joy Gastell. Joy had control, restraint, all the feminine inhibitions of civilization, yet, by the trick of his fancy and the living presence of the woman before him, Joy Gastell was stripped to a goodness at par with Labiakwee's. The one but appreciated the other, and all women of all the world appreciated by what Smoke saw at Snare's fire in the snow-land in the soul of Labiakwee.

And Smoke learned about himself. He remembered back to all he knew of Joy Gastell, and he knew that he loved her. Yet he delighted in Labiakwee. And what was this feeling of delight but love? He could demean it by no less a name. Love it was. Love it must be. And he was shocked to the roots of his soul by the discovery of this polygamous strain in his nature. He had heard it argued, in the San Francisco studios, that it was possible for a man to love two women, or even three women, at a time. But he had not believed it. How could he believe it when he had not had the experience? Now it was different. He did truly love two women, and though most of the time he was convinced he loved Joy Gastell more, there were other moments when

he felt with equal certainty that he loved Labiskwee more.

"There must be many women in the world," she said one day. "And women like men. Many women must have liked you. Tell me."

He did not reply.

"Tell me," she insisted.

"I have never married," he evaded.

"And there is no one else?—no other Iskut out there beyond the mountains?"

Then it was that Smoke knew himself a coward. He lied. Reluctantly he did it, but he lied. He shook his head with a slow indulgent smile, and in his face was more of fondness than he dreamed as he noted Labiskwee's swift joy-transfiguration.

He excused himself to himself. His reasoning was jesuitical beyond dispute, and yet he was not Spartan enough to strike this child-woman a quivering heart-stroke.

Snass, too, was a perturbing factor in the problem. Little escaped his keen black eyes, and he spoke significantly.

"No man cares to see his daughter married," he said to Smoke. "At least, no man of imagination. It hurts. The thought of it hurts, I tell you. Just the same, in the natural order of life, Margaret must marry some time."

A pause fell, and Smoke caught himself wondering for the thousandth time what Snass's history must be.

"I am a harsh, cruel man," Snass went on. "Yet the law is the law, and I am just. Nay, here with this primitive people, I am the law and the justice. Beyond my will no man goes. Also, I am a father, and all my days I have been cursed with imagination."

Whether his monologue tended, Smoke did not learn, for it was interrupted by a burst of chiding and silvery laughter from Labiskwee's tent, where she played with a new-caught wolf-cub. A spasm of pain twitched Snass's face.

"I can stand it," he muttered grimly. "Labiskwee must be married, and it is my fortune, and her's, that you are here. I had little hopes of Four

Eyes. McCan was so hopeless I turned him over to a squaw who had lighted her fire twenty seasons. If it hadn't been you, it would have been an Indian. Libash might have become the father of my grandchildren."

And then Labiskwee came from her tent to the fire, the wolf-cub in her arms, drawn as by a magnet, to gaze upon the man, in her eyes the love that art had never taught to hide.

IX.

"Listen to me," said McCan. "The spring thaw is here, and the crust is coming on the snow. It's the time to travel, except in the spring blizzards in the mountains. I know them. I would run with no less a man than you."

"But you can't run," Smoke contradicted. "You can keep up with no man. Your backbone is limber as thawed marrow. If I run, I run alone. The world fades, and perhaps I shall never run. Caribon meat is very good, and soon will come summer and the salmon."

Said Snass: "Your partner is dead. My hunters did not kill him. They found the body frozen in the first of the spring storms in the mountains. No man can escape. When shall we celebrate your marriage?"

And Labiskwee: "I watch you. There is trouble in your eyes, in your face. Oh, I do know all your face. There is a little scar on your neck, just under the ear. When you are happy, the corners of your mouth turn up. When you think sad thoughts they turn down. When you smile there are three and four wrinkles at the corner of your eyes. When you laugh there are six. Sometimes I have almost counted seven. But I cannot count them now. I have never read books. I do not know how to read. But Four Eyes taught me much. My grammar is good. He taught me. And in his own eyes I have seen the trouble of the hunger for the world. He was often hungry for the world, yet here was good meat, and fish in plenty, and the

berries and the roots, and often flour that came back for the furs through the Porcupines and the Lemmings. Yet was he hungry for the world. Is the world so good that you, too, are hungry for it? Four Eyes had nothing. But you have me." She sighed and shook her head. "Four Eyes died still hungry for the world. And if you lived here always would you, too, die hungry for the world? I am afraid I do not know the world. Do you want to run away to the world?"

Smoke could not speak, but by his mouth-corner lines was she convinced.

Minutes of silence passed, in which she visibly struggled, while Smoke cursed himself for the ungussed weakness that enabled him to speak the truth about his hunger for the world, while it kept his lips tight on the truth of the existence of the other woman.

Again Labiskwee sighed.

"Very well. I love you more than I fear my father's anger, and he is more terrible in anger than a mountain storm. You told me what love is. This is the test of love, I shall help you to run back to the world."

X.

Smoke awakened softly and without movement. Warm small fingers touched his cheek and slid gently to a pressure on his lips. For, with the chill and frost clinging in it, next tingled his skin, and the one word, "Come," was breathed in his ear. He sat up carefully and listened. The hundred of wolf-dogs in the camp had lifted their nocturnal song, but under the volume of it, close at hand, he could distinguish the light regular breathing of Snass.

Labiskwee tugged gently at Smoke's sleeve, and he knew she wished him to follow. He took his moccasins and German socks in his hand and crept out into the snow in his sleeping moccasins. Beyond the glow from the dying embers of the fire, she indicated to him to put on his outer foot-gear, and while he obeyed, she went back under the fly where Snass slept.

Feeling the hands of his watch Smoke found it was one in the morning. Quite warm it was, he decided, not more than ten below zero. Labiskwee rejoined him and led him on through the dark runways of the sleeping camp. Walk lightly as they could the frost crunched crisply under their moccasins, but the sound was drowned by the clamor of the dogs, too deep in their howling to snarl at the man and woman who passed.

"Now we can talk," she said, when the last fire had been left half a mile behind.

In the starlight, facing him, Smoke noted for the first time that her arms were burdened, and, on feeling, discovered she carried his snowshoes, a rifle, two belts of ammunition, and his sleeping robes.

"I have everything fixed," she said, with a happy little laugh. "I have been two days making the packs. There is meat, even flour, matches, and skins, which go best on the hard crust and, when they break through, the webs will hold up longer. Oh, I do know snow-travel, and we shall go fast, my lover."

Smoke checked his speech. That she had been arranging his escape was surprise enough, but that she had planned to go with him was more than he was prepared for. Unable to think immediate action, he gently, one by one, took her burdens from her. He put his arm around her and pressed her close, and still he could not think what to do.

"God is good," she whispered. "He sent me a lover."

Yet Smoke was brave enough not to suggest his going alone. And ere he spoke he saw all his memory of the bright world and the sun-lake reel and fade.

"We will go back, Labiskwee," he said. "You will be my wife, and we shall live always with the Caribon people."

"No! no!" She shook her head; and her body, in the circle of his arm, rejected his proposal. "I know. I have thought much. The hunger for the world would come upon you, and in the

long nights it would devour your heart. Four Eyes died of hunger for the world. So would you die. All men from the world hunger for it. And I will not have you die. We will go on across the snow mountains on the south traverse."

"Dear, listen," he urged. "We must go back."

She pressed her mitten against his lips to prevent further speech.

"You love me. Say that you love me."

"I do love you, Labiskwee. You are my wonderful sweetheart."

Again the mitten was a caressing obstacle to utterance.

"We shall go on to the cache," she said with decision. "It is three miles from here. Come."

He held back, and her pull on his arm could not move him. Almost was he tempted to tell her of the other woman beyond the south traverse.

"It would be a great wrong to you to go back," she said. "I am only a wild girl, and I am afraid of the world; but I am more afraid for you. You see, it is as you told me, I love you more than anybody else in the world. I love you more than myself. The Indian language is not a good language. The English language is not a good language. The thoughts in my heart for you, as bright and as many as the stars—there is no language for them. How can I tell you them? They are there—see."

As she spoke she slipped the mitten from his hand and thrust the hand inside the warmth of her parka until it rested against her heart. Tightly and steadily she pressed his hand in its position. And in the long silence he felt the heat, beat of her heart, and knew that every beat of it was love. And then, slowly, almost imperceptibly, still holding his hand, her body began to incline away from him and toward the direction of the cache. Nor could he resist. It was as if he were drawn by her heart itself that so nearly lay in the hollow of his hand.

XI.

So firm was the crust, frozen during the night after the previous day's surface-thaw, that they slid along rapidly on their skis.

"Just here, in the trees, is the cache," Labiskwee told Smoke.

The next moment she caught his arm with a startle of surprise. The flames of a small fire were dancing merrily, and crouched by the fire was McCan.

Labiskwee muttered something in Indian, and so hush-like was the sound that Smoke remembered she had been called "cheetah" by Four Eyes.

"I was minded you'd run without me," McCan explained when they came up, his small peering eyes glimmering with cunning. "So I kept an eye on the girl, an' when I seen her caching skis an' grub, I was on. I've brought my own skis an' webs an' grub. The fire? Sure an' it was no danger. The camp's asleep an' snoring. The wait-in' was cold. Will we be startin' now?"

Labiskwee looked swift consternation at Smoke, as swiftly achieved a judgment on the matter, and spoke. And in the speaking she showed, child-woman though she was in love, the quick decisiveness of one who in other affairs of life would be no clinging vine.

"McCan, you are a dog," she hissed, and her eyes were savage with anger. "I know it is in your heart to raise the camp if we don't take you. Very well. We must take you. But you know my father. I am like my father. You will do your share of the work. You will obey. And if you play one dirty trick, it would be better for you if you had never run."

McCan looked up at her, his small pig-eyes hating and cringing, while in her eyes, turned to Smoke, the anger melted into luminous softness.

"Is it right, what I have said?" she queried.

Daylight found them in the belt of foot-hills that lay between the rolling country and the mountains. McCan suggested breakfast, but they beld on. Not until the afternoon thaw softened



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"Side by side, they flew through the stinging thickness of cold fire"

the crust and prevented travel would they eat.

The foot-hills quickly grew rugged, and the stream, up whose frozen bed they journeyed, began to thread deeper and deeper canyons. The signs of spring were less frequent, though in one canyon they found forming bits of open water, and twice they came upon clumps of dwarf willow upon which were the first hints of swelling buds.

Labiskwee explained to Smoke her knowledge of the country and the way she planned to haffle pursuit. There were but two ways out, one west, the other south. Snass would immediately dispatch parties of young men to guard the two trails. But there was another way south. True, it did no more than penetrate half way into the high mountains, then, twisting to the west and crossing three divides, it joined the regular trail. When the young men found no traces on the regular trail they would turn back in the belief that the escape had been made by the west traverse, never dreaming that the run-ways had ventured the harder and longer way around.

Glancing back at McCan, in the rear, Labiskwee spoke in an undertone to Smoke.

"He is eating," she said. "It is not good."

Smoke looked. The Irishman was secretly munching caribou suet from the pocketful he carried.

"No eating between meals, McCan," he commanded. "There's no game in the country ahead and the grub will have to be whacked in equal rations from the start. The only way you can travel with us is by playing fair."

By one o'clock the crust had thawed so that the skis broke through, and before two o'clock the web-shoes were breaking through. Camp was made and the first meal eaten. Smoke took stock of the food. McCan's supply was a disappointment. So many silver fox-skins had he stuffed in the bottom of the meat-bag that there was little space left for meat.

"Sure an' I didn't know there were

so many," he explained. "I done it in the dark. But they're worth good money. An' with all this ammunition we'll be gettin' game a-plenty."

"The wolves will eat you a-plenty," was Smoke's helpless comment, while Labiskwee's eyes flashed their anger.

Enough food for a month, with careful husbanding and appetites that never lapsed, there was Smoke's and Labiskwee's judgment. Smoke apportioned the weight and bulk of the packs, yielding in the end to Labiskwee's insistence that she, too, should carry a pack.

Next day the stream shallowed out in a wide mountain valley, and they were already breaking through the crust on the flats when they gained the harder surface of the slope of the divide.

"Ten minutes later and we wouldn't have got across the flats," Smoke said, when they paused for breath on the bald crest of the summit. "We must be a thousand feet higher here."

But Labiskwee, without speaking, pointed down to an open flat among the trees. In the midst of it, scattered about, were five dark specks that scarcely moved.

"The young men," said Labiskwee.

"They are wallowing to their hips," Smoke said. "They will never gain the hard footing this day. We have hours the start of them. Come on, McCan. Buck up. We don't eat till we can't travel."

McCan groaned, but there was no caribou suet in his pocket, and he doggedly brought up in the rear.

In the higher valley in which they now found themselves, the crust did not break till three in the afternoon, at which time they managed to gain the shadow of mountain where the crust was already freeing again. Only once did they pause to get out McCan's confiscated suet, which they ate as they walked. The meat was solidly frozen, and could only be eaten after thawing over a fire. But the suet crumbled in their mouths and eased the palpitating faintness in their stomachs.

Black darkness, with an overcast sky, came on after a long twilight at nine o'clock, when they made camp in a clump of dwarf spruce. McCan was whimpering and helpless. The day's march had been exhausting, but in addition, despite his nine years' experience in the Arctic, he had been eating snow and was in agony with his parched and burning mouth. He crouched by the fire and groaned, while they made the camp.

Labiskwee was tireless, and Smoke could not but marvel at the life in her body at the endurance of mind and muscle. Nor was her cheerfulness forced. She had ever a laugh or a smile for him, and her hand lingered in caress whenever it chanced to touch his. Yet, always, when she looked at McCan, her face went hard and pitiless and her eyes flashed frostily.

In the night came wind and snow, and through a day of blizzard they fought their way blindly, missing the turn of the way that led up a small stream and crossed a divide to the west. For two more days they wandered, crossing other and wrong divides, and in those two days they dropped spring behind and climbed up into the abode of winter.

"The young men have lost our trail, an' what's to stop us restin' a day?" McCan begged.

But no rest was accorded. Smoke and Labiskwee knew their danger. They were lost in the high mountains, and they had seen no game nor signs of game. Day after day they struggled on through an iron configuration of landscape that compelled them to labyrinth in canyons and valleys that led rarely to the west. Once in such a canyon, they could only follow it, no matter where it led, for the cold peaks and higher ranges on either side were unscalable and unendurable. The terrible cold and the cold ate up energy, yet they cut down the size of the ration they permitted themselves.

One night Smoke was awakened by a sound of struggling. Distinctly he heard a gasping and strangling from

where McCan slept. Kicking the fire into flame, by its light he saw Labiskwee, her hands at the Irishman's throat and forcing from his mouth a chunk of partly chewed meat. Even as Smoke saw this, her hand went to her hip and flashed aloft with the sheath-knife in it.

"Labiskwee!" Smoke cried, and his voice was peremptory.

The hand hesitated.

"Don't," he said, coming to her side.

She was shaking with anger, but the hand, after hesitating a moment longer, descended reluctantly to the sheath. As if fearing she could not restrain herself, she crossed to the fire and threw on more wood. McCan sat up, whimpering and snarling, between fright and rage spluttering an inarticulate explanation.

"Where did you get it?" Smoke demanded.

"Fool around his body," Labiskwee said.

It was the first word she had spoken, and her voice quivered with the anger she could not suppress.

McCan strove to struggle, but Smoke gripped him cruelly and searched him, from under his armpit, where it had been thawed by the heat of his body, drawing forth a strip of caribou meat. A quick exclamation from Labiskwee drew Smoke's attention. She had sprang to McCan's pack and was opening it. Instead of meat, out poured moss, spruce needles, chips—all the light refuse that had taken the place of the meat and given the pack its due proportion minus its weight.

Again Labiskwee's hand went to her hip, and she flew at the culprit only to be caught in Smoke's arms, where she surrendered herself, sobbing with the fury of her rage.

"Oh, lover, it is not the food," she panted. "It is you, your life. The dog!—he is eating you, he is eating you!"

"We will yet live," Smoke comforted her. "Hereafter he shall carry the fear. He can't eat that raw, and if he does I'll kill him myself, for he will be eating your life as well as mine." He

held her closer. "Sweetheart, killing is men's work. Women do not kill."

"You would not love me if I killed the dog?" she questioned in surprise. "Not so much," Smoke temporized.

She sighed with resignation. "Very well," she said. "I shall not kill him."

XII.

The pursuit by the young men was relentless. By miracle of luck, as well as by deduction from the topography of the way the runways must take, the young men picked up the blizzard-blinded trail and clung to it. When the snow flew, Smoke and Labiakwe took the most improbable courses, turning east when the better way opened south or west, rejecting a low divide to climb a higher. Being lost, it did not matter. Yet they could not throw the young men off. Sometimes they gained days, but always the young men appeared again. After a storm, when all trace was lost, they would cast out like a pack of hounds, and he who caught the later trace made smoke signals to call his comrades on.

Smoke lost count of time, of days and nights and storms and camps. Through a vast mad phantasmagoria of suffering and toil he and Labiakwe struggled on, with McCann somehow stumbling along in the rear, babbling of San Francisco, his everlasting dream. Great peaks, pitiless and serene in the chill blue, towered about them. They fled down black canyons with walls so precipitous that the rock frowned naked, or wallowed across glacial valleys where frozen lakes lay for beneath their feet. And one night, between two storms, a distant volcano glared the sky. They never saw it again, and wondered whether it had been a dream.

Crusts were covered with yards of new snow, that crusted and were snow-covered again. There were places, in canyon and pocket-drifts, where they crossed snow hundreds of feet deep, and they crossed tiny glaciers, in draughty rifts, wind-scoured and bare of any

snow. They crept like silent wraiths across the faces of impending avalanches, or roused from exhausted sleep to the thunder of them. They made fireless camps above timber-line, thawing their meat-rations with the heat of their bodies as they could eat. And through it all Labiakwe remained Labiakwe. Her cheer never vanished, save when she looked at McCann, and the greatest stupor of fatigue and cold never stilled the eloquence of her love for Smoke.

Like a cat she watched the apportionment of the meager ration, and Smoke could see that she grudged McCann every munch of his jaws. Once, she distributed the ration. The first Smoke knew was a wild hurrahe of protest from McCann. Not to him alone, but to herself, had she given a smaller portion than to Smoke. After that, Smoke divided the most himself. Caught in a small avalanche one morning after a night of snow, and swept a hundred yards down the mountain, they emerged half-stuffed and unhurt, but McCann emerged without his peak in which was all the flour. A second and larger snow-slide hurried it beyond hope of recovery. After that, though the disaster had been through no fault of his, Labiakwe never looked at McCann, and Smoke knew it was because she dared not.

XIII

It was a morning, stark still, clear blue above, with white sun-dazzle on the snow. The way led up a long, wide slope of crust. They moved like weary ghosts in a dead world. No wind stirred in the stagnant, frigid calm. Far peaks, a hundred miles away, studding the backbone of the Rockies up and down, were as distinct as if no more than five miles away.

"Something is going to happen," Labiakwe whispered. "Don't you feel it—here, there, everywhere? Everything is strange."

"I feel a chill that is not of cold," Smoke answered. "Nor is it of hunger."

"It is in your head, your heart," she agreed, excitedly. "That is the way I feel it."

"It is not of my senses," Smoke diagnosed. "I sense something, from without, that is tingling me with ice; it is a chill of my nerves."

A quarter of an hour later they paused for breath.

"I can no longer see the far peaks," Smoke said.

"The air is getting thick and heavy," said Labiakwe. "It is hard to breathe."

"There be three suns," McCann muttered hoarsely, reeling as he clung to his staff for support.

They saw a mock sun on either side the real sun.

"There are five," said Labiakwe; and as they looked, new suns formed and flashed before their eyes.

"By heaven, the sky is filled with suns beyond all countin'," McCann cried in fear.

Which was true, for look where they would, half the circle of the sky dazzled and blazed with new suns forming.

McCann yelped sharply with surprise and pain.

"I'm stung!" he cried out, then yelped again.

Then Labiakwe cried out, and Smoke felt a prickling stah on his cheek so cold that it burned like acid. It reminded him of swimming in the salt sea and being stung by the poisonous filaments of Portuguese men-of-war. The sensations were so similar that he automatically brushed his cheek to rid it of the stinging substance that was not there.

And then a shot rang out, strangely muffled. Down the slope were the young men, standing on their skis, and one after another opened fire.

"Spread out!" Smoke commanded. "And climb for it! We're almost to the top. They're a quarter of a mile below, and that means a couple of miles the start of them on the down-going of the other side."

With faces prickling and stinging from invisible atmospheric stabs, the three scattered widely on the snow sur-

face and toiled upward. The muffled reports of the rifles were weird to their ears.

"Thank the Lord," Smoke panted to Labiakwe, "that four of them are muskets, and only one a Winchester. Besides, all these suns spoil their aim. They are fooled. They haven't come within a hundred feet of us."

"It shows my father's temper," she said. "They have orders to kill."

"How strange you talk," Smoke said. "Your voice sounds far away."

"Cover your mouth," Labiakwe cried suddenly. "And don't talk. I know what it is. Cover your mouth with your sleeve, thus, and do not talk."

McCann fell first, and struggled wearily to his feet. And after that all fell repeatedly before they reached the summit. Their wills exceeded their muscles, they knew not why, save that their bodies were oppressed by a numbness and heaviness of movement. From the crest, looking back, they saw the young men stumbling and falling on the upward climb.

"They will never get here," Labiakwe said. "It is the white death. I know it, though I have never seen it. I have heard the old men talk. Soon will come a mist—unlike any mist or fog-frost or smoke you ever saw. Few have seen it and lived."

McCann gasped and strangled. "Keep your mouth covered," Smoke commanded.

A pervasive flashing of light from all about them drew Smoke's eyes upward to the many suns. They were shimmering and veiling. The air was filled with microscopic fire-darts. The near peaks were being blotted out by the weird mist; the young men, resolutely struggling nearer, were being engulfed in it. McCann had sunk down, squatting, on his skis, his mouth and eyes covered by his arms.

"Come on, make a start," Smoke ordered.

"I can't move," McCann moaned.

His doubled body set up a swaying motion. Smoke went toward him slowly, scarcely able to will movement

through the lethargy that weighted his flesh. He noted that his brain was clear. It was only the body that was afflicted.

"Let him be," Labiskwee muttered harshly.

But Smoke persisted, dragging the Irishman to his feet and facing him down the long slope they must go. Then he started him with a shove, and McCan, braking and steering with his staff, shot into the shoen of diamond dust and disappeared.

Smoke looked to Labiskwee, who smiled, though it was all she could do to keep from sinking down. He nodded for her to push off, but she came near to him, and side by side they flew down through the stinging thickness of cold fire.

Brake as he would, Smoke's heavier body carried him past her, and she dashed on alone, a long way, at tremendous speed that did not slacken till he came out on a level, crusted plateau. Here he braked till Labiskwee overtook him, and they went on, again side by side, with diminishing speed which finally ceased. The lethargy had grown more pronounced. The wildest effort of will could move them no more than at a snail's pace. They passed McCan, again crouched down on his skis, and Smoke roused him with his staff in passing.

"Now we must stop," Labiskwee whispered painfully, "or we will die. We must cover up—so the old man said."

She did not delay to untie knots, but began cutting her peck-lacings. Smoke cut his, and, with a last look at the fiery death-mist and the mockery of suns, they covered themselves over with the sleeping-furs and crouched in each other's arms. Ther fell a body stumble over them and fall, then heard feeble whispering and hissing drowned in a violent coughing fit, and knew it was McCan who huddled against them as he wrapped his robe about him.

Their own lung-strangling began, and they were reeled and torn by dry cough, spasmodic and uncontrollable.

Smoke noted his temperature rising in a fever, and Labiskwee suffered similarly. Hour after hour the coughing spells increased in frequency and violence, and not till late afternoon was the worst reached. After that the mend came slowly, and between spells they dozed in exhaustion.

McCan, however, steadily coughed worse, and from his groans and howls they knew he was in delirium. Once, Smoke made as if to throw the robes back, but Labiskwee clung to him tightly.

"No," she begged. "It is death to uncover now. Bury your face here, against my parks, and breathe gently and do no talking—see, the way I am doing."

They dozed on through the darkness, though the decreasing fits of coughing of one invariably awoke the other. It was after midnight, Smoke judged, when McCan coughed his last. After that he emitted a low and bestial moaning that never ceased.

Smoke awoke with lips touching his lips. He lay partly in Labiskwee's arms, his head pillowed on her breast. Her voice was cheerful and usual. The muffled sound of it had vanished.

"It is day," she said, lifting the edge of the robes a trifle. "See, O my lover. It is day; we have lived through; and we no longer cough. Let us look at the world, though I could stay there for ever and always. This last hour has been sweet. I have been awake, and I have been loving you."

"I do not hear McCan," Smoke said. "And what has become of the young men that they have not found us?"

He threw back the robes and saw a normal and solitary sun in the sky. A gentle breeze was blowing, crisp with frost and hinting of warmer days to come. All the world was natural again. McCan lay on his back, his unwashed face, swarthy from camp-smoke, frozen hard as marble. The sight did not affect Labiskwee.

"Look!" she cried. "A snow bird! It is a good sign."

There was no evidence of the young

men. Either they had died on the other side of the divide or they had turned back.

XIV

There was so little food that they dared not eat a tithe of what they needed, not a hundredth part of what they desired, and in the days that followed, wandering through the lone mountain-land, the sharp sting of ice grew blunted and the wandering merged half into a dream. Smoke would become abruptly conscious, to find himself staring at the never-ending hated snow-peaks, his senseless babble still ringing in his ears. And the next he would know, after seeming centuries, was that again he was roused to the sound of his own manderings. Labiskwee, too, was light-headed most of the time. In the main their efforts were unreasoned, automatic. And ever they worked toward the west, and ever they were baffled and thrust north or south by snow-peaks and impassable ranges.

"There is no way south," Labiskwee said. "The old men know. West, only west, is the way."

The young men no longer pursued, but famine crowded on the trail.

Came a day when it turned cold, and a thick snow, that was not snow but frost crystals of the size of grains of sand, began to fall. All day and night it fell, and for three days and nights it continued to fall. It was impossible to travel until it crusted under the spring sun, so they lay in their furs and rested, and ate less because they rested. So small was the ration they permitted, that it gave no appeasement to the hunger pang that was much of the stomach but more of the brain. And Labiskwee, delirious, maddened by the taste of her tiny portion, sobbing and mumbling, velping sharp little animal cries of joy, fell upon the next day's portion and crummed it into her mouth.

Then it was given to Smoke to see a wonderful thing. The food between her teeth roused her to consciousness. She spat it out, and with a great anger

struck herself with her clenched fist on the offending mouth.

It was given to Smoke to see many wonderful things in the days yet to come. After the long snow-fall came on a great wind that drove the dry and tiny frost particles as sand is driven in a sand storm. All through the night the sand-frost drove by, and in the full light of a clear and wind-blown day, Smoke looked with swimming eyes and reeling brain upon what he took to be the vision of a dream. All about towered great peaks and small, lone sentinels and groups and councils of mighty Titans. And from the tip of every peak, swaying, undulating, flaring out broadly against the azure sky, streamed gigantic snow-banners, miles in length, milky and nebulous, ever waving lights and shadows and flashing silver from the sun.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," Smoke chanted, as he gazed upon these dusts of snow wind-flung into sky-scarfs of shimmering silver light.

And still he gazed, and still the bannered peaks did not vanish, and still he considered that he dreamed, until Labiskwee sat up among the furs.

"I dream, Labiskwee," he said. "Look. Do you, too, dream within my dream?"

"It is no dream," she replied. "This have the old men told me. And after this will blow the warm winds, and we shall live and win west."

XV

Smoke shot a snow-bird, and they divided it. Once, in a valley, where willows huddled standing in the snow, he shot a snow-bird rabbit. Another time he got a lean, white weasel. This much of meat they encountered, and no more, though, once, half-mile high and veering toward the west and the Yukon, they saw a wild-duck wedge drive by.

"It is summer in the lower valleys," said Labiskwee. "Soon will it be summer here."

Labiakwe's face had grown thin, but the bright, large eyes were brighter and larger, and when she looked of him she was transfixed by a wild, unearthly beauty.

The days lengthened, and the snow began to sink. Each day the crust thawed, each night it froze again; and they were afoot early and late, being compelled to camp and rest during the midday hours of thaw when the crust could not bear their weight. When Smoke grew snow-blind, Labiakwe towed him on a thong tied to her waist. And when she was so blinded, she towed behind a thong to his waist. And starving, in a deeper dream, they struggled on through an awakening land bare of any life save their own.

Exhausted as he was, Smoke grew almost to fear sleep, so fearful and bitter were the visions of that mad, twilight land. Always were they of food, and always was the food, at his lips, snatched away by the malign image of dreams. He gave dinners to his comrades of the old San Francisco days, himself, with whetting appetite and jealous eye, directing the arrangements, decorating the table with crimson-leaved runners of the autumn grape. The guests were dilatory, and while he greeted them and all sparkled with their latest cleverness, he was frantic with desire for the table. He stole to it, unobserved, and clutched a handful of black ripe olives, and turned to meet still another guest. And others surrounded him and the laugh and play of wit went on, while all the time, gnawing hidden in his closed hand, was this madness of ripe olives.

He gave many such dinners, all with the same empty ending. He attended Gargantuan feasts, where multitudes fed on innumerable bullocks roasted whole, prying them out of smoldering pits and with sharp knives slicing great strips of meat from the steaming carcasses. He stood, with mouth agape, beneath long rows of turkeys which white-aproned shopmen sold. And everybody bought save Smoke, mouth still agape, chained by a leadenness of

movement to the pavement. A boy again, he sat with spoon poised high above great bowls of bread and milk. He pursued shy bifers through upland pastures and centuries of torment in vain effort to steal from them their milk, and in noisome dungeons he fought with rats for scraps and refuse. There was no food that was not a madness to him, and he wandered through vast stables, where fat horses stood in mile-long rows of stalls, ever seeking and never finding the bean-bliss from which they fed.

Once, only, he dreamed to advantage. Famishing, shipwrecked or marooned, he fought with the big Pacific surf for rock-clinging mussels and carried them up the sands to the dry flats of the spring tides. Of this he built a fire, and among the coals he laid his precious trove. He watched the steam jet forth and the locked shells pop apart, exposing the salmon-colored meat. Cooked to a turn—he knew it; and this time there was no intruding presence to whisk the meal away. At last—he dreamed within the dream—the dream would come true. This time he would eat. Yet in his certitude he doubted, and he was steeled for the inevitable shift of vision until the salmon-colored meat, hot and savory, was in his mouth. His teeth closed upon it. He ate! The miracle had happened! The shock awoke him. He awoke in the dark, lying on his back, and heard himself mumbling little, piggyish squeals and grunts of joy. His jaws were moving, and between his teeth meat was crunching. He did not move, and soon small fingers felt about his lips, and between them was inserted a tiny sliver of meat. And in that he would eat no more, rather than that he was angry, Labiakwe cried and in his arms sobbed herself to sleep. But he lay on awake, marvelling at the love and the wonder of woman.

• • • • •
The time came when the last food was gone. The high peaks receded, the divides became lower, and the way opened promisingly to the west. But

their reserves of strength were gone, and, without food, the time quickly followed when they lay down at night and in the morning did not arise. Smoke weakly gained his feet, collapsed, and on hands and knees crawled about the building of a fire. But try as she

ing snow, came the trickling music of unseen streamlets.

Labiakwe lay in a stupor, her breathing so imperceptible that often Smoke thought her dead. In the afternoon the chattering of a squirrel aroused him. Dragging the heavy rifle, he



"Beside the fire, within arm's length, sat liberty."

would, Labiakwe sank back each time in an extremity of weakness. And Smoke sank down beside her, a wan sneer on his face for the automatism that had made him straggle for an unneeded fire. There was nothing to cook, and the day was warm. A gentle breeze sighed in the spruce trees, and from everywhere, under the disappear-

wallowed through the crust that had become slush. He crept on hands and knees, or stood upright and fell forward in the direction of the squirrel that chattered its wrath and fled slowly and tantalizingly before him. He had not the strength for a quick shot, and the squirrel was never still. At times Smoke sprawled in the wet snow-melt

and cried out of weakness. Other times the flame of his life flickered, and blackness smote him. How long he lay in the last faint he did not know, but he came to, shivering in the chill of evening, his wet clothing frozen to the re-forming crust. The squirrel was gone, and after a weary struggle he won back to the side of Labiskwee. So profound was his weakness that he lay lifeless through the night, nor did dreams disturb him.

The sun was in the sky, the same squirrel chattering through the trees, when Labiskwee's hand on Smoke's cheek awakened him.

"Put your hand on my heart, lover," she said, her voice clear but faint and very far away. "My heart is my love, and you hold it in your hand."

A long time seemed to go by, ere she spoke again.

"Remember always, there is no way south. That is well known to the Caribou People. West . . . that is the way . . . and you are almost there . . . and you will make it."

And Smoke drowned in the numbness that is near to death, until once more she aroused him.

"Put your lips on mine," she said. "I will die so."

"We will die together, sweetheart," was his answer.

"No." A feeble flutter of her hand checked him, and so thin was her voice that scarcely did he hear it, yet he did hear all of it. Her hand fumbled and groped in the hood of her parka, and she drew forth a pouch that she placed in his hand. "And now your lips, my lover. Your lips on my lips, and your hand on my heart."

And in that long kiss darkness came upon him again, and when again he was conscious he knew that he was alone and he knew that he was to die. He was wearily glad that he was to die.

He found his hand resting on the pouch. With an inward smile at the curiosity that made him pull the drawstring, he opened it. Out poured a tiny flood of food. There was no particle of it that he did not recognize, all stolen

by Labiskwee from Labiskwee—bread-fragments saved far back in the days of McCaa lost the flour; strips and strings of caribou-meat, partly gnawed; crumbs of meat; the hind-leg of the snow-bunny rabbit, untouched; the hind-leg and part of the fore-leg of the white vessel; the wing, dented still by her reluctant teeth, and the leg of the snow-bird—pitiful remnants, tragic remonstrances, crucifixions of life, morsels stolen from her terrible hunger by her incredible love.

With maniacal laughter Smoke flung it all out on the hardening snow-crust and went back into the blackness.

He dreamed. The Yukon ran dry. In its bed, among muddy pools of water and ice-scoured rocks, he wandered, picking up fat nugget-gold. The weight of it grew to be a burden to him, till he discovered that it was good to eat. And greedily he ate. After all, of what worth was gold that men should prize it so, save that it was good to eat.

He awoke to another sun. His brain was strangely clear. No longer did his eyesight blur. The familiar palpitation that had vexed him through all his frame was gone. The juices of his body seemed to sing, as if the spring had entered in. Blessed well-being had come to him. He turned to awaken Labiskwee, and saw, and remembered. He looked for the food flung out on the snow. It was gone. And he knew that in delirium and dream it had been the Yukon nugget-gold. In delirium and dream he had taken heart of life from the life sacrifice of Labiskwee, who had put her heart in his hand and opened his eyes to woman and wonder.

He was surprised at the ease of his movements, astounded that he was able to drag her fur-wrapped body to the exposed, thawed gravel bank, which he undetermined with the axe and carved upon her.

* * * * *

Three days, with no further food, he fought west. In the mid third day he fell beneath a lone spruce beside a wide stream that ran open and which he knew must be the Klondike. Ere

blackness conquered him, he unlashed his pack, said good-bye to the bright world, and rolled himself in the robes.

Chirping, sleepy noises awoke him. The long twilight was on. Above him, among the spruce boughs, were ptarmigan. Hunger bit him into instant action, though the action was infinitely slow. Five minutes passed before he was able to get his rifle to his shoulder, and a second five minutes passed ere he dared, lying on his back and aiming straight upward, to pull the trigger. It was a clean miss. No bird fell, but no bird flew. They ruffled and rustled stupidly and drowsily. His shoulder pained him. A second shot was spoiled by the involuntary wince he made as he pulled trigger. Somewhere, in the last three days, though he had no recollection how, he must have fallen and injured it.

The ptarmigan had not flown. He doubled and redoubled the robe that had covered him, and humped it in the hollow between his right arm and his side. Resting the butt of the rifle on the fur, he fired again, and a bird fell. He clutched it greedily and found that he had shot most of the meat out of it. The large-caliber bullet had left little else than a mess of mangled feathers. Still the ptarmigan did not fly, and he decided that it was heads or nothing. He fired only at heads. He reloaded, and reloaded, the magazine. He missed; he hit; and the stupid ptarmigan, that were loath to fly, fell upon him in a rain of food—lives disrupted that his life might feed and live. There had been nine of them, and in the end he clipped the head of the ninth, and lay and laughed and wept he knew not why.

The first he ate raw. Then he rested and slept, while his life assimilated the life of it. In the darkness he awoke, hungry, with strength to build a fire. And until early dawn he cooked and ate, crunching the bones to powder between his long-side teeth. He slept, awoke in the darkness of another night, and slept again to another sun.

He noted with surprise that the fire

crackled with fresh fuel and that a blackened coffee-pot steamed on the edge of the coals. Beside the fire, within arm's length, sat Shorty, smoking a brown-paper cigarette and intently watching him. Smoke's lips moved, but a throat paralysis seemed to come upon him, while his chest was suffused with the menace of tears. He reached out his hand for the cigarette and drew the smoke deep into his lungs again and again.

"I have not smoked for a long time," he said at last, in a low, calm voice.

"For a very long time."

"Nor eaten, from your looks," Shorty added gruffly.

Smoke nodded and waved his hand at the ptarmigan feathers that lay all about.

"Not until recently," he returned. "Do you know, I'd like a cup of coffee. It will taste strange. Also, flapjacks and a strip of bacon."

"And beans?" Shorty tempted.

"They would taste heavenly. I find I am quite hungry again."

While the one cooked and the other ate, they told briefly what had happened to them in the days since their separation.

"The Klondike was brekin' up," Shorty concluded his recital, "an' we just had to wait for open water. Two polin' boats, six other men—you know 'em all, an' crackerjacks—un' all kinds of outfit. An' we've sure hen a-comin'—polin', kinin' up, an' portagin'. But the falls'll stick 'em a solid week. That's where I left 'em a-cuttin' a trail over the tops of the bluffs for the boats. I just had a sure natural hunch to keep a-comin'. So I fills a pack with grub an' starts. I knew I'd find you a-driftin' an' all in."

Smoke nodded, and put forth his hand in a silent grip.

"Well, let's get started," he said. "Started hell!" Shorty exploded. "We stay right here an' rest you up an' feed you up for a couple of days."

Smoke shook his head. "If you could just see yourself," Shorty protested.

And what he saw was not nice. Smoke's face, wherever the skin showed, was black and purple and scabbled from repeated frost-bite. The cheeks were fallen in, so that, despite the covering of beard, the upper row of teeth ridged the shrunken flesh. Across the forehead and about the deep-sunk eyes, the skin was stretched drum-tight, while the scraggy beard, that should have been golden, was singed by fire and filthy with camp-smoke.

"Better pack up," Smoke said. "I'm going on."

"But you're feeble as a kid baby. You can't hike. What's the rush?"

"Shorty, I am going after the biggest thing in the Klondike, and I can't wait. That's all. Start packing. It's the biggest thing in the world. It's bigger than lakes of gold and mountains of gold, bigger than adventure, and meat-eating, and bear-killing."

Shorty sat with bulging eyes.

"In the name of the Lord, what is it?" he queried huskily. "Or are you just simple loco?"

"No, I'm all right. Perhaps a fel-

low has to stop eating in order to see things. At any rate I have seen things I never dreamed were in the world. I know what a woman is . . . now."

Shorty's mouth opened, and about the lips and in the light of the eyes was the whimsical advertisement of the sneer forthcoming.

"Don't, please," Smoke said gently. "You don't know. I do."

Shorty gulped and changed his thought.

"Huh! I don't need no hunch to guess her name. The rest of 'em has gone up to the drainin' of Surprise Lake, but Joy Gastell allowed she wouldn't go. She's stickin' around Dawson, waitin' to see if I come back with you. An' she sure swears, if I don't, she'll sell her holdin's an' hire a army of gun-fighters, an' go into the Caribon Country an' knock the everlastin' stuffin' outa old Snass an' his whole gang. An' if you'll hold your horses a couple of shakes, I reckon I'll get packed up an' ready to hike along with you."

THE END



The splendid new National Transcontinental railroad. Much time and labor has been spent in dressing it up.

Driving Steel Through a Wilderness

A transcontinental railway in a country such as Canada—the land of illimitable distances—marks a new epoch. It is a project fraught with immense difficulties and wonderful possibilities. In the Northern wake of the builders of the New Transcontinental will follow thousands of settlers, for the country is potentially rich, and without doubt the history of the West will be repeated in this new land of abundant promise. In this article the stupendous task of driving steel rails through the Northern wilderness is graphically described in picture and story.

By W. C. Arnott

IT IS ONE of the hallucinations of the human mind to imagine that the other fellow always has the easier job. The tendency to magnify the burden of one's own tasks is deep-seated. That is why you will find a divergency of opinion as to whose share in the work of building such a railway as the National Transcontinental has been the most onerous. Engineers in the field will

sniff disdainfully at the part performed by the staff at headquarters. Contractors' men will sneer at the achievements of the resident engineers. The navy, if he takes time to think about it at all, will be convinced that he alone has actually worked.

Yet when it comes to the final analysis, it is doubtful if any one person or group of persons has had to endure





"The rivers cut deep into the forest growth and their valleys open up panoramas of great attractiveness."

more genuine hardships than the men who located the road. One can cover the three or four hundred miles of completed track through northern Quebec and Ontario, comprised in the Cochrane district, with comparative comfort. It is even possible to go further and follow the grade for many miles on foot without any undue discomfort. But what a journey that must have been before the hand of man had set itself to hew a path through the wilderness. It was not alone a land spread thick with forest growth. Nor was it only the abundance of its rivers and lakes that rendered it difficult of passage. Above and beyond all this it was largely a water-sogged waste. All through the woods, water was held in storage in soaking ground and springy muskeg. It is easy enough to be courageous when dry of foot and warmly clad but to struggle forward day in and day out

through weeks and months, with drenched shoes and damp clothing, is a truer test of endurance. This was the lot of the locating engineers.

Water is one of the great assets of this north country. It is the main element of contrast in the scenery. Take away those brimming rivers that intersect the right of way at intervals of every few miles and a journey across the great clay belt would be more monotonous than a trip over virgin prairie. The prairie affords breadth of vision at least, but the forest closes in against one with monotonous and almost stifling uniformity. To relieve this oppression, the rivers come as rifts in a cloudy sky. They cut deep into the forest growth and their valleys open up panoramas of great attractiveness. From the high steel bridges that span their current, one peeps into regions full of potentialities for sport and exploration.



The engineers' camps consist of picturesque groups of log houses.

But in pre-railway days, the rivers were as bridgeless as the forests were pathless. Natural drainage alone carried off such surplus moisture as was squeezed out of the woods and more than enough remained to make prospecting unpleasantly damp and correspondingly disconsolate. Into such a land as this, supremely rich in its soil, abundantly blessed with water, the pioneers of the railway penetrated, taking the first essential steps in the work of construction.

Very much like actual warfare has been the building of the railway and while no human enemy in the shape of hostile tribes of Indians has been encountered, yet in subduing the opposing forces of nature, the railway builders have had to have recourse to many of the artifices of real war. With somewhat the same precision as an army is officered, the leaders of the railway forces have been placed in different

ranks and positions. At the head of the engineering staff, stands the chief engineer with his headquarters at the capital. Under him are the several district engineers, each of whom has charge of one or two districts. These districts are in turn divided into divisions and the divisions are subdivided into still smaller sections. Over a division, a divisional engineer takes charge, while resident engineers carry out the instructions of their superiors in the smaller subdivisions.

The rank and file are divided into gangs, corresponding to the companies in a regiment, while a camp may be considered as analogous to the regiment itself. As the work progresses the camps are moved forward, carrying the attack over further and further into the enemy's territory. There are in each camp officers of the non-commissioned variety, time-keepers, paymasters, supply keepers, cooks and foremen, all of



Track laying machine at work.

whom have their particular duties to perform.

In the work of railroad building the transport of supplies has been one of the most important considerations. This was perhaps a more arduous undertaking in the early days before the men had obtained a firm footing in the land, but thanks to the existence of navigable rivers and lakes it was possible to carry supplies to the construction camps with comparative ease. Visitors who follow the trail of the railroad builders are shown relics of the days before the steel was down in the shape of scows, makhaws and river steamers, some of which are fast decaying alongside some sheltering shore and others are in service as pleasure craft of one sort or another.

One contractor at least established a mono-rail route for bringing his supplies to the front. A single rail was laid along the grade, on which a two-wheeled contrivance was placed. By an

ingenious arrangement a horse was harnessed underneath one side of this vehicle and, the load being balanced neatly between horse and cart, so that the animal would not be lifted off its feet, the whole outfit would jog merrily along towards the camp.

In process of time, as mile after mile of track was laid, real trains began to supersede these primitive attempts at locomotion and to-day the supply train has become a regular bi-weekly or tri-weekly feature on the road. Fresh fruit and vegetables, meat and dairy products, are carried east and west in box cars and are delivered at the camps within a comparatively few hours. The strenuous days are over—the days when it was necessary to carry supplies to and of steel over frozen tote roads, before the coming of spring rendered communication uncertain. Nowadays the railroad builder is a pampered individual, living on the fat of the land and



From the high steel bridges that span the rivers one peers into rivers full of potentialities for sport and exploitation.

within as easy reach of the big mail order house as the average homesteader in the West.

Bereft of many of the blessings and comforts of civilization, with no saloons or theatres within several hundreds of miles, your railroad navy must be treated with some measure of consideration in the item of food. One may wonder at the plenty and variety that is placed before him at meal time but it must be regarded largely in the light of a bribe. The attraction of sight being denied him, for he is supposedly blind to the beauties of nature, or at least that aspect of nature which is vouchsafed him, it becomes necessary to appeal with double force to that other clamorous sense of taste. He must be fed well to hold him and this circumstance the contractor recognizes. That is why one finds these hard-worked navies feasting abundantly on roast beef

and pork, steak and potatoes, beans, cabbage, tomatoes, corn, bread and rolls, pudding and pie, cookies and cakes, jam and preserves, crackers and cheese. All these articles of food and more are contained within the limits of the bill of fare of a single meal.

The commissariat department is equally lavish with the engineers. These superior beings—the aristocrats of the road—are not fed by the contractors but by the Government. They are part of the great T. C. R.—the Transcontinental Commissioners' Railway—and as such they are entitled to the best that is to be had. Their camps are isolated from those of the laborers, being placed as a rule some half a mile from the railway and near some river or lake. A cook is detailed to provide for their wants and one of the log houses, which comprise the camp, is assigned for his use. Here he reigns



A little French-Canadian settlement has sprung into being at the Maricouan River.

supreme and only at meal times is the engineering staff permitted to invade his quarters.

The life at an engineer's residency is not without its attractive features, albeit the young men there are so very much cut off from all those frills which help to make life worth living. As a rule they are a congenial company of well-educated young fellows, who have possibly been at college and know a few things about the ways of the world. They understand how to make themselves comfortable and they keep their quarters spick and span. They are not too far outside the postal limits to miss the receipt of letters and papers, while there is customarily a fair assortment of books to fall back upon in the long evenings.

Practically everybody dabs a little at photography and the residency that cannot produce an album of photographs for the delectation of visitors has

yet to be discovered. It is an easy way to show what the staff has accomplished on the road and to illustrate feats of prowess in various fields of effort. Then your average residency boasts a gramophone, unless it be that members of the staff are themselves musicians. Sometimes a camp can even go to the extent of mustering a little orchestra, as at Low Bush residency.

A dogless residency is unknown, the number of canines being considerable, and there are sometimes other pets such as bear cubs and foxes on the place. Some camps have cows and chickens, from which they derive their own milk and eggs. In every case there is a garden where root crops grow exceedingly well and flowers bloom profusely, for it must be known that one's residence at a camp is not a matter of days or weeks or even months, but extends over whole years, so that it is worth while to go to some trouble to cultivate the ground.



Cochrane, the capital city of the Northern empire.

Splendid opportunities for enjoying outdoor life in a new and unspoiled country are the lot of the young fellows in the residencies. Necessarily there is work to be done, often of a strenuous and exhausting nature, but as construction proceeds, the stress is removed and more time is available for other pursuits. Hunting and fishing are to be had in plenty at the proper seasons, while in winter trapping is carried on. Chances for taking canoe trips on the rivers or sailing on the lakes are frequent and in fact there is no end to the free and untrammelled enjoyment of outdoor pursuits.

The foregoing depicts one phase of life in the railway camps. But it is not all beer and skittles. There is a sterner side to it. Just as in a military campaign officers and men may on the whole fare plentifully and have many means of enjoying themselves, yet they must keep ever before them the object towards which they are aiming. The

railway must be built and mixed with the lighter moments come those of more serious import.

When one is told that the country through which the railway passes, for many miles east and west of Cochrane, is comparatively level, it would appear as if the task of railroad construction would not be particularly difficult. A little extra effort in felling trees would seem to be the only additional outlay of labor that would distinguish its construction from that of a railway across the prairies. Unfortunately for the ideas of those who are unfamiliar with the nature of the country, actual construction did not work out so smoothly. It is true the grade was made with comparative ease and the steel followed expeditiously, but when it came to running trains over the track unforeseen difficulties arose. At certain points— not numerous it is true but sufficiently frequent to be a source of much vexation—the road caved in. Frequently

these sagging in the neighborhood of streams or hollows, where temporary trestles had been erected to carry the track across, pending filling in, and the result was that the trestle would sometimes capsize and dump a passing train into the ditch. Or else it was just an ordinary piece of track, which would sink beneath the weight of a locomotive. Only one remedy was possible and that was earth. It became necessary to fill up the pores of the spongy ground with ballast. Trainload after trainload would be dumped into the voracious hole, until at last it could swallow no more and the track would have a solid foundation.

Sometimes the presence of these muskegs would not become noticeable for some time after preliminary construction had been completed. Then one day a sag in the track would become noticeable, would grow more accentuated every day and finally would call for immediate attention. At other times it would become necessary to build a deviation around the sink-hole to carry traffic, while busy ballast trains would labor to fill in the gap. However, the worst muskeg must have its limit and patient effort at length succeeds in reaching that limit. The obstacles which nature has placed in the way of the advancing army of railroad builders, have always been surmounted.

One is sometimes inclined to wonder why it is taking so long to build this new railway, why the work of conquest is proceeding so slowly. The answer to this is simple. Such a high standard of construction has been called for that it has been impossible to build any more rapidly. Here for instance is a stretch of track, over which a train could readily run its fifty or sixty miles an hour and that so smoothly as on the best road in the older part of the country. It seems as if nothing more would be required before the contractor could hand it over as a finished piece of work. But it comes as a surprise to learn that all this track must be gone over again and dressed up with a final load of ballast.

Here is where much time and labor is being spent—not in the actual track laying—but in the dressing up of the roadbed.

Bridge building is another operation that delays construction. Where so many rivers have to be crossed, the item of bridges becomes indeed an important one. It has been the policy of the Government to put in permanent steel structures at the outset, not to wait and shoulder the expense on to a later day. For temporary needs, trestles have been erected to one side of the locations of the permanent bridges and, as quickly as the structural steel can be hurried to the place, the latter have been swung into position and bolted to the concrete foundations. This portion of the work is carried on independently of the regular railroad work, the engineering and contracting forces being specially mobilized for the purpose.

It must be conceded that most railroads have been built to fill an existing need. Even in the case of roads in the newer portions of the West, there have been some settlers and some development in advance of the steel. But if the ultimate goal of the National Transcontinental be eliminated, and its transcontinental features be put out of the reckoning, it is almost untrue in that it has been built through hundreds of miles of absolutely uninhabited territory. Stations have already been erected all along the line, but there is not a human being to make use of them. All the equipment is ready for the accommodation of a big population but the people are non-existent. This circumstance renders the achievement of the railroad builders all the more notable, in that they have carried on their work in an unpopulated region. There can be no doubt, however, that in their wake will follow thousands of settlers, for the country is potentially rich. Already some settlement has taken place near Cochrane and this will spread all along the line, until the history of the West will be repeated in this new land of abundant promise.

Unwritten Law

Probably the most interesting feature of routine business in Women's Clubs is the balloting on new members. Only a woman can really understand and duly appreciate the manifold difficulties and problems arising out of the procedure. Elizabeth Winter, an American writer, has seized on it in the writing of "Unwritten Law," in which she caricatures some of the leaders of a Woman's Literary organization, the members of which are unduly impressed with a sense of their own importance.

By Elizabeth Winter

"LADIES"—Mrs. Julius Thornton, President of the Dalton Woman's Literary Club, had rapped on the table, and there was immediate, reverent silence—"Ladies, before we take up our regular programme, I wish to call attention to this magazine article. The writer is new to me, but she so evidently appreciates both the difficulties and the possibilities that lie before the rural woman who is reaching out for a broader and higher culture, that I feel we can do no better than to get her points of view."

She paused for breath, and the semi-circle of faces beamed with interest.

"It will please me greatly to have the magazine passed about among you, and at our next meeting we will have a discussion—an earnest, intelligent one, let us hope."

The President looked solemnly from face to face, beginning on her left and ending with the last one on her right; and each head, in turn, had responded with a gracious inclination. That is, all except Mrs. Bertram Lloyd's. Hers was tossed to one side, and her eyes were rolled up to the ceiling. But she said nothing, which was as near an assent as could be expected, and Mrs. Julius Thornton had a perfect right to feel that her seed had fallen into good ground.

"And now we must get to work," she resumed, in brisk, business-like tones. "Whom will you have, ladies, to fill our

dear Mrs. Gorman's place? Remember we have only one vacancy."

The ladies looked at one another with serious, questioning eyes. Whom could they choose? Truly this club work brought great responsibilities! At last Mrs. Willet, over near the door, cleared her throat and ventured timidly:

"I nominate Mrs. Jim Thornton."

Silence.

"Is there a second to that nomination?"

The ladies searched their President's face, there was a distinct rustle, then—silence.

Two pink spots had come into Mrs. Willet's cheeks.

"Ladies, I deplore the awkwardness of the situation," Mrs. Thornton said suavely. "Nothing like it has occurred in the history of our organization. Of course, all of us would like to bring our special friends into this exclusive circle. As for myself, it is not necessary to say that I am very, very fond of my sister-in-law, Nannie Thornton; but—she raised her eyes bravely—"like a great many other really good women, she is bound by her limitations. Perched to live in the country until last year, tied down with her little children and household cares, how could she be expected to find time for self-culture, for the expansion of mind and soul?"

"But she reads a great deal, and—"

"As for that, so does the colored lady in my kitchen," blushed Mrs. Bertram Lloyd, rolling her eyes to the ceiling

above Mrs. Willet's head. "I said to Bertram when I started down here—'Bertram,' I said, 'I intend to express myself quite frankly at the meeting.' Unwritten laws never did scare me." She brought her eyes down, flaunted them at the others, pursed her lips to one side, and shrugged.

Mrs. Thornton hastily interposed. "My friends, that the Club would be a great help and pleasure to Mrs. Jim Thornton, we do not question for one moment; but—we—must—have—students—in the Woman's—Literary—Club. We need wide-awake women with a broad view of life, and a real interest in the vital—issues—of—our—times!"

"But she does know, and she is a good worker when—"

"So is my cook a good worker—when!"

The ladies laughed and felt relieved; then turned again toward their President. Would she be equal to this crisis?

She would.

"Time passes, my friends, and we must settle this question. Mrs. Willet's nomination has not been seconded. Are there any others?"

"I nominate Mrs. De Long, our new rector's wife," said Mrs. Lloyd. "I told Bertram just this afternoon that I thought she ought to belong. She has a great long string of D.D.'s in her family, and ought to know all about French history and Napoleon Bonaparte. Don't you think so?"

"Why, she is a perfect stranger! How could we possibly know—"

The President heard a whisper at her elbow—"What is the matter with Mrs. Willet?"—and again measured up to the responsibility of leadership.

"I feel, ladies, that Mrs. Lloyd is right. It is far wiser to risk a—a—pleasing probability than to accept a—a—positive—"

"I second Mrs. Lloyd's nomination!" blurted Mrs. Abbott; and no wonder, for Mrs. Lloyd had brought sudden pressure to bear on her tenderest toe. Mrs. Willet had seen it.

The election was declared unanimous, nobody noticing Mrs. Willet's silence. But she arose, the spots in her cheeks flaming crimson.

"Madam President, may I be excused for five minutes?"

A shade of apprehension crossed Mrs. Julius Thornton's face.

"I'll be right back," Mrs. Willet added gently.

"Why, certainly, certainly. We will wait for your return, Mrs. Willet."

A sigh of mingled relief and wonder passed, like a wave, around the room when the door closed.

"Shall we wait, ladies? Very well—yes, I do think it is due Mrs. Willet. And, ladies, I will use the opportunity to say that we must be very considerate and—patient; for no one tries harder than Mrs. Willet to do her part of the work, and you know, too, that there is not a house in town quite so suitable for our Christmas reception as hers."

The President looked at her watch, fluttered the leaves of the magazine, looked at her watch again, and frowned slightly as Mrs. Willet, pale and out of breath, came inside the door, and remained standing.

She had been gone six minutes!

"I just ran down the street to the nearest telephone and called up Nannie Thornton," she said in a timid, deprecating voice. "I asked her—she said I might tell you—she wrote that in the magazine!"

Her eyes faltered upward as high as the President's hands that held the book, just as Mrs. Bertram Lloyd's rolled down from the ceiling, and rested, fascinated, on the same spot.

"She did not want it known about her articles and her—book but I begged her—I thought you would like to know."

Her eyes dropped again to her own hands, clasped tightly around a shopping-bag, and her voice almost failed her:

"If you should wish to have Mrs. Thornton—Mrs. Jim Thornton—in the Club, she can have—my place. I can-

not—I am not going to be—any longer. I'm too busy—"

At last the President found her voice.

"My dear Mrs. Willet, we cannot for a moment consider your resignation! We will create a place for Mrs. James McClure Thornton in the Dalton Woman's Literary Club! To think of dear sister Nannie doing all those wonderful things, the quiet minx! Of course we could not know—how could we? But now everything is all right, and she must come right in! Going? And you will not reconsider? So sorry, every one

of us is—but, ladies, let's dispense with the programme, and go down in a body to welcome Mrs. Thornton into our Club! Mrs. Willet, we should be glad to have you join us."

The ladies were on their feet in an instant.

Mrs. Willet had waited, holding to the door-knob, and the red spots had come back into her cheeks.

"Oh, I had forgotten! I told Nannie you might elect her, and she said, if you did, to thank you, and say she was sorry, but she didn't have time."



Roadside Telephones for Automobileists

THE latest form of telephone enterprise is reported from England. The scheme consists of roadside telephones for automobilists. Patrol sentry boxes are now being erected at intervals of several miles along most of the main roads and in each box will be installed a telephone communicating with the nearest exchange. A patrol will be put on point duty at each box.

The scheme has been subscribed for by the road organization committee of the two principal automobilists' societies. The telephones will be at the service of their members for all purposes entirely free of cost. In the case of trunk calls the ordinary trunk fee only will be charged and a schedule of such fees will be exhibited in each sentry box. Members will, of course, be entitled to the service of the patrols either for the purpose of receiving or transmitting messages.

This extension will be of special value to members of the automobile associations not only in case of accidents or breakdown, but for private or business purposes, for communicating with their destination, for ordering meals or accommodation at hotels, while en route and in numerous other ways too numerous to mention.

Each sentry box will be available both for local and trunk calls, and for receiving as well as transmitting messages, so that in effect members of the association will be "get-it-able" from any point on the main road. The installation of the telephone service will do much to ensure the comfort and safety of members at all times while touring, and it is hoped in due course to establish the telephone system on every main road throughout the country.

Miracles of Modern Surgery

Possibly in no other branch of achievement has there been greater progress in recent years than in surgery. Anything now seems possible in this field of effort. So rapid have been the developments that it is almost impossible for physicians to keep in touch with them, much less to prophesy what may take place in the future. Some of the interesting miracles of modern surgery are outlined in the course of this article.

By Edward J. Moore

ONE fine Saturday afternoon back in the "eighties" when Jimmy Jones was acting as catcher for the east-side team in a corner-lot baseball match he got a "paster" with the full strength of a batter's swing on the bridge of the nose. Naturally Jimmy's nasal organ, in spite of somewhat strenuous effort on the part of the family doctor, was seriously flattened and his former very pleasing facial contour was altered almost beyond recognition.

Jimmy got through his boyhood days and his teens very creditably, despite his unfortunate handicap. The lack of a proper nose did not seem to interfere very materially, either, with his commercial abilities for with the growth of the town he was able to develop a contractor's business which promised to give him a good living. One day last fall, however, a new family moved to town and into one of his new houses and, to put it briefly, Jimmy fell rapidly and violently in love with the only daughter of the home.

Shortly afterward Contractor Jones gave out that he was going away on a somewhat extended trip and his itinerary was kept carefully to themselves by the very few friends he let into his secret.

The other day a handsome young man with a suit and stride remarkably familiar walked down K— street to a group of new houses and called out to the boss carpenter: "How are you getting along, Bill?"

"Bless my soul," returned the foreman, dropping his mallet and chisel, "if it ain't Jimmy. And your nose is all right again. I wouldn't have known you only for your voice."

Jimmy tells an interesting story of how the surgeons did the repair work. "They hacked me up pretty well," he says, in his own humorous way. "First they carved up my face, then opened me up down below, cut out a chunk of one of my ribs and grafted it in where my nose ought to have been. And," he goes on proudly, referring to the new and highly improved organ, "they made it alright, didn't they?"

Incidentally, too, Jimmy tells that he never felt so well in his life. It is only natural that the restoration of the nasal passages, which had been almost completely blocked for twenty years, has provided for a decided improvement in general health and has given Jimmy a new grip on things. Incidentally, too, the chances are, now, that he will get the girl.

The facts of this story, which are substantially, if not absolutely, true, were given to the writer the other day as one example of some of the wonderful things done by modern methods of surgery. And this case is only one of the simplest. It is quoted first as being the most readily believable.

This old world of ours is moving on all right. Progress is manifest in a multitude of lines of human effort. But in none of them, probably, are the

blessings and benefits more evident, nor does the future promise greater things than in the development of skill and methods in surgical procedure. It is a far call from the middle of last century, when the surgeon's knife was regarded as a last resort and when the patient, even in simple operations, not only suffered excruciating agonies but also stood comparatively small chances of recovery, to the present when pain and shock have been very largely if not altogether eliminated and when the skilled surgeon can handle muscle, flesh, bones and even vital organs with a confidence that in almost every case means the relief of suffering and the restoration of the diseased or deformed organ to its normal function.

Cases such as that of Jimmy Jones are of such frequent occurrence to the doctors that they seem to be rather surprised when inquiry is made regarding them. Perhaps, too, there is something in the ideals or ethics of the profession which militates against these matters being made technically familiar to the general public. The perusal of several of the current medical journals has, however, provided an excuse for the telling, from a layman's standpoint, of a few of the true "fairy-stories" of modern surgery.

"What Can Be Done with Bones," perhaps does not sound particularly inviting as the subject for an address and yet any surgeon who has kept in touch with the recent developments of his profession could hold the interest of an audience for hours in discussing the question.

Even so long as twenty-five years ago a small girl with a diseased arm was taken, in one of the Glasgow hospitals, to Dr. William MacEwan. He took away the decayed section of the upper bone, a short time afterward replaced it with pieces of bone secured from another child in a different operation and sewed up the arm. To-day, so a report in one of the journals states, that child, now a mother and a widow, supports a small family by playing the piano in a music hall.

The X-rays, of course, play a large part in present-day operations and provide to a large extent for the successful diagnosis of conditions as well as for examination after the operation has taken place.

It is not perhaps generally understood that the modern plague, tuberculosis, affects the bones as well as the pulmonary region, causing serious decay. Dozens of the little cripples seen in the streets of our cities are afflicted in this way.

A little over a year ago a United States surgeon who had made a special study of this class of disease was in Winnipeg for a short time and had brought before him a little girl cripple of six. Examination showed that both bones of one of the limbs were badly eaten away. In this case a section of bone four inches long was taken from the little patient's other leg to replace the diseased section. Several months after the operation an X-ray photograph showed that the transplanted bone was growing at both ends. Another photograph recently taken showed that practically a new bone had developed. The doctor who reports the case says that now the child runs and skips seemingly as well as any of her playmates.

Children with humpbacks and others who suffer from the painful and humiliating deformities of club feet are being treated to-day with almost certainty of success by methods of bone-grafting that fifty years ago would have been considered wild dreams.

There is something rather uncanny in the thought that portions of flesh, bone and even glands from dead bodies may, under favorable conditions, be kept for weeks or even months and then utilized to take the place of portions of a living human being which by reason of disease or accident have been removed. And yet that sort of thing is done and promises to enter largely into surgical methods in the future. Dr. Russell Park, professor of surgery in the University of Buffalo, who has specialized along very interesting lines, in

a recent address which attracted much attention from the profession suggested procedure which seems more than miraculous. He supposed the case of a healthy young woman meeting an instantaneous death through violent accident and forecast the possibility of using not only the bones, the teeth, the arteries, nerves and muscles, but also the greater portion of the epidermis to take the place of missing portions of living bodies.

The possibilities of skin-grafting have been known and to some extent utilized for years but more recently these possibilities have been developed to a much greater extent. Nowadays it seems quite practicable to graft portions of flesh freely from one part of the patient to another or from another individual, or even from other animals. In this connection it may be interesting to note that the grafting operations are not aimed to cover the whole of the denuded section but that the new skin is put on in patches or "islands," to give the technical term, and these grow together to complete the new covering.

With the possibilities of these methods there should be little place in the future for the fake beauty-doctor, who with injections of wax professes to fill out the cheeks of gullible patrons who are not satisfied with what nature has given them. It is a comparatively easy thing, the doctors report, to transplant fat and in this way sunken facial features or portions of the body which are less developed than desired may be filled out safely and permanently.

Wonderful things are also reported as a result of surgical treatment of the eye. Just the other day in New York, for example, a woman suffered an accident which necessitated the removal of part of the cornea. The operation came to the notice of a physician who was treating the diseased eye of a Chinaman and the removed section was transplanted to the Asiatic with what are said to have been surprisingly good results.

Forty years ago a suggestion to open the human brain-cavity would have

been regarded as ridiculous, not only by the public but also among the medical fraternity. Even yet stories of such things are accepted with hesitancy by the average layman. And yet in recent years the practicability of localizing cranial disturbances and of remedying these by operation has been so remarkably demonstrated that there is now little hesitancy in following such methods. At first this class of operations was intended for the removal of tumors, blood clots and skull depressions. More recently, however, these methods have been employed in the curing of cases of mental peculiarity and dangerous characteristic tendencies. If the practice is carried to the logical extent its possibilities suggest it may be that in another generation the evil tendencies of the so-called trouble-some class of society will be largely, if not altogether, eliminated by localization of these mental lesions and correction by surgical methods.

Perhaps even more wonderful, if that is possible, than the examples of surgical progress already cited are the operations carried out on what we speak of as the vital organs. The freedom with which the skilled surgeon now-a-days opens the body and pokes about in its interior is by great odds stranger than any of the sorcery or magic of the far-famed east.

It is only a few years since medical students everywhere were strongly impressed as to the seriousness of opening the abdominal cavity. Now-a-days the removal of the appendix is regarded more or less as a common operation. One of the recent journals reports a particularly interesting case from France where a well-known surgeon removed the entire stomach of a peasant, connecting the lower end of the esophagus to the upper end of the small intestine. Without doubt the patient will have to be somewhat careful of his diet but the doctors say that with this attended to there is no reason why he should not get along fairly comfortably. Another doctor suggests as practically possible the replacing of a diseased stomach

with another healthy one taken from a dead body.

In a somewhat similar way, the thoracic cavity, the home of the heart and lungs, is explored and repairs carried out. Now-a-days the surgeon is even able to sew up a heart wound and in some cases to strengthen arterial walls.

These are only a few examples of the wonder-working methods of modern surgical science. Hundreds of other cases, many of them so unexpected as to tax one's credulity, can be cited by any recent graduate of a first-class medical school. And again, new discoveries leading to further unimagined possibilities, are coming to light every day. What developments the future may offer is so problematical that even members of the profession hesitate to express an opinion as to the limits of surgical possibilities.

"Anything! Anything seems possible," said a successful surgeon in discussing the matter the other day. "News of new methods, new successes, comes in from Europe, from America, from everywhere, so thick and fast that it is practically impossible to keep in touch with it all, much less to prophesy what may take place in years to come."

With such things now known to be true one can only conjecture as to future possibilities. And such conjecture may well be startling if not absolutely productive of a certain feeling of fear.

Is it possible, perhaps, that in the time of our great-grandchildren, when the present wonderful methods and discoveries will be considered obsolete, the surgeons will be able to replace all the diseased and worn-out sections, organs and portions of the human body in such a way as to prolong life indefinitely? One can only conjecture.

Vacuum-Cleaning the Human Body

HAVE you taken a vacuum-light bath? The charmes are you have not, for this is something new under the scientific sun. This new method is the process of combining the heat rays of an incandescent lamp with a vacuum. Bell-shaped cups of various forms and sizes for applying to various parts of the body are used, an electric light being fitted into the interior. The strength of the suction pull and of the light depends, too, upon the area of the body to be treated. The palm of the hand, of course, will stand greater pressure and more heat than will the face. The action of the suction cup alone is twofold; it draws from the skin impurities characteristic of certain not uncommon skin diseases; and furthermore, it draws the blood to the surface, the blood picks up waste matter that the suction does not get and carries it to the various excretory organs, such as the liver, kidneys and lungs, where in one form and

another it is eliminated from the body. It also brings to the diseased part substances for building up new tissue and healing the wound. The circulation of the blood in the diseased areas is especially stimulated by successively applying and withdrawing the suction cup.

In addition to the effects of the suction the remarkably stimulating effects of heat are introduced. The small lamp within the cup dilates the blood-vessels which lie near the surface of the body, allowing a greater volume of blood to reach the affected part, and also accelerating the flow of the blood stream. The heat rays find the skin in an especially receptive condition, for the suction opens the pores of the skin in a remarkable manner; and the push of the body surface toward the lamp serves to drive the rays into the interior of the skin.

The Dodds-Sinders

The Dodds-Sinders stories will run in MacLean's during January, February and March. The stories record the experiences of a Canadian family which suddenly acquires wealth and endeavors to attain social prominence. The three chapters deal with the Dodds-Sinders at home, abroad, and on their return. Mr. Cahn has given all of the stories a delightfully humorous touch.

By Ed. Cahn

Part One—AT HOME

THE doorbell rang just as James, butler to the Sindere family, was in the midst of a graphic account of how Miss Birdie Sindere had managed to overturn a plate full of soup into her young man's lap the evening before. He had reached the most dramatic part of his story, there was a broad grin upon the faces of all his hearers and James was too much of an artist to stop upon the very brink of a climax.

He continued and the bell sounded again, but not until he was rewarded by a howl of laughter from the Jimpkin's butler, Mrs. Jimpkin's maid, all the Sindere servants and Jones' valet assembled in the kitchen and disposed around a table decorated with several bottles of Sindere's best imported beer, did he make any move to answer.

As the echoes died away after the second summons, James donned his coat, pulled down his cuffs and assuming his professional air of funeral gravity picked up the solid silver card tray from a corner of the stove and leisurely proceeded to the discharge of his duty.

Mr. Sindere, feeling himself to be in bad odor with his family, had taken refuge from their wrath in the library, that vault-like home of learning in the most expensive bindings, arranged upon the shelves in a sort of checker-board effect that Sindere thought and freely said was "swell and neat."

All the books in black bindings were

together, those in grey beneath, flanked a little below by those in green and red. Sindere had been to considerable pains to find shades enough to continue the idea upon all four walls of the big room and had not spared expense, even going to the lengths of having a stack of city directories rebound in sky blue to fill out a corner.

But, even in the midst of his literary kaleidoscope, Sindere was not happy, for he had nothing to read.

Mrs. Sindere and the girls carefully examined every book and magazine that came to the house and had, ever since the awful day when Mrs. T. T. Byble had found nothing but fashion plates and five numbers of the Pinkie and seven of a horrible Yankee Police Gazette on the library table.

Sindere had been sitting gloomily smoking and wishing himself poor again when the first summons came. He sprang up and was making for the door when he recollected that he now had a butler to open doors and so even that small pleasure was denied him. At the second ring he began to hope that James had fallen down the cellar stairs and broken his superior neck and to wonder if he did not now have sufficient excuse to offer Sally for answering it himself.

Then it flashed upon him that in a reckless moment that day he had invited old Donald Hicks to call upon

him and have a pipe whilst they talked over the old days. He shuddered at the thought of a visit from Hicks upon such an evening. He would just tip him the wink to make himself scarce since the Misses and the girls were in such critical humors.

Sindere scrambled out of the enormous chair in which he was half buried and hastened across the slippery polished floors toward the door. He trod as warily as a cat upon hot bricks but a rug with all the Swedish treachery of the Persian slid beneath him and all but laid him low. At this instant he heard James approaching and promptly gave way to downright panic.

He would have sworn before all the K.C.'s in Canada that he who stood without the portal was none other than Donald Hicks, stewed of course, for was it not close on to ten p.m.; had not Donald made a modest clean-up at Porcupine, and who, with brains in his head, putting those things together could doubt but what he had employed every shining moment in an energetic attempt to put himself outside of all the moisture to be had in the city—far famed as the most virtuous in Canada?

Hicks was unconventional at all times, but at ten in the evening of a festive day! Well, he must be headed off at all costs. What might he not say to the painfully correct and formal James? What sort of a shindy would he not kick up right there on the doorstep? St. George Street, hearing it, would elevate its already lofty nose and Sally and the girls—

Sindere bit his under lip and swore a miner's oath to reach that door first.

Alas, thanks to the slippery floor and the cursed Persian he had lost too much time. He heard his butler sliding back the door and entering the hall. He had seen his employer leaping from rug to rug down the long vista of the rooms and, knowing that if he allowed him to open the door he would hear from Mrs. Sindere without fail, hastened his pace to a dog trot.

"H'll hawner, sir!" he said, but Sindere still kept on.

"The old fool is getting deaf," thought James and mended his pace. Sindere not daring to raise his voice lest Sally should overhear, increased his pace and so, master and man ran nothing more nor less than a foot-race to the door.

Thanks to the butler's handiwork, Sindere won by a nose and opened the door.

Sure enough, there stood, or rather leaned, friend Hicks, very much the worse for wear and abounding every sign of distress in vintage and eccentric apparel. He was shedding copious tears and vainly endeavoring to dry them upon the hard and unresponsive surface of all that remained of a three-dollar derby hat.

The verandah light was bathing this operation in a golden glow and the departing guests at the house across the way were showing marked signs of interest.

One glance was enough to reveal to Sindere the futility of asking Donald to depart. He must remove him from the public gaze, come what might. He reached for Donald's collar with one hand and for the light switches with the other.

His friend's untimely lurch forward confused him and so he not only failed to put out the verandah light but jerked Hicks into a hall as dark as the inside of a blind man's hat.

James, mystified by all this, had retired a few feet and stood waiting, partly for orders but mostly in order to hear what was to happen next.

The slamming of the front door and Donald's incoherent greetings brought Mrs. Sindere rustling to the head of the stairs.

"James!" she called, alarmed at the darkness and the strange voice.

"Yes, madam," said James from the gloom.

"What's the trouble? Turn on the lights! This instant!"

"Yes, madam."

"No, sir!" hissed Sindere desperately. "Nuzzer lady lost in the fog," ob-

served Hicks. "I'll shing to keep 'er company." And he raised his voice.

"Shut up!" roared Sindlers.
"Turn on the lights!" called Mrs. Sindlers furiously.

James started for the switches. Sindlers pushed Hicks toward the library; he protested and tried to go the other way. Mrs. Sindlers ran down the stairs just in time to meet all three at the foot of them. There was a head-splitting collision and they all fell in a heap, the four-hundred-dollar grandfather clock, which had just that day been sent home from Byrrre's and forgotten in its new place, crashing over upon them.

There was a shower of glass, the chimneys sounded wildly and then they untangled themselves.

"Beg pardon, sir," said James.
"Police!" croaked Donald. "It's a raid!" Mrs. Sindlers began to scold vehemently, and what Sindlers said could never be repeated.

The girls came running, the French maid excitedly telephoned for the police, the neighbor's servants remained in the background but missed none of the details and Donald, separated from the debris of the grandfather clock, was thrust into the library and onto the lounge to sleep it off and be out of harm's way. Instead of subsiding, however, he amused himself by pulling down books and endeavoring to throw them back into place after the manner of a game of quoits.

After all this, of course, no power on earth could save Sindlers from the interview with Sally and the girls which had been impending all evening. He answered the numerous questions of the policeman who came in answer to the maid's call, and bribed James into a promise of silence, under the impression that he was the only dangerous witness, and then he meekly obeyed orders and joined his wife in her sitting-room.

Nora and Birdie were there, too. He saw that they had recently been weeping and his heart softened, until he noticed that they both wore the gowns whose exaggerated cut had provoked

him to stern criticism earlier in the evening.

He sat down before his better five-eighths, jauntily crossed his legs and thrust his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest.

His wife looked at him witheringly until he could bear it no longer.

"Sally! As sure as my name's Sandy Sindlers I—"

"Don't call me Sally. And your name is not Sandy. You are S. Hobson Sindlers, or at least you used to be, but the girls and me have decided that from now on you and us are the Dodds-Sindlers. Your ma's folks were Dodds and good people in the old country and everybody knows I was a Dodds, and my family can't be beat in Canada, so we are Dodds-Sindlers from this out."

"But everybody calls me Sandy. All the boys—"

"Don't interrupt! It's had form and 'Sandy' is vulgar."

"The boys, miners like that Hicks, we are not going to know any more. They're bad form."

"Seeing the downcast look upon her father's face Birdie handed him a card upon which was engraved "Dodds-Sindlers." "See here, pa, it looks swell."

He looked at it doubtfully.

"What's this here mark?"

"It's a hyphen."

"Hi—hife—Dodds, line between Sindlers, eh? I'll keep this, Birdie, and learn it before I spring it on anybody."

Mrs. Sindlers sighed impatiently. "There you are again, using slang. I tell you Dodds-Sindlers we will never get anywhere or be anything until you get refined."

"Well, Sally, Sarah I mean! We don't need to be refined. We've got plenty of money. We have one of the swellest houses, and the swellest clothes and—"

"Yes, and nobody will look at us because everybody calls you Sandy and slaps you on the back, and folks like Hicks come and make a show of us. Everybody has heard about how your ma insisted on doing the cooking herself even though I have a high-priced

French chef in the kitchen, and she would call him 'Cheffe' and gossip with the Jimpkin's maid over the back fence."

"Well, ma can make better tea-biscuit than that chef and you used to gossip with everybody up in the mines." "Oh, be still! Porcupine's society don't count. We are millionaires now. I want Nora and Birdie to have some chance."

"So do I."

"Well, for pity's sake then, pa, don't order any more 'cuisine' at a restaurant."

"Say!" exclaimed Dodds-Sindlers, interested at last, "I could see from that waiter's face that something was wrong. I heard Bob Short say the cuisine at that hotel was fine. I was tired of all the queer stuff we've been getting for to top off with and so I says to him, 'Bring along a big order of that there cuisine.'"

Nora, divided between laughter and tears, explained, but her father was still doubtful.

"I don't know, Nora. Bob Short is up to date. He said it and he ought to know."

"Him know?" cried Mrs. Dodds-Sindlers. "Why, his pa was nothing but a barber."

"You don't say! How do you know?"

"I heard Mrs. Toppe-Nyche say he was a barbarian and his father before him. So you see you can't go by what he says."

"Um, maybe, but I could buy and sell the Toppe-Nyche and they don't live on such a swell street either. I don't see why you set such store by them."

"They're in society, real society, and they know lords and earls and everything in England," answered Mrs. Dodds-Sindlers.

"Pa, we are going to England."

"What for?"

"For culture."

"What's that? Don't they keep it here?"

The silence that greeted this question, and the hopeless expression upon

three feminine faces, made Dodds-Sindlers realize that he had made one more mistake. He grimaced unhappily.

Nora sprang up and ran to throw her arms around him.

"Dear old dad. This is not your lucky day. I'll tell you. Ma and Birdie and I have spent a lot of money furnishing up this house like a palace and hiring all these saucy servants and trying to get into the best society, but we can't do it while we are so ignorant of what's the right thing to do, and have, and say, and go to."

"We think that your way of making money is a good way to get what we want if we just use it right. When you first landed in the mines you didn't know quarts from railroad iron and instead of trying to prospect right away, you hired out and learned from the beginning up—didn't you?"

Dodds-Sindlers nodded and smoothed Nora's bonny brown head with a diamond-decked but still horny hand.

"Well, we have tried to learn this society life from the top; it don't work, and so we are going over to England where they really know how, and see if we can't pick up a few points."

"Then we will come back here and we will see who turns up their nose at us!" cried Birdie.

"All right, me girls. Go along. I'll pay the bills and never hold—complain. Yer ma can't say I ever denied her a thing I couldn't give her, but look out you don't come back so culminated that I don't know you at all."

They all laughed.

"You are going along, Sam, right along. You need cultivation as much as we do."

"But Sally, dear, I'm too old to be learning new tricks."

"Oh, no, you're not; you're only forty-seven."

"I wish I was ninety."

"It wouldn't save you."

"I wish you'd tell me why you—"

"I'll teach this town that Sarah Dodds-Sindlers always gets what she goes after."

"All right. I'll go along and watch the fun."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Birdie, "what a queer odor! Something must be burning."

Dodds-Sinders gave a gasp and dashed down to the library followed by his family.

There, on the hearth-rug before the fire lay Donald Hicks fast asleep, beside him were two gold fish and a third, impaled upon the papercutler, was toasted to a turn.

They looked at their unconscious guest with various expressions and finally Mrs. Dodds-Sinders spoke.

"Samuel, please don't make any

friends like Hicks in London. It's a good thing we are sailing next week."

"I'll be awful lonesome over there, Sarah. Can't I take along a valet for company?"

"Certainly! The very thing."

"All right. I'll sober up Hicks. He needs cultivating too and me and him would have some fun I bet you."

"I bet you can't!" chorused three indignant voices.

Dodds-Sinders, left alone, sank into a chair beside Hicks. "You lucky pup," he said enviously. "You ain't got a copper to your name and ain't never going to have. I wish you was me and I was you."

Novels That Never Reach Print

WHO buys and reads all the new novels?

It may serve as a warning to those with an itch for scribbling to know that, despite the great array of novels that brighten the booksellers' windows, only one-half per cent. of those written ever attain the glory of print and a dollar-and-a-half label. This, at any rate, is the estimate of a popular London publisher.

Great as is the number of novels published, it is only the merest fraction of those submitted. Yet the number of novel-writers, especially women, is apparently increasing every month. At least three-quarters of the novels submitted are the work of women.

If the people who talk of the great flood of novels could see the daily shower of manuscripts, they would wonder, not at the number published, but at the

labor in weeding the possible books from the impossible.

Many people who swear by certain established authors wonder where the new novelists — those of the outer fringe—find their public. The answer is that the literary circulation alone is generally enough to make the publishing of a new novel worth while; and there is always the chance that a book will make an unexpected hit. The judgment of the publisher's reader is not infallible, and one always hopes for the unexpected.

Of course all the novels published do not pay, but what is lost on the swings is made up on the roundabouts.

Strange to say there is a strong superstition that red books are more likely to win success than those dressed in any other color.

What Will Lloyd George Do Next?

The remarkable career of David Lloyd George, the "mouthpiece of democracy in the British Commons," is replete with so many startling features that it is not unnatural for one to ask: "What will he do next?" In the brief sketch which we present this month the writer discusses the query in all of its interesting phases. Inevitably Lloyd George has the ear of the democracy. Will he become the leader of some new movement or the new head of some great party?

By Linton Eccles

THE future of the Right Honorable David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer and mouthpiece of the democracy in the British House of Com-

mons, is still an enigma to his friends and his foes. That is the penalty of being a person: your opponents and often those who side with you don't know what you are going to do next. Perhaps it is as well they shouldn't, because a personality wouldn't be a personality if he were governed by the rule of commonplace. And Lloyd George may be revolutionary, even anarchistic, besides all the unflattering things the fellows on the other side say about him; but he can't be commonplace.



David Lloyd George.

They say he shuffles uneasily on his seat in the Cabinet chamber. I don't doubt it. I should be greatly surprised,

and greatly disappointed, if he sat and said and did nothing different from what his colleagues say and do. Because? Oh, well, say because he's not commonplace.

They say he wants the leadership. Of course; and there are two or three, at least, other ambitious men in the present Liberal Government who have got it all thought out that they are as Elisha to Elijah, and that they and they only are the heaven-appointed ones to try on Asquith's mantle. But I have an idea—it may sound a little irreverent, but it isn't, really—that heaven stands aside in affairs like these and lets its puppets arrange them

little dealings for themselves.

A while back nearly everybody was saying that Sir Edward Grey, now Foreign Secretary, should be and would

be the next Prime Minister, or at any rate the next leader of the British Liberal party. That seemed heaven's way of arranging it to those who considered themselves, under heaven, the real brains of their party. "Who could be better than Grey?" they asked themselves and each other and anybody else who would listen. "He is a proved statesman and diplomat, and is wonderfully well trusted and liked by the Tories. What better proof could you have that he is the best man we can have?"

Well, ambition has a way of upsetting rudely the nice calculations of the armchair generals, political, social, military and domestic. There are men, one or two at least, who are more ambitious than Sir Edward, who are heard of by the great public outside about ten times or more to Grey's once. The fact is, they take care to keep on acquaintances terms with what we call the man in the street, whilst the Foreign Secretary sticks closely to the work of his big department and rarely faces the mass of voters, even at the seething time of a general election. He would far rather handle a documentary crisis with a foreign power than address his fellow members of the House of Commons, and he would rather address his fellow members than he would talk from a platform to the man with the free franchise.

Rumor has been called all shades of a lying jade, but sometimes she tells the truth. Perhaps she is telling, or hinting, the truth about Lloyd George. You have to find out how far by putting the signs together. Undoubtedly, the big little Welshman wants political power, and more of it than his present position gives him. Unquestionably, he believes himself to be a, if not the, chosen leader of democracy in Britain. That is obvious because he has led democracy in Britain already about twice as far, comparatively, towards the goal of democratic salvation than has any leader before him; and you can bunch the whole lot of them—Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman, As-

quith—for the purpose of this reckoning.

Inevitably, Lloyd George has the ear of the democracy. It is a simple question why. He talks to the democracy for the democracy, and he gives, or aims at giving, the democracy what it wants, or thinks it wants, or what he persuades it that it wants. He has given it old age pensions, a revolutionary budget that taxes the dead and the living on the toll of their possessions as they never have been taxed before. And there is state insurance, labor exchanges and other palliatives of unemployment and industrial inability, that are being tried out and have yet to demonstrate their real power as vote-pullers.

It is probable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has gone as far along the line of reform as the Cabinet and the party will let him for the present, and for some time to come. And he is in the position of being impatient to travel on, with the Cabinet and the party applying the brakes. There is a good deal that is reason on their side. The era of democratic reform ushered in by the smashing Liberal victory of 1906 has had something of pyrotechnic splendor about it. Men who are apt to dismiss the greatest Welshman since Owen Glendower's day in a derisive sentence say his performances have been all fireworks and nothing else, but they are wrong. For, when you get down to the bottom of things, you find that the thinking British electors are not in the habit of re-electing any party on their displays of pyrotechnic politics.

But this six years' spell of reform has left the public rather out of breath, particularly as the public has in various ways to pay for the privileges of being reformed, and pay in cash, whether it is in percentages on property values or in three-penny stamps to stick on insurance forms. And it may be that the public in Britain is ready for a rest, to get used to the new state of things. But, say those who agree with the Chancellor, these reforms were all overdue, and there are some other important

changes in the old course of events that we are still anxiously waiting for, some last shreds of the pall of feudalism to be torn away.

Anyway, whether the people want more reform or more time to digest the meal they have been served since 1906, David Lloyd George has preserved practically unimpaired his hold on the democracy. His closest associates say he has immensely strengthened it, but the testing time for that has yet to come, and doubtless it is coming very soon.

It used to be that Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, were the David and Jonathan of the British Cabinet. They both could not be Prime Ministers at the same time, and perhaps neither could have been Prime Minister without the countenance and the co-operation of the other. So, on the face of it, they were fast political friends. Then Churchill was translated from the Home Office, where he upset the Labor allies of the Government, to the Admiralty, where he set about reforming with a zeal surprising even to himself. But it was reforming the wrong way, so the Lloyd George section said, though naturally it pleased the big navy people and made friends for the new Admiralty head where he was sadly lacking them, on the Tory side of the House. Lloyd George was the man with the nation's purse, and he used his influence and his power to say that Churchill could have only so much to add to the weight of floating armaments against Germany. And though Churchill's influence was thrown in the scale whither the money went, and his utmost persuasion was applied to make the scale weigh down more heavily, he was beaten at the game of argument, probably because his friend the Chancellor had hold of the purse-strings, which was as good as having the last word.

We may take it, reasonably, then, that the David and Jonathan partnership, if not at an end, is not now an active alliance. It looks as if David and Jonathan-Winston had come dan-



David Lloyd George in a recent pose.

gerously near an open rupture over the problem of how many Dreadnoughts. We heard about that time, and for the first time, of Lloyd George's new land policy plans. He said, you remember, during the debates on the famous budget, that the land tax did not go far enough, that is as far as he would have liked it to go; and if he didn't say it very openly in the House he said it plainly enough outside, in the country, and not to small audiences either. Mr. Churchill has not said, perhaps has been careful not to say, anything about the new crusade whose forces are now actively being collected. But Mr. Ure, the Lord Advocate, Mr. Muirhead and one or two other leaders who sit at the feet of the Chancellor, have supplied the deficiency and ranged themselves unequivocally on the Lloyd George side.

The rumor came that Lloyd George would resign his job to run the new land campaign, as Chamberlain before him resigned to stump for protection; but that rumor, anyway, had too long wings, or perhaps wasn't feathered at all. The time wasn't ripe, as the ancient phrase-maker taught us to say.

But what about Lloyd George as a Labor leader? It is a very interesting speculation, if it isn't an actual possibility. The Labor Party in Britain is occupying the strongest strategic position it has ever held, and it is occupying it with success for the present and pregnant promise for the future. Payment of Members of Parliament—an important reform I omitted to mention before—was introduced, maybe forced, into the programme of the Liberal Government by Lloyd George and his fellow democrats. Whatever evils may be attached to this system of paying men to give their time to the country's business, this £400 a year has opened the way for the democracy to represent itself, if it wishes to be so single-minded. It means all the difference between going or not going to Westminster for the poor member, and the term "poor member" enrolls practically all the Labor representatives, shut out by the Osborne judgment from being officially

financed by trade union funds; it includes quite a few of the Liberal and none of the Conservative members. Therefore, potentially, Lloyd George and his democratic associates have earned the gratitude of all Labor men and all those in his own party who are not big contractors or company promoters or anything else that counts its income with a string of noughts.

Trade union men began, after the passing of the payment of members' provision, to say, in different ways, "Now, if only we had a leader." They had, and have, leaders, but no leader. They want a big man, a statesman, a general, above all a man who can sway the people. And Lloyd George can sway the people as no one else so far in the present generation has done, or apparently can do. And Lloyd George can lead the new democratic party in Britain if he will. Will he?

That is the way the reasoning runs, and it runs naturally, doesn't it? The idea certainly is not fantastic or far-fetched. To be acknowledged as it, as we say sometimes when we feel like talking slang, is far more satisfying to the ambition than merely to play second fiddle in the orchestra, whether it is playing political or any other kind of harmony. So, to come back to our opening sentence, Lloyd George's future is an enigma. It may not puzzle us for long, for though the Chancellor has shown that he knows how to wait with almost Christian-like resignation and patience, he has also demonstrated his power to make quick, and if you like, revolutionary decisions. Will he make this one, the way the British democrats think he will? "Wait and see," spoke Mr. Asquith upon a significant occasion, when the people wanted him to say, "Come, I'll tell you all I know." And it is likely the Premier is waiting himself to see what his chief lieutenant will do. And it is rather more than likely that if Mr. Asquith, by some stroke of obsession very unusual to him, would take us into his confidence and tell us all he knew about Mr. Lloyd George's immediate future, the disclosure would be a desperately interesting one.

Home Joy Killers

Dr. Marden is recognized throughout the world as the foremost inspirational writer of the day. His articles are a regular feature of MacLean's each month. In this issue he deals with "Home Joy Killers." This article is really a part of a new book which Dr. Marden is to issue shortly under the title "The Joy of Living." A companion article "The Power of the Home Joy" will appear in our February issue.

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

DID YOU ever come across the hog at home—the man who is so affable, such a genial good fellow in the club downtown and among his men friends and business associates, but who, when in his home, throws off his mask and feels no obligation to restrain himself or to temper his language; the man who finds fault with everything, abuses everybody, criticizes everything, who storms about the house like a mad bull when he is out of sorts and things do not please him?

We have all undoubtedly met this man, the good fellow at the club and the hog at home—the man who uses his home for a kicking post.

The hog at home is a very curious animal. I have seen him in the midst of a terrible rage when he seemed to be the plaything of his passion, become as gentle and docile as a lamb in an instant with the ringing of a door-bell and the announcing of company. It would seem as though there must be some magical connection between the door-bell and this man's temper.

When it did not seem possible for him to get control of himself, he did not have the slightest difficulty in calming down in an instant when a caller was announced, thus proving that this matter of self-control was largely one of vanity, self-pride. He would be mortally ashamed to have the caller see the hog husband that was there when the door-bell rang.

We often see him in the home sitting cross, crabbed, glum, during the entire

evening and at meals, without making the slightest effort to be agreeable. At the club or in his business dealings, even if things go wrong, he feels obliged to restrain himself and be decent because he would not have his business friends see him with his mask off. He has too much pride and vanity for that. But when he is at home he thinks he is under no obligation to be agreeable; he thinks he has a perfect right to do just what he feels like doing, and to be just as mean, hateful, and disagreeable as he wants to be. He makes no attempt to restrain or control himself.

Such boorishness and lack of companionableness between husband and wife are among the most common domestic joy killers.

Of course the woman is often at fault, but she is more naturally a home maker at heart than the man. He is more selfish and apt to be indifferent to the home, and he is the one who needs to be roused to the responsibility of making home happy, and marriage full of the mutual joy in giving.

"If there are women who do not, by study and that best companionship which they could offer to their husbands, learn rightly to play the part of helpmeets, there are far more men who, for one selfish reason or another, never give their wives the opportunity," writes Mrs. John Logan.

A woman's thirst for sympathy and close companionship is very difficult for the average man to comprehend.

It would be as impossible for a woman to live her normal life under abuse or indifference without sympathetic companionship, as for a rose to develop its normal beauty and fragrance without sunshine. This is often the reason why so many wives seek elsewhere the sympathy which their husbands deny them.

There are men who think that if they do not actually strike their wives, if they provide a house and clothing for them, they ought to be satisfied and happy. But these things will never insure happiness to the kind of a woman you would desire your wife to be, my friend.

It often occurs that a man marries a beautiful, bright, cheerful girl, who is always bubbling over with animal spirits, and in a short time everybody notices a complete change in her character, brought about by the perpetual suppression of her husband, who if not actually brutal, is severe in his criticisms and unreasonable in his demands. The wife is surrounded with this joy killing atmosphere of sharp criticism or severity until she entirely loses her naturalness and spontaneity, and self-expression becomes impossible. The result is an artificial, flavorless character.

Think of the suffering of a wife who feels her spirits gradually drying up, and her buoyancy and youthfulness evaporating; her beauty, her attractiveness gradually fading; in fact her ambition strangled, her whole life being blighted in a cold, loveless environment.

A lady recently told me that not once during several months which she spent at the home of friends did she see the husband display the slightest sign of affection for his wife, although she is a woman vastly superior to him in every way.

She has dragged out an unloved, miserable existence for more than a quarter of a century with a husband who is cold and absolutely indifferent to her comfort, pleasure, or happiness. Not once in a year does he take her

anywhere. He is practically never seen with her away from home. He never thinks she needs an outing, a vacation, or a change. When he travels, he goes alone or in the company of others, never even suggesting that his wife accompany him. This man is not unkind or cruel, he is only indifferent to his wife. He has not a particle of sentiment for her.

To many women indifference is worse than cruelty, if the cruel husband shows at least a little affection now and then. Utter indifference is one of the things that the feminine heart cannot endure without keen suffering.

Indifference and cruelty are evident forms of selfishness, the root of domestic unhappiness. Less evident, perhaps, is that self-love which many men mistake for love of their wives. It is a sort of projection of themselves with which they are in love. They think more of their own comfort, their own well-being, their own ambitions, their own pleasure, than they do of the highest welfare of their wives.

Many such men do not mean to be selfish in their home life, and really believe they are generous, but their minds are so focused upon themselves and their ambition that they can only think of a wife in reference to themselves. Whereas the highest love has the highest welfare of the individual at heart, not its own.

It is fortunate for the world that a woman's love is not so selfish, not so self-centered as a man's. If it were, civilization would go back to barbarism.

When a woman has given up everything for a husband who, before marriage was always bringing her flowers and showing other little evidences of his affection, who was generous and loving and kind, but who afterwards seldom thinks of these little attentions so much appreciated by women, but is often indifferent, cross, and fault-finding, she cannot help feeling unhappy at the contrast.

It does not seem possible that a man who could be so affectionate, kind, and

considerate while pursuing the object of his regard, could become indifferent and cruel after he had secured the prize; but this is true of multitudes of men.

With many men romance ends with marriage, as a hunter's interest dies with the game when he has fired the shot that kills.

If there is any person who needs pity in the world, it is the wife who gives love and makes perpetual sacrifices in return for indifference, neglect, and even cruelty. Is it not a crime for a man to take a beautiful, affectionate, buoyant girl from a happy home, after a romantic courtship, and then crush her spirit, and freeze her love by cold, heartless indifference and selfishness; to wreck her happiness? Can any greater disappointment come into a woman's life than to see her dream of love, marriage, and a happy home blighted by cold-hearted, indifferent, cruel neglect?

Jealousy and suspicion poison the atmosphere of the family. The home joy cannot live where they are entertained. At the outset young people who marry should resolve never to permit the sun to go down on their wrath. Lovers fondly fancy that they will never have a quarrel. However, most husbands and wives occasionally have little differences which need not amount to much if they simply follow one rule: never to go to sleep at night except in friendly harmony. If there has been a disturbance of peace, settle it before bedtime. If either has done or said anything to wound the other, confess and seek forgiveness before the head touches the pillow.

"We take offense too easily. I know cases of husbands and wives—who, in a discussion over a matter of perhaps no real importance, get offended with each other, and the husband goes away without his usual morning kiss,— goes down town and is miserable all day long, and the wife stays at home and is miserable all day long; and over what? They forget the time when she was the one ideal of all that was beau-

tiful; they forget the time when he was the one hero picked out of all the sons of earth. For a contemptible, petty, little nothing they think unkindly and harshly of each other. Is a little trifle like that worth purchasing at the price of the happiness of a day? How petty it is! If people would only stop and think, they would be ashamed of themselves, and ask each other's pardon, and devote themselves to creating sunshine and peace instead of getting offended over things that are of no earthly account."

"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling along, what a help it would be!" sighed Mrs. Perkins, upon returning from a funeral, wondering how poor Mrs. Brown would have felt if she could have heard what the minister said. "Poor soul, she never dreamed they set so much by her!"

"Mis' Brown got discouraged. Ye see; Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of blaming everything on to her. I don't suppose the deacon meant it,—'twas just his way,—but it's awful wounding. When things were out or broke, he acted just as if Mis' Brown did it herself on purpose; and they all caught it, like the measles or the whooping cough."

Just think what a woman who has half a dozen children has to endure if she is obliged to do all her work,—sewing, cooking, washing, and cleaning—without even the assistance of a hired girl. How long could a man stand this kind of an existence, shut up in a house or a little flat year in and year out, rarely ever going anywhere, with very little variety or change? How would he keep his cheer? A few days of confinement in the home is about all most men can stand, especially if their rest is disturbed at night by sick children.

Most men little realize how rapidly a woman fades and uses herself up and loses her cheer when she works like a slave all day and long into the night, caring for a large family. Just because a wife is willing to do everything she can to help her husband, is no reason why he should allow her to ruin her

health and attractiveness, rob her of the zest for living, in the operation. There is nothing more wearing and exasperating, nothing which will grind life away more rapidly than monotonous, exacting housework. A man has a great variety during the day in his business; but his wife slaves at home and rarely gets any variety. How is she to keep joy in the home for the children, or for guests and friends?

She is plodding and digging all day long, year in and year out, cleaning, scrubbing, mending clothes, caring for the children,—a work which grinds life away rapidly, because of the drudgery and monotony in it.

The husband has constant change which rests and refreshes him; but to the average wife it is one dull, monotonous routine of hard, exacting, exasperating toil. And yet the wife and mother should be the fountain head of joy in the home.

Many a man is cross and crabbed when he comes home, just because his wife is not quite as buoyant and cheerful and entertaining as he thinks she ought to be after a nerve-racking, exacting day's work. What does he do to make the evening pleasant for her? How many times during the last year has he taken his wife out to entertainments or to dinner? When did he last take her away on a little trip? How long has it been since he brought her home some flowers, confectionery, a book, or some other little gift which would tell her that he was thoughtful of her? How often has he given up his club, or the society of his companions, or his own pleasure to remain home and help his wife take care of the children, or make the evening delightful for his family?

Saving only the dregs for the home, exasperated nerves and jaded energies, is a very short-sighted policy. Thousands of homes in this country are made up of shreds and patches. All we find there is the by-product of a man's oc-

cupation. Many a man gives the home what he has left over,—the crumbs, the odds and ends. Instead of bringing to it his freest energies, his buoyant spirits, he often comes a physical wreck. He remains in the store or office as long as there is anything left of him that is any good. Then he goes home, and he wonders why the children avoid him, why they do not run and throw their arms about his neck, delighted to see him.

The children know that when such a father reaches home their fun is pretty nearly over. They do not see anything very interesting or attractive in his long, tired face. They know there is no spring in his dragging, hesitating steps. They know there is no vitality left for a romp with them on the floor or on the lawn. They know they have to keep quiet or they will be sent to bed or out of the room.

The average modern man has taken the cream off his energies during the daytime, and brings home only the skimmed milk, and this is often very sour. Then he wonders why his wife is not as bright and as agreeable as the used to be! He cannot see the poor, mean, miserable, starved part of himself that he brings to her, and he expects her to match it all with the same charm and sweetness, the same joyous response that she gave him when he brought the best part of himself to her. His weariness and depression cannot summon forth that happy response; they paralyze the children's play; they strangle the home joy.

The fun-loving faculties in many children are never half developed; hence the melancholy traits, the tendency to sadness, moroseness, morbidness, which we see in men and women everywhere. There are not normal. They are indications of stifled, suppressed, dwarfed nature. And they are to be laid at the door of the killers of the home joy.

A Bag of Holes

"A Bag of Holes" is a New Year's story, and will thus be welcomed as a suitable feature for the January number. The writer is well known to readers of MacLean's, having contributed both short stories and articles to the magazine last year. In addition, Miss Burkholder has won popularity through her recent novel, "The Curse of Impetuous Christening."

By Mabel Burkholder

THIS was one of the nights when Lemuel Brown, bachelor, labored under the impression that he was missing some of the joys of life. He had just returned from a neighbor's house, where there were women and children, and shouts of youthful joviality, and snatches of music; and the bungalow on the hill was doubly empty, doubly silent, in comparison.

To be sure, his cat, Clover, sprang to meet him from a rafters as he opened the woodshed door, and the back-log in the kitchen stove still sent out a grateful warmth, which took the place of a welcome. He struck a light, threw on some smaller sticks of wood, patted Clover, now rubbing enthusiastically against his legs, and sinking into a chair with his heels on the stove, reflected that there were also some annoyances he had escaped.

For one of his education and worldly polish this seemed, indeed, a strange life he had chosen. That during twelve of the best years of his life, from twenty-one to thirty-three, a young chap, not too bad looking, reared in luxury, college educated, should bury himself among quiet country hills and practically lead the life of a hermit, with his horses as his hobby, his cat as his friend, was an incomprehensible riddle to most of his acquaintances. People were fond of hunting for the cause. Yes, his neighbors that very night had been prying into the why and wherefore of it.

As he dreamed before the blazing

wood fire the reason came before him in a series of flame pictures, weird, unreal, dazzling, like the passing scenes of a moving-picture show.

Out on the winding road that led from his home town of A—— to the next town of B——, thirty miles away, on a beautifully wooded slope stood Sunny Brae, a house—nay, to his dreaming vision, a mansion. On either side of its broad halls branched off rooms, which his fancy furnished as he had seen them last, twelve years ago, with every appointment a luxurious taste could suggest. Before the house lay a shady, sloping lawn, filled with the changing scenes of childhood. In an orchard at the side a group of mild-eyed calves poked their noses through the pickets, begging a share in the children's lunches.

Thus in flame passed the first picture—his childhood's home.

Then a cloud began to creep over Sunny Brae. The family fell on evil days. His father was cheated in business. He failed, in his old age. The proud old aristocrat died of heart-break. In two short, terrible years mother was gone, children were scattered, home was a mocking echo of the past.

Then the third picture of the series leapt up out of the flame.

The old house still stood on the wooded slope, on the winding road that ran between A—— and B——. He who had stolen his father's business and accepted the house as payment for his

father's failure, dwelt there, and used his father's harness, his mother's furniture—

The young man closed his eyes. The scene had become too painful to dwell on.

Usurers seldom prosper and Nathaniel Darlington was no exception to the rule. He was a gray-haired man when at the height of his roguery. Twelve years' worry over uncertain schemes had made him old. His brain did not work as cleverly as before. Other men went him one better.

Lem Brown was one of them.

Ranching thoroughbreds horses is a paying business. Young Brown grew rich at it. As he never spent, he had all he ever made laid up in a snug place. The best of his system of living was that he never had to spend. When other people, like Nat Darlington, spent more than they earned, he was always willing to lend, lend, that they might spend more and enjoy themselves still more extravagantly. Of late years, in a quiet way through his lawyer, he had lent Nat Darlington sums running into the thousands, and taken as security—Sunny Brae. Nat was always going to pay it back in a lump when some of his schemes worked, but Brown planned that the lump should be Sunny Brae.

He had put in all these hard, intervening years sustained by the hope that some day he should be able to set Darlington out on the road—he and all his. He didn't know what family he had, but he hoped he had a lot of them. And he hoped the day they were set out would be cold and raining, and that they wouldn't have coats to keep them warm.

Just here the fire died down without warning, the pictures faded, and the young man's chair came to the floor with avengeful thump. The hour of doom had struck. Why delay the sweet moment of vengeance? Old Darlington could not now keep the interest paid. Why let it run on into the new year? No, he resolved to be the master of Sunny Brae on the first day of Jan-

uary. It would be his New Year's present to himself.

He brushed Clover impatiently from his knee, threw himself on his best horse and galloped into town to consult his lawyer, Bute and Son. Like a caged lion he paced up and down Bute's office, dictated his wishes to his astonished lawyer, watched the letter of doom written, signed it with his own signature. Brown was a common name around town, and it is doubtful if the Darlingtons knew the exact identity of the man to whom they were indebted. Growing boys change rapidly into bearded men, and few recognized in the stern, silent man, the gay, reckless youth of a dozen years ago. Now he signed himself in letters of cruel blackness, Lemuel Brown, son of Morton Brown, late of Sunny Brae.

Two weeks after the letter ran its way of death, he decided to follow it up by a personal visit. He had received no reply, and he dreaded lest Darlington should make a feeble effort to crawl out of the trap. Again he threw himself on his best horse and galloped past the town, out on the winding road with the beautifully wooded hills. Crowning the slope rose the ancient chimneys of Sunny Brae. A faint smoke curled up from one of them. Its lazy way of motion did not suggest enough heat to counterbalance the frost of the bitter December day. Brown hoped Darlington was cold and that his fire was out.

Hitching his horse to an old tie-post his own boyish bands had sunk in the ground twenty years ago, this young old man, gray-headed, yet with a boyish bound in his step, walked up to the front door of the mansion and rapped imperiously with his riding-whip. He stamped around in the cold a full minute before anybody came.

At last the door, a heavy one that stuck at the bottom, was opened, and a young woman in a long blue working apron looked out suspiciously on the stranger. Lem pawed over the whole English language in an attempt to get words to express his errand.

The young woman, who had soft

blue eyes and a marvellous wealth of amber hair, opened the door wider and he followed her meekly into the hall. Where was the old man? Mean as Lem was feeling, he wasn't mean enough to take out his revenge on this girl.

"Come in here," she said, as she opened the door into a kind of sitting-room, which he remembered as his father's library.

Here the one fire of the house burned in the grate, and around it on the floor played a couple of children, a girl of ten and a boy of seven.

This, too, was disconcerting. Lem had a notion that children ought to be happy until they were eighteen or twenty—as he had been.

"I am Lemuel Brown, son of Morton Brown, late of Sunny Brae," he said awkwardly, as without invitation he laid his hat and whip on the table.

The girl recoiled noticeably. Even the children glanced up with a shiver of fear. The stern stranger had thrown a gloom over their game. The little girl shrank back into her corner, while the boy, half in fear, half with the idea of protecting her, came and laid his head on the young woman's arm.

"Will you be seated?" she asked, in an expressionless tone.

He handed the chair back.

"Will you?" he returned courteously. It came more natural for Lem to be courteous than otherwise.

She sank into it, and he stood with his back to the fire, hands clenched behind.

"I am Irene Darlington," said the girl, forcing herself to look at him. "And this is Fritz and Bessie, my little brother and sister. I introduce myself, because I am afraid you will have to deal with me. Father is upstairs, too ill to be disturbed. At times his mind is quite weak, so most of the business falls on me."

But the girl's blue eyes were wells of truth. He was too much a gentleman to doubt her veracity.

He stooped to tighten a buckle on his riding boots awkwardly.

"You have foreclosed the mortgage," she said, looking at him with a sort of fascinated horror, as if he were a huge reptile.

From the bottom of his heart he thanked her for making the opening.

"I was thinking I would have to," he muttered lamely.

"Were you thinking of staying here to see fair play? Or of sending your bailiff? There are many things we might run away with."

He denied any such intention.

She continued speaking, though her heavy lids were closed.

"You have been kind to bear with us so long."

Kind! The gentle creature was a master of sarcasm.

"If you could—that is, perhaps you are prepared to pay something."

Half-veiled under their fringe of lashes, the blue eyes looked up into his dark, set face, and lips white as milk muttered, "We cannot pay."

"Oh," said the man, leaning over to peer into her face.

She pushed back her chair beyond his reach, and rose, gathering all her forces, speaking rapidly as if fearful her strength would fail.

"Mr. Lemuel Brown, son of Morton Brown, late of Sunny Brae, your claims are absolutely just. I do not know why you have spared us so long. I did not know till the letter came just who you were. But now you may take your sweet revenge from a broken family that cannot resist you. We have done you irreparable wrong. I beg no mercy at your hands, no extension of time. We are arranging to vacate the house on the last day of the year as you requested. See, all our furniture is being torn up for a sale on that day. Even this"—she laid her hand on the old piano—"even this has to go."

It was his own mother's piano. He had run his first scales over its creamy

keys. She spoke of it as her treasure.

"Even this—"

She reeled and sank back into her chair, every drop of blood leaving her face.

Alarmed at the sudden swoon, he crossed the room, picked her up and carried her to the lounge. The little girl, painfully used to the symptoms, ran for water.

"Miss Darlington," he pleaded, "tell me what I can do for you."

"Do?" she sighed, speaking thinly, as from a spirit world. "Could you leave me alone for awhile? Could you rest assured that I will not cheat you, and Go?"

He stepped back to spare her the torture he knew his presence inspired. Assured that Bessie could do all that was possible for the present, he picked up his hat and whip and went out, gently closing the door behind him.

At the gate he encountered old Dr. McMann, urging his short-winded pony up the hill.

"McMann," said Lemuel Brown fiercely, "in what state is old man Darlington?"

"Well," said the old doctor, while the pony took advantage of the rest and cropped a mouthful of frozen grass, "pretty bad, I should say. Mind, I don't say fatal. He may last for years, but he'll just live to add to the burdens of his daughter, for he is childish, unreasonable, undependable."

Lem kicked himself for asking. He knew the girl had spoken the truth, but because she was a Darlington he hated to take her word.

"The young woman up there isn't the old fool's daughter?" he burst out. The doctor smiled and nodded.

"Stranger anomalies have happened. You must take into account the girl's mother, who was one of God's saints."

"Small wonder she died young," muttered Brown bitterly.

The old doctor stroked his white beard thoughtfully.

"And the girl will go just like her. It's to see her, not the old man, that I am making this trip out to-day. Lately

she's been taking queer fainting spells. 'Thinks it's her heart. All both! She wants more care, more consideration, more simple, everyday comforts. She is a strong, brave girl, but she can't stand everything.'"

Brown's face was a puzzle.

"What seems to be the trouble? You say she is worrying?"

"Suffering Samuel! Haven't you heard? The story goes that the Darlington are pretty deeply in debt. Some lawyer in town holds a mortgage for all the place is worth. I hear they are to get out at the end of the year. No wonder Irene is cut up about it. It has been her home for twelve years, and a noble old place it is."

Lem nodded, whipping up his horse, and the doctor jogged on up the hill.

As the horse started up suddenly, a tiny square of white paper loosened from the cuff of the young man's coat and fell into the frozen roadway. It looked like a snapshot. He could only conjecture that it had stuck to his coat as he brushed past the table or the sideboard. He threw himself from his saddle to pick it up. As he half expected he was rewarded by the pictured face of Irene Darlington. Too much agitated to examine it then, he frowned at it and put it in his pocket.

Down through the town and out on his own road galloped Lemuel Brown, shaking his fist at the stars in his helpless rage.

"Where does my revenge come in? My twelve-years-planned revenge! God in heaven, where is the satisfaction for which I prayed?"

Lemuel Brown was a constant reader of his Bible, especially of the thunderous prophets who foretold the doom of evildoers. He pondered over gloomy Jeremiah, he drank in with delight the torments of Hosea. It seemed to him that it was Bible teaching that all sinners should come to their day of doom. It pleased him to believe his appointed hand to hasten the destruction of his own personal enemies. Lem seldom read the New Testament. Forgiveness

until seventy times seven did not appeal to him.

That night as he sat in his little, comfortable kitchen, the tortoise-shell cat with the clover-leaf marked in yellow on her back pushing her friendly nose under his coat to find a warm spot to curl up in, he reached up his hand and took his old thumb-worn Bible from the lamp-shelf.

It opened at random at Haggai, a good book, full of strong denunciations. He plunged in for several verses. But the theme did not suit him. It was about the hoarding of money, which after one had laid it up for selfish purposes, leaked away, bringing no satisfaction.

"He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes," declared the prophet.

Lem shut the book with such a snap that Clover jumped four inches. If ever anybody had been hoarding money in a bag with holes he was that man.

Gravely he brought the picture of Irene Darlington out of his pocket, and gave himself up to the melancholy pleasure of examining it. It was a sweet face, albeit the lips were set too tightly and there was a certain dejection expressed by the drooping shoulders. It showed a soul starving for sympathy—for comfort. The doctor had said. Was it possible that Irene Darlington was without the simple comforts of everyday life?

"Blame it all! If it isn't the worst mix-up that could have come to pass!"

Clover leapt up sympathetically and put her cold nose between his collar and his neck.

"Insidious, encroaching, wheedling, you know how to win your way like all your sex," he muttered.

Still he did not put her down. Instead his hand began absently to stroke the round, soft head.

"You were made to be loved, so I will love you," he said, talking to the cat and looking at the picture.

Stretching back in his chair he closed his eyes, as if to shut out a vision of the cheerless room, the hunted girl, the

helpless children he had left at Sunny Brse.

"A bag with holes," his tight lips quivered.

Clover, looking up wisely at times from the corner of her eyelid, thought her master slept in his chair; and he, looking down at other times, thought Clover slept, so did not move for fear of disturbing her. Thus they passed the night by the fire.

In the morning, with a hard, gray face, he dispatched a letter to the elder Brse, giving minute instructions as to how to proceed at the sale, and after how he wanted the business settled up. He took great pains to make the letter as harsh, as unrelenting, as any that had preceded it; but the thing he really set down to write about was expressed in four words at the bottom of the sheet.

"Buy in the piano."

Then, as if shy of his own presence, he walked irrelevantly across the kitchen and examined his face in the looking-glass. Before he turned away he pulled out several gray hairs over one temple.

It was the last day of the year. Six o'clock at night. A gray, dreary evening. The sale was over. The strange men had gone. The tramp of horses had died away in the yard. Sunny Brse, the ghost of its former self, lay stripped of all its furnishings, a wilderness without, a tomb within.

Only in the sitting-room, where a table and a couple of chairs remained, a wood fire still blazed on the hearth. In the kitchen the children were trying to get a bit of supper for themselves. For once Irene had failed them. She stood leaning against the dismantled window, both hands locked over her forehead that ached till it was numb.

Lemuel Brown came up the path from nowhere. He had not been at the sale, and seemed now to spring suddenly from the shadows of the night. He knew his presence seemed an insufferable intrusion that night. Trend as lightly as he would, it must seem to the girl at the window that he was walking over her with heels of iron.

She greeted him with her back when he entered. He drew the one chair not in use up to the fire.

"I did not expect you until to-morrow," she murmured, turning.

"I see the piano is still here," he said shortly. "Who bought it?"

"I do not know," she responded dully. "A lawyer from town, I think. They said he bought most of the valuable things."

"Was it Bute?"

"It may have been the younger Bute. I have never dealt with him, and so do not know him."

"They are friends of mine and will not hurry the things away."

"What can it matter," she cried, turning on him fiercely, "whether the piano goes to-night or a week from to-night?"

He came a step nearer.

"Irene," he said, "sit down. I have some things to say to you that may explain the intrusion of my presence here to-night."

She threw up her fair head haughtily, but he did not seem to notice his mistake. He had been calling her picture by its first name so long that it came perfectly natural.

Seeing that he still pointed to a chair, she submitted and sat down. He threw himself into the one opposite, and they faced each other across the long table.

"I confess," he said abruptly, "to a lifelong hatred of your father. I confess that for twelve years I have been trying to ruin him, as he ruined my family."

"But," he threw out his arms across the table, as if to bridge the gulf between them, "so help me, God, I never knew that your father had a daughter on whom was falling the vengeance I was planning for him. Will you give me credit for that much humanity? Will you say you believe my word?"

"Are you not saying it?" She had leaned back her head and closed her eyes in the utterly weary attitude he remembered so well.

"Heaven knows," he went on passionately, "that after I saw you all the sweetness went out of my revenge."

"Yet you failed not to carry it out to the last item," she reminded him.

His long arm swept across the table, caught the hand that lay white and motionless on the other edge, and gripped it in spite of protests.

"I was a fool. I was mad with the defeat of my purpose. When I came to myself, what could I do to stop the sale you yourself had planned and which was to take place in a few days?"

"If those precious things had been your mother's," she said, with rebellious bitterness, "you would have done something."

"Good heavens!" he interrupted her. "Were the things not my mother's before they were yours?"

She opened her blue eyes wide to look into his dark face, now suffused with tender feeling.

"Forgive me," she cried. "I cannot seem to remember your part of it. I was such a child when we came here. It seems to me the place and all the beautiful things belonging to it were ours always."

Never relaxing the grip of her fingers, his dark eyes held hers as a magnet holds a steel.

"Just to think," she continued, speaking as if impelled by his will, "that your childish feet rang through these halls, that your dear ones sang songs around that same piano." With her free hand she brushed away a tear.

"Ah, your claim is priority to mine. Will you believe my sincerity when I express the wish that you may be happy here with no nightmare memories of our existence to vex your future peace?"

"Happy?" He caught up the word passionately. "Happy here? I shall not try to live here. The place is full of ghosts."

Again she opened her eyes wider to look at him.

"Not live here? Not live at Sunny Brae when you can? Not gather your family together and rebuild the old scenes?"

"The years have scattered my family beyond recall. I alone am left. Hav-

ing done without luxuries for twelve years, I fancy I shall do without them longer."

She made no reply.

"Miss Darlington," he asked abruptly, "what plans have you made for future residence?"

"We stay this winter with an old aunt in town. After that I have no plan."

"What I am trying to say, though I am clumsy about getting it said, is this. Do not be in a hurry to leave Sunny Brae on my account. If you wish to delay your going a week, a month—"

"A day would be heavenly," she muttered, shutting out a vision of the life to come with her exacting relative; "but we cannot live without furniture."

"Bute is my lawyer, as you know. He only bought the things for me, and my sole desire in securing them was that they might remain here as long as you cared to use them."

"Did you," she asked, as full comprehension dawned slowly in her face, "command him to run them up to fabulous prices, so that I am a richer woman to-night than I ever was in my life before?"

A slow flush spread to the roots of his hair. There was something in her look of gratitude that unmanned him.

Again over her wan face spread that ashy whiteness, bleaching even her lips to the color of chalk. Her head sank on one arm of the chair, like a tall white chrysanthemum broken on its stalk. The word of kindness unnerved her as harshness seldom had done.

Again the man gathered her in his arms and carried her to the couch.

"Irene," he pleaded, on his knees chafing the cold hands, "this is to be the last of such scenes as this. I cannot look at you. Your eyes are a constant reminder that I am responsible for all your suffering—the silent, sinister influence undermining all your happiness."

Of its own free will the little cold hand slipped inside his throbbing palm.

"I didn't mean to reproach you with anything," she whispered.

"Will you accept my offer?" he demanded. "Will you stay in the house as long as you wish? Will you use the things that have been left? I know my generosity comes much too late, that you cannot bear to accept it after all I have done—but will you?"

"I cannot stay long," she replied. "The house is too large for us. I cannot keep it going since father doesn't work at all. And while thanking you for your kind intentions, I know it will not be long before you will want to live in this lovely spot yourself."

"A lonely old fellow like me, in such a great, grand house as this!" he smiled. "Irene, listen. If I ever should take a notion, say in the spring, to come back and fix it up, to put in new furnishings that would drive the ghosts out of the corners—Irene, as you listen?—would you, too, come back, as the fair mistress of it all? Could anything persuade you to remain at Sunny Brae as old Lem Brown's wife?"

His lips were against her ear, his brown cheek swept her face.

"You forget," she whispered bravely. "I am not free. Remember you would have to put up with the children—and my poor old father."

"And you would have to put up with a stiff, stern old fellow, whose first youth is past, whose head is full of gray hairs—"

"I have no fear of such a burden ever becoming irksome," she breathed softly.

"Neither do I fear the burden of the children—and your father—for your sake."

She threw her white arms around his neck, her whole frame shaken by a great sob.

"O my unmerciful old tyrant, controller of my destiny from my childhood, I cannot hate you, though I have tried with all my might!"

Next morning—it was New Year's, and all the gleaming, glistening world seemed to have been made over new—as Lemuel Brown pounded down the winding road into town, he again ran into old Dr. McMann, driving out.

"Bound for Sunny Brae?" called Lem.

"Yes. I count on going out twice a week."

"You're making your last trip. Your patient isn't going to take any more fainting spells."

"Brown," cried the doctor, turning on him sharply, "what's the matter with your face? I never saw you wear such a look before."

"How do I look?" smiled Lem.

"As if you had been making a set of New Year's resolutions, to be a good

boy, and join in with other mortals, and have the good times you were out to have. Come, confess that you were sitting around some midnight fire, swearing your solemn oaths as the clock struck twelve."

Lem denied it.

"All I did last night was learn to put on a patch."

"A patch?" roared the doctor.

"Jumping Jimmie! What were you trying to patch?"

"A bag," said Lem gravely. "A bag with holes."



Discouragements of Welfare Workers

IT is quite the habit of humanity to berate and disparage any man who gets ahead of the procession.

The first man in history to introduce factory betterments was Robert Owen; then came Lever Brothers, England, and Krupp in Germany; but all the time we have had factory towns growing up all over the world, where there were long lines of dingy tenements, all alike with squalid surroundings, unpaved streets, homes guiltless of paint, and everything of a dull, dead, monotonous sort and kind, making mental evolution on the part of workers a barren idealism.

Robert Owen died, whipped out and discouraged, and his ideals were placed

in the tomb with the outworn shell of what was once a man.

If John H. Patterson (of National Cash Register work), had died ten years ago, it would perhaps have been quite the same.

But now Patterson has lived through the time of stress and struggle, of stupid understanding, of contumely, disparagement and ingratitude, and he is victor. Many of the people who disparaged Patterson are now imitating him.

In this world we work in relays, and when a man has carried the flag well to the front, let us thank heaven that he was able to go thus far, and not sniff at either him or his commander because he did not go further.

Gagen, The Painter of the Sea

This is the third article of Mr. Staley's series. The first was a general review of Canadian Painting, the second a sketch of the career of Frederick M. Bell-Smith, and the third, presented herewith, treats of the work of Robert Ford Gagen, the Painter of the Sea. These articles, covering the lives of prominent artists and presenting illustrations of their finest paintings, constitute a most valuable series on Canadian Art.

By John E. Staley

"LOVE of the sea and the river has always held first place in my affections. Scarcely a year has passed, since I was a boy, but it has seen me paddling, swimming, playing, dreaming, chatting, and sketching in and out of the briny. Shipmen and fisherfolk have been my companions, and I am thoroughly familiar with everything that floats, and with every mood of the watery elements. Sunshine and mist, wild storm and gentle breeze, noon and night are all full of fascination for me. Their innumerable effects are like the play of the features upon the human face; they are quite as flexible in expression. The songs of sea sirens, and the whisperings of river maids over lead me on unresisting in my yearly pilgrimages. The open Court of my God—the Foam—their Queen—wide as sea and sky extends, is my Elysium. Her altars are rugged rocks and frowning precipices, but she herself is, in sooth, a coquette—for she eludes my grasp, leaving me however, with inspirations and impressions which influence my life and my work all through."

Thus musing, Robert Ford Gagen sails serenely upon an even keel—the strivings of his heart restrained, like the lapping billows upon the gunwales, by the "killed helmsman's hands." He yawns of others, and has his own, and quite unaffectedly, manifests the instincts of the man—were he not a painter he would be a sailor. In this he displays the eternal fitness of things—his

infatuation is inherited. Born in London, his parents were George John Gagen and Caroline Holland. She was a daughter of William Holland, Captain in the old East India Company's service, and Mr. Gagen was an architect. Mrs. Gagen first detected her little son's artistic bent and corrected his crude sketches. One such Robert Ford Gagen remembers well—a study in pencil of three oak trees. "This was," he says, "my first effective study direct from Nature, and my mother kept it among her treasures for many a year."

His father succeeded to the business of Ford and Patterson, architects, of Mark Lane, London, and many visits, made by him to the office, enlarged his predilections for the Fine Art. Mr. Ford married a sister of Mr. J. G. Howard, the munificent donor of Howard, or High Park—who immigrated in 1832, and settled at York (Toronto). When Mr. Ford retired from business it was carried on by Mr. Gagen, senior, for many years. Failing health, however, compelled him to seek another clime, and, acting on the advice of Mr. Howard, he and his family came to Canada in 1862. They made their home at Harpurhey, now Seaford, in Huron County, Ontario.

That westward voyage, in the old "United Kingdom," occupied twenty-eight long days—not a day of it did the young art student regret, for it opened his vision and enlarged his heart. Enthralled he watched and felt the great

rollers of the deep with their crests of spongy foam, and their gulfs of turgid color; each pitch and toss was a game of guin to him. He laughed and he sang as the great green water burst over ship and crew—the deluges of spray whetted but his appetite—his love of the "Restless Sea"—the title, in quite recent times, of one of his most striking canvases,—an all-inspiring theme.

One of Robert F. Gagen's earliest friends in Canada was William N.

not merely what he saw of Nature's moods, but what lay underneath them and around them—breath and pulse and atmosphere. Foliage and flowers earliest attracted his eye and his hand, and for many years their study and portrayal formed the bulk of his travail. Many were the prizes he won at Provincial Exhibitions, for such subjects, as well as for more ambitious landscapes in oils and water colors.

Another helping hand was now ex-



Afternoon near Tadoussac.

Cresswell, an artist who lived quite near Seaforth; many were the sketching expeditions they made together; spurning the flat and uninteresting country around their dwellings, they sought the picturesque shores of Lake Huron. In the neighborhood of Goderich and Bayfield, Cresswell was just the sort of teacher-companion Gagen needed: he had been a pupil of E. W. Cook, R.A., a marine painter of distinction. Under Cresswell's guidance the young English youth learned how to draw and paint,

tended to the prize-winner—no less a powerful hand than that of one of the Makers of Canadian Art—John A. Fraser. In 1872, having noted the excellence of young Gagen's work, Mr. Fraser asked him to enter his employ as a painter of water color portraits and miniatures. This was a new departure and on unfamiliar ground, but his success was very soon apparent. This close association with the famous landscape painter greatly influenced Gagen's subsequent career. Mr. Fraser was one

of the founders of the Ontario Society of Artists—the parent of all other art associations in the Dominion, and the name of Robert Ford Gagen was one of

en's studio were hung—"Falls of the Genesee, N.Y.," and "Stream in the Wood."

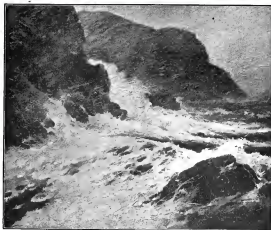
Gagen went on working diligently—



Robert Ford Gagen in his studio.

the first inscribed on its honor roll of members. At the first exhibition of pictures held by the society in 1873, two very excellent compositions from Gagen's studio were

hung—"Falls of the Genesee, N.Y.," and "Stream in the Wood." Gagen went on working diligently—



"Barf"—Coast of Misbe.

Jane Palmer, daughter of John Palmer, of Scarborough, Ontario, gave him her heart and hand. It was a happy marriage; she became the mother of a son and two daughters, the ruler of a peaceful hearth, her husband's help and guide. At this time the Earl of Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada, and took a great interest in artistic matters. He was followed by the Marquis of Lorne, whose Royal consort, Princess Louise, proposed the formation of a Royal Academy of Arts in Canada; this was founded in 1880, and of it R. F. Gagen was elected an Associate. Soon after this the call of sea sounded loudly in Gagen's ears, and to the Maritime Provinces he bent his steps, taking en route what held him of the great Dominion river,—the St. Lawrence. He called his pictures by such names as these—"Grand Manan, N.B.," "Dark Harbor," "Dulce Gatherers," "Herring Fishers."

At the Grand Manan, he stayed at Captain Pettie's, a fine specimen of an old salt, full of poetry and romance—and the following yarn he tells—"The Marathon House was situated half-way up the height of land overlooking the North Harbor, and Pettie's note paper was headed;

"The Mountains look on Marathon,

And Marathon looks on the Sea."

I was invited by a traveler for a firm in Pittsburg, who was staying at the hotel, to accompany him to Dark Harbor, some seven miles on the other side of the Island, to visit the dulce gatherers, as he wished to purchase this edible seaweed for his firm. I was rewarded by an unexpected encounter with a treasure-hunter. Just as at many other places the famous Captain Kidd was supposed to have buried his loot, so did he somewhere on this lonely shore—there is a small inlet not far from Dark Harbor called Treasure Cove. Whilst

my commercial friend was negotiating with a group of natives I wandered about sketch-book in hand; but, presently one of their number—a thin, sandy man, I should say of Celtic extraction—followed me, and asked me what I was doing. I did not reply directly, but asked him if Captain Kidd had ever visited this spot. His answer was, "Yes, and no one knows more than me about it. Besides I am just on discovering his treasure as I have found marks cut on rocks and stumps of trees which only want to be spelled out to show the very spot. If you, Mister, are after the same business you'd better know it belongs to me." I saw the man was enthused with determination to yield to none the pride and profit of discovery so I made no reply. The 'Celt' followed me and asked what I wanted with my hooks and pencils. I replied that I had recently read an illustrated article in a magazine and I was greatly interested in the matter. "Well," he said, "if you know

anything about it different, then we'd better strike a bargain on the spot. What say ye? But I warn ye you've a tough customer to reckon with in me!" The other men now drew near, and, noting the man's excitement, they drew me aside and warned me not to pursue the subject then, or I might imperil my life. Nothing more was said, we returned to our boats and to Pettie's. I have never found that treasure, nor has the 'Celt' so far as I know!"

"Another episode, I remember, which arose whilst I was on the New Brunswick coast. One day an ancient mariner, who stood by watching me at work near the "Seven Days' Work," Whale Cove, exclaimed:—"You wouldn't think a man could climb that Head, would ye, now?" The Seven Days' Work, I may say, is a long cliff, about 150 feet high, showing seven distinct strata of rock in courses, similar to a stone wall. "Well, a man did," he went on, "and in the teeth of a winter storm. It was this way. Many years



The Southern Sea.

ago, I don't mind how many, there was a wild snow gale raging, such as is very seldom seen, even in these parts. It was I think in January, and early in the morning a man went to

basin floated dead bodies and wreckage. The bodies were terribly mutilated; many of their throats were cut, as if by knives, but it was done by the sharp rocks in the basin. People did



Fishing Boats on the St. Lawrence.

the point to have a look at things. He found in an exhausted state a sailor, who, when he had come round, told him there had been a wreck, and that he had climbed up that Head. Sure there had been a wreck, for within the

not believe the man ever climbed that rock, but a fisherman, that was, himself, something of a climber, went down and found a sailor's heavy glove about half-way up, and the man said he had lost it there. The shipwreck-

ed sailor, now an old man, is yet alive and lives over by Pettie's Cove. He repairs boats and shoes—for to this prosaic end had come the only survivor of the wreck of the 'Ashburton.'"

Gagen's sketching trip was abruptly ended by the receipt of bad news from home and he hurried back. Death was at the door and took away the one whom he could least well spare—it is ever so when the "Black Buffaloes" are out upon their "Triumph"—a sad widower, he buried his dear wife. Pencil and brush were laid aside for he could only work intermittently, and then, after a while, he went off for change of scene and thought to Nassau, in the Bahamas. The genial climate cheered the mourner amazingly, but the dulcet tones of Nature there failed to appeal to the lover of the staccato music of the tossing waves and echoing headlands. Some sketches certainly he made of people and things West Indian, and then back he turned his steps to Canada. The wild seas and jagged shores of Maine attracted him—they held him still. Off Gloucester, Mass., he has found much in his own way—floats and jetsam both. Thence came in pigment in 1904, "Deep Sea Fishers"—purchased by the Ontario Government, "A Chance to Exchange News," and "Late Return" in 1905, and "The Fog Bell" in 1906—this near Manana, Maine.

The year, 1890, had seen Gagen's eyes fixed upon the Rockies and the Selkirk. Mightily impressed was he by the wonderful phenomena of mass and space and atmosphere in that sublime scenery. At first his brush refused to color what his pencil had tentatively outlined, but gradually he was able to pick up precious "bits" here and there, like the fevered prospector in a gold quartz canyon. To work in the open was impossible—the experience of all mountain scenic-painters—but sketch books and pads soon became a pile of treasure-trove for elaboration in his studio. Titles of his canvases came out as: "Rain and Storm on Mount Sir Donald," "Evening in the

Valley of the Grand Glacier,"—purchased, by the way, for the City Fathers of Toronto — "Morning in the Selkirks," and such like. "They were indeed no mere titles, for he had captured something tangible out of the grandeur. Certainly the topographical value of his work is subordinate to its artistic effect—this is where it makes his appeal.

Mountain scenery, indeed, for quite a considerable period, took first place in Gagen's painting categories. Scotland, in 1906, and Switzerland—where he roamed at will—gave the Canadian artist generously of their fascinations. In the Bernese Oberland he was forever romping, peak, glacier, lake and forest, and the clouded horizon with the wonders of his great adopted country. His conclusions were as follows:—"Like the country, which contains them, they have greater beauty of form, whilst the human interest, imparted by the picturesque chalets and quaint old towns, gives a civilized effect quite beyond anything in less populous and less historic Canada."

The Highlands of Scotland, in 1906, moved the pilgrim of the palette greatly. The delivery of that misty sunshine—the heavy veil of earth—was a delicious vision; and Gagen unhesitatingly declares that—"the land of Bruce and Burns is an ideal painter's pitch, for, if one country only might be allowed for the study of mountain and water, it was Scotland, and none other." His sketching was done chiefly around Oban and in the Grampians. When he returned to Toronto he stretched a series of Scottish canvases, which he called by such names as "A Soft Day in the Grampians," "A Highland Trout Stream," and, the chief of all, "In the Grampians."

But what of the mighty St. Lawrence? Ah, that is Gagen's tenderest poignant scene, where the sweet pathos of the river arrests the stern drama of the ocean. Quebec to Chicoutimi is the finest river-trip in Canada; this waterway is history too—the storied shores and floods of the precursors. For thirty

miles the Laurentians climb sheer out to the river breast. Most picturesque villages gem the banks—Tadoussac, the quaintest of the quaint, and full of memories and old gay. From Cape Eternity to Tadoussac the river winds incessantly round great heads of rock streaked and marked grey, tan, and yellow, white, blue and black. One of the loveliest scenes ever painted by man, Gagen has made his own, and, in his "Late Afternoon at Tadoussac," 1910, he has given us an ideal canvas, bedight with all the colors of the rainbow. Away across the stream stand up the mystic blue Laurentian Mountains, fringed by stupendous indigo-purple precipices, sheer sixteen hundred feet or more—crowned with emerald-green and grey-yellow pastures, and fringed with russet pines; the turquoise-tinted stream—streaked with carmine; rocks in the foreground—glacier-streaked and lichen-painted—rising out of red gold aqueous sand—where once the river ran—"desert" they call it; the glorious sunshine illuminating everything; and above all the cobalt cerulean span of sky—the sky of Canada! It is a bit of Fairyland seen through the thinnest veil of Nature's spinning—the shimmer of the western sun. This is the superlative degree of Gagen's pigment comparison—the comparison of the panorama of the St. Lawrence. His suite of river studies are jewels like the enamelled leaves of autumn, which he regards with fond affection.

Gagen's love of flowers has been a pleasant feature in his life's history, for he is a skillful botanist and gardener. In person he is of medium stature, but of sturdy build, a well-preserved man, with hair but slightly touched with grey. His dark eye has a keen thrust which betokens humor—few men more enjoy a joke—his laughter is hearty and good-natured. Strange, perhaps, to say, he loves to go alone when he paints from the face of Nature. Companionship would distract his attention which he rivets upon his outlook. He looks, and looks again, at rock and sea and sky until he has quite taken in all their

expressions, and captured the aliveness and mystery of them all.

In Gagen's studio are many excellent studies in water colors of sea and land, made under every possible condition of light and shade upon the spot. They are fully rendered, so far as colors and values are concerned, together with the suggestions of wave-curl, surf-flight and shadow-flicker. From these—and this is his method—he rapidly makes copies in oils, to which he imparts the atmospheric effects he has registered in the open. In less serious mood he shows you a sketch of a lone stone-pine, rooted precariously upon a wind-swept rock by the wild sea's splash. It bears a title of femininity, and has been many a painter's sweetheart. Bereft of almost all her clothing and weirdly distorted, she wears upon her head a huge green umbrella hat—and there she dances to and fro in the frolics of the elements—"The Merry Widow" of Creihaven.

Always keenly interested in the doings of the R.C.A. and O.S.A. none of their exhibitions have been without his pictures. For more than fifteen years he has been the secretary of the O.S.A. and due in a great measure to his enterprise has been the success of the society. In 1903 Gagen was appointed one of the Canadian Fine Arts Commissioners to the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago. He acted in the same capacity at the Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904, and at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901, where he was awarded honorable mention. As a member of the Board of the Central Ontario School of Art and Design, Gagen has given of his best to foster the art education of the province. He has lately been appointed a member of the council of the new Ontario College of Art. His efforts in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition are widely known and appreciated.

The portrait in this article has been taken specially—it shows the worthy secretary hard at work in his studio, 28 College Street, painting his picture "Rollers"—in this season's Royal Academy at Ottawa.

A Bird of Bagdad

There is always a sharp turn in the O. Henry story. The action moves along faultlessly, the interest of the reader is carried to the highest pitch, the climax is reached—then the unexpected happens. It was a characteristic trait of genius with Sydney Porter, and it least a wealth of wit and interest to his work. In "A Bird of Bagdad" the pivotal point turns on a conundrum and its solution.

By O. Henry

WITHOUT DOUBT much of the spirit and genius of the Caliph Harun Al Rashid descended to the Margrave August Michael von Paulsen Quigg.

Quigg's restaurant is in Fourth Avenue—that street that the city seems to have forgotten in its growth. Fourth Avenue—born and bred in the Bowery—staggers north full of good resolutions.

Where it crosses Fourteenth Street it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theatres. It may yet become a fit mate for its high-born sister boulevard to the west, or its roaring, polyglot, broad-waisted cousin to the east. It paces Union Square; and here the hoofs of the dry horses seem to thunder in unison, recalling the tread of marching hosts—Hoory! But now come the silent and terrible mountains—buildings square as forts, high as the clouds, shutting out the sky, where thousands of slaves bend over desks all day. On the ground floors are only little fruit shops and laundries and book shops, where you see copies of "Lippell's Living Age" and G. W. M. Reynolds' novels in the windows. And next—poor Fourth Avenue!—the street glides into a mediæval solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to "Antiques."

Let us say it is night. Men in rusty armor stand in the windows and menace the hurrying cars with raised, rusty iron gauntlets. Hauberks and helms, blunder-busses, Cromwellian breast-

plates, matchlocks, crosses, and the swords and daggers of an army of dead-and-gone gallants gleam dully in the ghosly light. Here and there from a corner saloon (it with Jack-o'-lanterns or phosphorus), stagger forth shuddering, home-bound citizens, nerved by the tankards within to their fateful journey adown that eldritch avenue lined with the blood-stained weapons of the fighting dead. What street could live inclosed by these mortuary relics, and trod by these spectral citizens in whose stunk hearts scarce one good whoop or tra-la-la remained?

Not Fourth Avenue. Not after the tinsel but enlivening glories of the Little Radio—not after the echoing drum-beats of Union Square. There need be no tears, ladies and gentlemen; 'tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth Avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth and is never seen again.

Near the ad scene of the thoroughfare's dissolution stood the modest restaurant of Quigg. It stands there yet if you care to view its crumbling red-brick front, its show window beaped with oranges, tomatoes, layer cakes, pies, canned asparagus—its papier mache lobster and two Maltese kittens asleep on a bunch of lettuce—if you care to sit at one of the little tables upon whose cloth has been traced in the yellowest of coffee stain—the trail of the Japanese advance—to sit there with one eye on your umbrella and the other upon the hogus bottle from which you drop the

counterfeit guice foisted upon us by the cursed charlatan who assumes to be our dear old lord and friend, the "Nobleman in India."

Quigg's title came through his mother. One of her ancestors was a Margrave of Saxony. His father was a Tammany brave. On account of the dilution of his heredity he found that he could neither become a reigning potentate nor get a job in the City Hall. So he opened a restaurant. He was a man full of thought and reading. The business gave him a living, though he gave it little attention. One side of his house bequeathed to him a poetic and romantic nature. The other gave him the restless spirit that made him seek adventure. By day he was Quigg, the restaurateur. By night he was the Margrave—the Caliph—the Prince of Bohemia—going about the city in search of the odd, the mysterious, the inexplicable, the recondite.

One night at 9, at which hour the restaurant closed, Quigg set forth upon his quest. There was a mingling of the foreign, the military and the artistic in his appearance as he buttoned his coat high up under his short-trimmed brown and gray beard and turned westward toward the more central life conduits of the city. In his pocket he had stored an assortment of cards, written upon, without which he never stirred out of doors. Each of these cards was good at his own restaurant for its face value. Some called simply for a bowl of soup or sandwiches and coffee; others entitled their bearer to one, two, three or more days of full meals; a few were for single regular meals; a very few were, in effect, meal tickets good for a week.

Of riches and power Margrave Quigg had none; but he had a Caliph's heart—it may be forgiven him if his head felt short of the measure of Harun Al Rashid's. Perhaps some of the gold pieces in Baghdad had put less warmth and hope into the complainers among the hussars than had Quigg's beef stew among the fishermen and one-eyed caddlers of Manhattan.

Continuing his progress in search of

romance to divert him, or of distress that he might aid, Quigg became aware of a fast-gathering crowd that whooped and fought and eddied at a corner of Broadway and the cross-town street that he was traversing. Hurrying to the spot he beheld a young man of an exceedingly melancholy and preoccupied demeanor engaged in the pastime of casting silver money from his pockets to the middle of the street. With each motion of the generous one's hand the crowd huddled upon the falling largesse with yells of joy. Traffic was suspended. A policeman in the centre of the mob stooped often to the ground as he urged the blockaders to move on.

The Margrave saw at a glance that here was food for his hunger after knowledge concerning abnormal workings of the human heart. He made his way swiftly to the young man's side and took his arm. "Come with me at once," he said, in the low but commanding voice that his waiters had learned to fear.

"Pinched," remarked the young man, looking up at him with expressionless eyes. "Pinched by a painless dentist. Take me away, flatty, and give me gas. Some lay eggs and some lay none. When is a hen?"

Still deeply seized by some inward grief, but tractable, he allowed Quigg to lead him away and down the street to a little park.

"I was doing the Monte Cristo act as adapted by Pompton, N.J., wasn't I?" asked the young man.

"You were throwing small coins into the street for the people to scramble after," said the Margrave.

"That's it. You buy all the beer you can hold, and then you throw chicken feed to—Oh, curse that word chicken, and hens, feathers, roosters, eggs, and everything connected with it!"

"Young sir," said the Margrave kindly, but with dignity, "though I do not ask your confidence, I invite it. I know the world and I know humanity. Man is my study, though I do not eye him as the scientist eyes a beetle or as the philanthropist gazes at the objects of

his bounty—through a veil of theory and ignorance. It is my pleasure and distraction to interest myself in the peculiar and complicated misfortunes that life in a great city visits upon my fellow-men. You may be familiar with the history of that glorious and immortal ruler, the Caliph Harun Al Rashid, whose wise and beneficent excursions among his people in the city of Baghdad secured him the privilege of relieving so much of their distress. In my humble way I walk in his footsteps. I seek for romance and adventure in city streets—not in ruined castles or in crumbling palaces. To me the greatest marvels of magic are those that take place in men's hearts when seized upon by the furious and diverse forces of a crowded population. In your strange behavior this evening I fancy a story lurks. I read in your act something deeper than the wanton wastefulness of a spendthrift. I observe in your countenance the certain traces of consuming grief or despair. I repeat—I invite your confidence. I am not without some power to alleviate and advise. Will you not trust me?"

"Gee, how you talk," exclaimed the young man, a gleam of admiration supplanting for a moment the dull sadness of his eyes. "You've got the Astor Library skinned to a synopsis of preceding chapters. I mind that old Turk you speak of. I read 'The Arabian Nights' when I was a kid. He was a kind of Bill Dervery and Charlie Schwab rolled into one. But say, you might wave enchanted dishes and make copper bottles smoke up coon giants all night without ever touching me. My case won't yield to that kind of treatment."

"If I could hear your story," said the Margrave, with his lofty, serious smile. "I'll split it in about nine words." "That I don't think you can help me any. Unless—your's a peach at guessing it's back to the Bosphorus for you on your magic finoleum."

"I work in Hildebrandt's saddle and harness shop down in Grand Street. I've worked there five years. I get \$18 a week. That's enough to marry on.

ain't it? Well, I'm not going to get married. Old Hildebrandt is one of those funny Dutchmen—you know the kind—always getting off bum jokes. He's got about a million riddles and things that he faked from Rogers Brothers' great-grandfather. Bill Watson works there, too. Me and Bill have to stand for them chestnuts day after day. Why do we do it? Well, jobs ain't to be picked off every Anheuser bush—And then there's Laura.

"What? The old man's daughter. Comes in the shop every day. About nineteen, and the picture of the blonde that sit on the palisades of the Rhine and charms the clam-diggers into the surf. Hair the color of Straw matting, and eyes as black and shiny as the best harness blacking—think of that!"

"Me? Well, it's either me or Bill Watson. She treats us both equal. Bill is all to the psychopathic odd her; and me?—well, you saw me plating the road-bed of the Great Maroon Way with silver to-night. That was on account of Laura. I was spifficated, Your Highness, and I wot not of what I wouldst.

"How? Why, old Hildebrandt says to me and Bill this afternoon, 'Boys, one riddle have I for you gabshat haben. A young man who cannot riddle answeren, he is not so good by business for sin family to provide—is not that—heim?' And he hands us a riddle—a conundrum, some calls it—and he chuckles interiorly and gives both of us till to-morrow morning to work out the answer to it. And he says whichever of us guesses the repartee end of it goes to his house o' Wednesday night to his daughter's birthday party. And it means Laura for whichever of us goes, for she's naturally aching for a husband, and it's either me or Bill Watson, for old Hildebrandt likes us both, and wants her to marry somebody that'll carry on the business after he's stiched his last pair of trousers.

"The riddle? Why, it was this: 'What kind of a hen lays the longest?' Think of that! What kind of a hen lays the longest? Ain't it like a Dutchman to risk a man's happiness on a fool proposition like that? Now, what's the use?

What I don't know about hens would fill several incubators. You say you're giving imitations of the old Arab guy that gave away—libraries in Baghdad. Well, now, can you whistle up a fairy that'll solve this hen query, or not?"

"I must confess, sir, that during the eight years that I have spent in search of adventure and in relieving distress I have never encountered a more interesting or a more perplexing case. I fear that I have overlooked hens in my researches and observations. As to their habits, their times and manner of laying, their many varieties and cross-breeds, their span of life, their—"

"Oh, don't make an Ibsen drama of it!" interrupted the young man, flippantly. "Riddles—especially old Hildebrand's riddles—don't have to be worked out seriously. They are light themes such as Sam Ford and Harry Thurston Peck like to handle. But, somehow, I can't strike just the answer. Bill Watson may, and he may not. Tomorrow will tell. Well, Your Majesty, I'm glad anyhow that you butted in and whiled the time away. I guess Mr. Al Rashid himself would have bounced back if one of his constituents had conducted him up against this riddle. I'll say good night. Peace to yours, and what-you-may-call-it of Allah."

"I cannot express my regret," he said, sadly. "Never before have I found myself unable to assist in some way. 'What kind of a hen lays the longest?' It is a baffling problem. There is a hen, I believe, called the Plymouth Rock that—"

"Cut it out," said the young man. "The Caliph trade is a mighty serious one. I don't suppose you'd even see anything funny in a preacher's defence of John D. Rockefeller. Well, good night, Your Nibs."

From habit the Margrave began to fumble in his pockets. He drew forth a card and handed it to the young man.

"Do me the favor to accept this, anyhow," he said. "The time may come when it might be of use to you."

"Thanks!" said the young man, pocketing it carelessly. "My name is Simmons."

Shame to him who would hint that the reader's interest shall altogether pursue the Margrave August Michael von Paulsen Quigg. I am indeed astray if my hand fail in keeping the way where my pursuer's heart would follow. Then let us, on the morrow, peep quickly in at the door of Hildebrand, harness maker.

Hildebrand's 200 pounds reposed on a bench, silver-backing a raw leather martingale.

Bill Watson came in first.

"Well," said Hildebrand, shaking all over with the vile conceit of the joke-maker, "haf you guessed him? 'Vat kind of a hen lays der longest?'"

"Er—why. I think so," said Bill, rubbing a servile chin. "I think so, Mr. Hildebrand—the one that lives the longest—Is that right?"

"Noin!" said Hildebrand, shaking his head violently. "You haf not guessed der answer."

Bill passed on and donned a bed-tick apron and bachelorhood.

In came the young man of the Arabian Night's fiasco—pale, melancholy, hopeless.

"Well," said Hildebrand, "haf you guessed him? 'Vat kind of a hen lays der longest?'"

Simmons regarded him with dull savagery in his eye. Should he curse this mountain of pernicious humor—curse him and die? Why should—But there was Laura.

Dogged, speechless, he thrust his hands into his coat pockets and stood. His hand encountered the strange touch of the Margrave's card. He drew it out and looked at it, as men about in the hanged look at a crawling fly. There was written on it in Quigg's bold, round hand: "Good for one roast chicken to bearer."

Simmons looked up with a flashing eye.

"A dead one!" said he.

"Goot!" roared Hildebrand, rocking the table with giant glee. "Dot is right! You come at mine house at 8 o'clock to der party."

The New Inspector-General

The appointment of Brigadier-General W. H. Cotton to be Inspector-General of the Canadian forces brings well deserved promotion to a veteran officer, who has served in the Militia since 1865. Born in Montreal in 1848, he received his first-class certificate in the Royal Military School, Quebec, and was immediately gazetted lieutenant in the Quebec Garrison Artillery. Since then he has served as lieutenant in the Ottawa Garrison Artillery, and as captain in "A" Battery. He passed through various stages of promotion and held important posts in the permanent force, being in turn, D.O.C. of Military Districts Nos. 3 and 4. In 1897 he became Adjutant-General for artillery at headquarters, and thereafter successively, officer commanding Western Ontario and officer commanding the second division. The fact that he was once one of Canada's crack rifle shots is recalled by the following timely reminiscences by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

By Colonel Sir John Gibson, K.C.M.G.

MY recollection of General Cotton dates back to 1871, when he became a member of the Ontario team sent over to Wimbledon. That was before the time that any Dominion team had been organized to compete in these matches. The team was got up by the late Colonel Skinner, of Hamilton, who raised a fund to defray the expenses of twenty men and the members of the team were selected at a competition held in Hamilton.

On this old team there were some of the best shots that have ever been sent out of the country. Three men in particular, General Cotton, the late Oran-hytheke, the Indian, and Lieut. Little, of the 13th Regiment, an old Grand Trunk officer, were excellent shoulder shots. As this was the way the two hundred yard range had to be shot at Wimbledon, they did extremely well. General Cotton stood high in the 1871 matches, especially in shoulder shooting, which was a grand test of steadiness and muscle, as well as good eyesight and judgment.

In 1875 he went as adjutant of the Dominion Wimbledon team, of which I was one of the members. That year in the Kolapore Cup match, the British team failed to show up at the appointed hour in the forenoon. The Canadian team fired through the match and were awarded the cup, but mainly at the instance of General Cotton, they refused to accept an honor won in this way and



GENERAL W. H. COTTON.

insisted on shooting the match over again. This was done in the afternoon. Fortunately, after a keen contest, Canada won the cup in the afternoon by downright good shooting, and

distance than 600 yards, match rifles such as the Metford, the Rigby, the Whitworth and afterwards the Remington, were used at the 800, 900 and 1,000 yard ranges. When in 1876, on



General W. H. Cotton, Inspector-General of the Canadian Forces.

General Cotton and the other members of the '75 team have ever since boasted that they won the Kolapore Cup twice in one year.

In the old days, when the regular military rifle was no use at a greater

the occasion of the United States Centennial Celebration, an international rifle match took place at Creedmore, L.I., a team was sent from Canada, in which after a preliminary competition, General Cotton, then Colonel Cotton,

was selected as one of the eight members. The other members were Captain Mason, Disher of St. Catharines, Muri-son, Captain Adam, A. Bell, W. Craig, Joseph Mason and myself. The match was shot at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards,

they had contended that a British team should represent England, Scotland and Ireland, and not teams for each of the three.

At the end of the first day's shooting, Scotland led, but on the second day the



Col. Sir John Gibbes, on the left, and General Cotton, on the right, as the central figures in a church parade.

the teams going over the ranges on two successive days, the aggregate determining the result. The competing teams represented Scotland, Ireland, Australia, the United States and Canada. England was not represented, because

Americans overtook the lead and won the contest. As has been usual in international contests, the Americans for months beforehand had selected and re-selected their best men and given them many weeks of systematic practice.

Moreover, they had the advantage of being familiar with the ranges on which the match was shot.

As one result of this contest, and largely through the efforts of General Cotton, the Canadian militia, who had been armed with the Snider rifle, were equipped soon after with the Martini-Henry, a pretty accurate rifle, which could be used for longer ranges, but it never was a very popular rifle or at all

to be compared with the Lee-Enfield or Ross Rifles.

Of General Cotton I can say that he stands high in the public estimation. He is a man of good sense, tact and ability. Everyone who knows him likes and respects him. Of fine character and straight as they make them, he possesses good soldierly instincts. Militiamen generally in Canada view his promotion to the supreme command of the force with a great deal of pleasure.

The Future of the Skyscraper

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago an English poet, James Thomson, wrote a poem which he called "The City of Dreadful Night." It attracted much attention. Long afterwards a bright newspaperman, with Thomson's poem in mind, dubbed New York the "City of Dreadful Height."

It's a good title for a place where architecture is more latitudinal than longitudinal. It fits a city where a giant might walk from roof to roof 300 feet above the earth's surface and not stretch his legs very much farther apart than a six footer does now in striding on Mother Earth's bosom.

Now comes Cass Gilbert, designer of the 750 foot Woolworth building, loftiest of inhabited structures, and tells us that the end is not in sight, that before the present generation sees the limit of height reached it will have to learn to stretch its dorsal vertebrae as well as its cervical bones.

"There isn't any last word in skyscrapers," says Mr. Gilbert. "The only question is one of economic success. Provided with sufficient base there is no reason why a hundred storey building should not be erected, as far as safety is concerned. But the question is whether it would be a paying investment. It is a matter of economic limit in which the elevator service plays an important part. In order to provide elevator service we estimate that one elevator can serve about 18,000 square feet of floor area. By computing the area of the floor space we arrive at the number

of elevators required. This has proved a reasonably good service. Consequently the higher the building the greater the space taken up by the elevators, and hence, from an economic standpoint, the height of buildings must be limited, owing to the excessive amount of rentable space used by the lifts."

In connection with skyscrapers it is interesting to note that one may stand at a certain point in lower Manhattan, New York city, near the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge, and see no fewer than six high buildings, each in its time the "last word" in skyscrapers. Possibly one of the most interesting sights in the metropolis is the contrast afforded by the Woolworth building and the Park Row building. In its time, a decade or so ago, the Park Row building was one of the wonders of the universe. With its twin towers, rearing themselves aloft to the height of 382 feet above the sidewalk, it would be impressive and dignified standing by itself on a plain or in the midst of lower edifices. But near by rises—serene, majestic, beautiful—the elongated bulk of the Woolworth building, almost twice as high. In your mind's eye place beside the latter structure another 250 feet higher—1,000 feet of perpendicular building. Will the denizens of the top floor have to keep near him a tank of oxygen to revive him if overcome by the rarified atmosphere, or will doctors send their ciling patients to inhale mountain air on the top of a skyscraper?

The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of MacLean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Book-seller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popping book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain an up-to-date education in current literature.

By The Editors

CANADIAN BEST SELLERS.

1. The Net, by Rex Beach; 2. Their Yesterdays, by Harold Bell Wright; 3. Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, by Stephen Leacock; 4. The Hollow of Her Hand, by George Barr McCutcheon; 5. The Master of the Oaks, by Caroline Abbot Stanley; 6. Between Two Thieves, by Richard Dehan.

AMERICAN BEST SELLERS.

1. Their Yesterdays; 2. The Arm Chair at the Inn; 3. The Street Called Straight; 4. Where There's a Will; 5. The Harvester; 6. The Melting of Molly.

TO suddenly leap into literary prominence while carrying a value full of fire brick about Chicago—such was the fame and fortune of Rex Beach, author of "best sellers."

That was eight years ago, after he had been buffeted about—promoting, prospecting, speculating—in various parts of the States and Alaska. He was "sometimes poor and then again broke," he tells us in one of his personal sketches, and "struck Chicago to spar for wind," for he was always a fighting man and understood the fine points of the game.

But why not let Beach himself tell the story of his spectacular rise. "I was game for any financial enterprise,"

he writes, "from pitch and toss to manslaughter. No matter how evil my fortunes I knew they were certain to get worse. So I was quite willing to take a chance on the brick industry, although I knew nothing about fire brick. About the time I got so that I could tell a brick from a nosegay of pink nasturtiums, I took on an interest in a contracting business. We built furnaces, erected chimneys, and installed power plants. I knew less about this than I did about fire brick, but being a director of the several companies nobody dared to tell me so. I was doing very well, thank you, when a friend of mine put me wise to a perfect mint of money that was going to waste in the author business. He proudly displayed to me samples of his own handiwork as a fiction writer. These samples were printed in a harvester company's trade journal.

"Do they pay money for that stuff?" I asked in alarm.

"They do," said the proud friend. "I got \$10 apiece for each story."

"It looked easy and appealed to me strangely, for an author doesn't have to carry anything, not even a suitcase full of book samples. Why should I sell fire brick for a living after that? I asked myself. So I sat down, and man-handled a piece about Alaska. I sent it to one of the big New York magazines, thinking to start it at the top

and let it work down to the Poultryman's Review by the natural law of gravitation. But the big magazine took it; and the big magazine editor came out to Chicago to see me. He introduced me to a lot of nice-looking literary people who, it seems, aid him in his nefarious job of publishing a magazine every 30 days. 'This is Beach,' he said to them. I carefully lapped one foot over the other and looked bashful. 'Beach Beach!' they echoed. They knew me. The evil was done.

"I went back to the office and threw bricks around the room until there wasn't a sample left. I became an author. I went to Chicago, rented a blank office in the Fine Arts building (I chose the name purposely), locked myself in, and wrote 'The Looting of Alaska'—20,000 words. Just like that. Then I started 'The Spoilers,' also a nice batch of short stories.

"My appearance in New York with all this material; my plunge into the 'literary world,' there—ah, it is like a dream, a bewildering dream. I sold the stuff right and left. I pulled in \$5,000 to start with. Then I went out with a club after anybody that had money—editors, theatrical managers, everybody. My slogan was 'How dare you have money? Gamme that!'—with a brusque, ungently gesture—and I got it.

Well, he has simply been gathering in the money ever since, and his latest work, 'The Net,' which has also taken its place among the "best sellers," promises to eclipse previous records in point of sales.

"The Net," treats of a man's long conflict with the Mafia, and terminates in the uprising of a law-shiding people against lawlessness. At times its reading may bore one, for in parts it is heavy and in yet other parts it is somewhat too flippantly light, but it contains also some fine passages, and it is worth while to skip the feebler parts to enjoy the cream of the work.

Norvin Blake, the central figure, meets in Paris, a Sicilian nobleman of about his own age—Martel Savigno. Norvin goes, eventually, to Sicily to witness his friend's marriage, and

through the American traveler's eyes the reader gets a vivid impression of the little-known island, its picturesque scenes and quaint native types. All this, however, is secondary to the interest which centres round Martel's determination to prove his independence of the Mafia. Despite threatening messages, the headstrong young Count resolves to celebrate his wedding with memorable festivities. Vain efforts are made, with the help of the Italian soldiery, to capture the senders of threatening letters signed uniformly "Belisario Cardi"—a name behind which is concealed a mysterious personality almost superstitiously feared by the peasants. Meanwhile, Blake, in spite of every restraint of conscience and loyalty, has fallen hopelessly in love with Martel's bride to be—Margherita Giniati, Countess of Terranova, a magnificent golden-haired, radiant girl of ardent temperament, and obviously of the Saracene strain. On the evening of the *festa* preceding the day of the wedding, Blake, Martel, and the Count's confidential overseer are waylaid by a band of armed men; Norvin succumbs to a sickening, overwhelming fear; Martel and his overseer are killed, and the American hears the voice of Belisario Cardi bidding him go free. Crushed under the shame of his cowardice, Norvin remains in Sicily as long as circumstances will permit, hoping to comfort and advise the Countess, who has sworn to hunt down the murderers of her lover. At last his mother's illness calls him back to America, and when, ten months later, he returns to Sicily, he can find no trace of the Countess Margherita.

After a lapse of three years the scene shifts to New Orleans, and for a space one loses the sense of the mysterious, brooding fatfulness which Mr. Beach works so well into his handling of Sicilian crime, and the thing becomes rather a sordid affair of American back streets, where flippant detectives run down their quarry, jesting grimly the while. Norvin Blake has become president of the Cotton Exchange, a man of note and authority. Since his final departure from Sicily he has deliberately put himself through a "course in cour-

age." Nevertheless, his nerves still quiver at the mere thought of danger, and his constitutional physical cowardice seems beyond remedy. Here in New Orleans we meet a number of people such as we rarely meet in books, and are glad to greet either in books or in life; Bernie Drex, the fastidious elderly beau of aristocratic descent, and Myra Nell Warren, his half-sister—piquant,

plays altogether hardly so important a part as she merits. It is a hard story to write a detective tale and a love story with the same pen, and it is hardly to Mr. Beach's discredit that he has not quite succeeded. If one remembers rightly, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was careful not to allow Holmes to yield in the tender passion. The closing passages of the story lead through a series of scenes, portraying vigorous action, in



REX BEACH
Author of 'The Net'

girlish, extravagant, and warm-hearted—in these two there is much to call forth laughter and affection. And their relation to the plot is close, for, among other things, Myra Nell is half in love with Norvin. A chain of exciting events brings the Countess Margherita and Belisario Cardi back into the story and the "golden girl" gratifies our expectations by marrying the hero, although it must be admitted that she

only Beach can portray it, to the crisis—the mobbing of the prison and a lynching scene which, whether one likes its details or not, is certainly one of the most powerful pieces of writing that have been vouchsafed to us for some time.

On the whole, however, "The Net," is a story that is calculated to absorb one's attention, and there is no regret mingled with the subjection to the spell,

Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, reliable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

Science as a Help to Wealth

Edison, Bell, Marconi and others have become millionaires through inventive genius—All inventors are not impractical

ONE of the familiar and pathetic pictures of human-interest narrative is that of the impractical inventor who sells his mechanical brightlight for a song, or who sacrifices his years and his substance upon the ungrateful altar of scientific research. Unhappily enough, this touching spectacle has been seen in many actual cases, and it has helped to create a wide-spread impression that genius needs a guardian or a business manager.

Thus writes Isaac Marousian in *Munsey's*. Most successful inventors, he holds, on the other hand, have a fairly keen sense of commercial value. It has simply been a part of their larger equipment. They have generally, however, been too lazy to combat the theory that because a man happens to be gifted with the genius of creation he must of necessity forgo all pretense to practicality. That the creative and commercial faculties go hand in hand the writer shows by reference to examples.

Thomas A. Edison, for instance, is one. Perhaps no American name is better known all over the world. The average citizen who sees his incandescent light, hears his phonograph, sees his moving pictures, rides on his electric cars, or is affected in some way by the extraordinary activities which have emanated from his marvelous brain, concludes that Mr. Edison's revenues must be nothing short of fabulous. As a matter of fact, while he is a rich man, he is not the multi-millionaire that he might have been had he been a mere money-maker. He has made money in spite of himself, and by the

aid of the brilliant and watchful coteries known as "the staff."

Edison did not begin by being a practical man. That was shown when he got his first stake, a check for forty thousand dollars paid him by General Lefferts for his stock-ticker. He had never received a check before, and when he showed it through the teller's window at the bank it was headed back to him.

In dismay he rushed back to General Lefferts, and said he was afraid the check was no good. The general discovered that Edison had failed to indorse it. Of course, the paying-teller might have told him this, but it seems he realized that he was dealing with a green hand, and wanted to have some fun with him.

When Edison went into business for himself, he had an amusing experience. He kept no books. He had two books in the shop. On one he jotted all bills and accounts that he owed; on the other he kept his memoranda of items owing to him. When bills came due, he gave notes. When these in turn matured, he hustled around and got cash advances on orders.

One day he hired a bookkeeper, who reported that the shop was three thousand dollars ahead of the game. Edison was so much delighted that he gave a supper to some men to celebrate the event. But two days later, going over the accounts again, he found out that instead of being in the debt, he was really five hundred dollars in debt.

Yet out of such absurdly amusing episodes grew the colossal business which

bears the name of the wizard, and which represents, in all its world-wide branches and ramified activities, an investment of nearly seven billions of dollars and a gross annual income of more than one billion dollars.

Mr. Edison has not directed any of these enterprises financially. He has always been content to be free to pursue his investigations. He has said, too, that he never made a cent out of his patents in electric light and power—two branches, by the way, in which others have made many millions. But he has had the gift of picking the right men to handle his affairs; and this, according to the richest of all steelmasters, represents the instinct indispensable to successful business.

Nor must you get the impression that Edison is lacking in practical sense. His ability in this direction is best summed up by one of his closest associates:

"Mr. Edison's commercial strength manifests itself in the outlining of matters relating to organization and broad policy with a sagacity arising from a shrewd perception and from an appreciation of general business requirements and conditions; to which should be added his intensely comprehensive grasp of manufacturing possibilities and details, and an unceasing vigilance in devising means of improving the quality of products and increasing the economy of their manufacture."

Thus he is possessed of those qualities on which the whole great science of modern business is reared, for we have come to the era of standardization and organization. These, combined with economy of output, are the things that make the formula of manufacturing success.

The son of Alexander Graham Bell is akin to that of Mr. Edison. He is generally regarded as a wealthier man than the wizard of Glenview Park. This is possibly due to the fact that he has concentrated upon one great invention of universal service, which he has practically controlled.

In business matters, Professor Bell has been shrewder than Edison. At the age of twenty-nine, when he received that famous patent No. 274665, the most valuable single patent ever issued in any country, he followed the example of Sir Henry Bessemer by rope-sawing it with every possible buttress. This is why it stood such a terrible broadside of attacks, and proved invulnerable even to the assault of the powerful Western Union Telegraph Company.

Like Professor Agassiz, the inventor of the telephone kept his fortune in his family, and it was done in a very tender and sentimental way. While he was wrestling with those inarticulate sounds which were soon to burst forth as the voice of the telephone, he was wooing the beautiful Mabel Hubbard, daughter of Gardner Hubbard, his first and devoted patron. On the day of their marriage, he presented his bride with his share of the original Bell stock—a princely dowry that has reaped a harvest of millions.

While not kind to the practicalities of life, Professor Bell has always been frank enough to admit that the integrity of the Bell fortune has been largely conserved by the loyalty of his associates. That masterful group of men included Hubbard, who introduced the telephone; Thomas Sanders, who financed it; James Storrow and Chauncey Smith, who fought its legal battles; and, last, but not least, the brilliant Theodore Veit, who unified it into a vast and world-wide commercial proposition that added fresh distinction to the achievement of American business.

Reference is also made to Marousian who is securely entrenched behind the great corporations that exploit his device. It must be remembered that he never felt the stern pinch of necessity. Had he mounted the tortuous path of the self-made, he might have had a still keener appreciation of the value of pound and dollar.

Getting Ready for War in the Sky

Air-craft has entered war game and nations of the world are preparing to utilize new forces in event of conflict

AIR-CRAFT has entered the old game of war in a manner that makes it as imperative to all phases of modern fighting, as soldiers themselves. Germany, France, England, Italy, and America to-day would

consider their armies absolutely incomplete and unprepared for war if it were not for the up-to-date aviation corps which they are keeping constantly at work. writes John Walters in *Railroadman's Magazine*.

No doubt the news that thrills the world whenever some gallant soldier gives his life while trying to perfect the aeronautic tactics of war may seem to some an unlikely matter, but a soldier is a soldier.

In the United States little attention has been paid to the airship, but the corps operating with aeroplanes is, perhaps, second to none in the world. While aviation has had something of a setback in private circles, owing to the accidents in which nearly every eminent man engaged in the sport was killed, nothing can now retard its progress as an adjunct of the army.

Claude Grahame-White, the British aviator, recently made this statement regarding the hydroplanes: "France and Germany have quickly jumped to the value of those machines for naval warfare. England, too, is making a series of tests to demonstrate this type of machine. The performance of the machine during recent naval reviews will, without doubt, result in its general adoption by the naval authorities."

England is apparently just awakening to the importance of the war aeroplane. In the past she has merely dabbled with the subject, as she has also with the military dirigible; but the vast progress made by Germany and other European nations in aerial affairs seems to have punctured her lethargy to an appreciable extent.

A program has now been designed which will eventually give Great Britain approximately 400 military and naval airmen. By the end of the year she will possess, say, sixty properly trained units, which is a very poor showing in comparison with the many hundreds that are already available in France and Germany.

Nevertheless, England is well off for licensed aviators who have passed a rigid examination conducted by trained experts. England has 307, France nearly 700, Germany 124, Russia 69, Italy 73. These men and all civilians who, in case of a national crisis, can be called upon to man war aeroplanes and air-ships.

Last year an aerial league was started in Great Britain the end of which is to develop both men and machines. The hydroplane plays an important part in the present and future of Great Britain.

In the army estimates for this year, Great Britain proposes to expend \$1,500,000 for aerial purposes and to purchase 131 aeroplanes. It has organized a flying corps, including soldiers, sailors, and civilians. The military wing is to consist of seven aeroplane squadrons, each containing twelve

aeroplanes and a suitable number of officers to fly them.

In 1909 France expended \$50,000 for aerial purposes; in 1910, \$446,000; in 1911, \$1,024,000. She proposes to spend, during the present year, \$2,400,000 for aeroplanes and \$1,000,000 for dirigibles, which means that by the spring of 1913 she will have twenty-seven aerial squadrons of eight aeroplanes each, with a total of 216 aeroplanes and 344 trained officers.

In 1915 France will have 900 machines and 1,500 trained pilots. France is aviation mad. The people, rich and poor, young and old, of all beliefs and factions, are willing to give France a huge aerial fleet and make it supreme in aerial armament. The public subscriptions to this end reach many millions of francs, and the plans include the equipping of the army with no less than 2,000 aeroplanes for its twenty corps. At present, each corps has a section of artillery, cavalry, and infantry. In the future, it will, in addition, have its own complement of aeroplanes. This means that the entire army will have to be reorganized, but the French are grimly in earnest about the matter.

An additional plan which is being considered by the authorities includes the establishment of aerial patrols of aeroplanes and dirigibles at the frontiers.

The attitude of the French is due to the act of Prince Henry of Prussia, who proposed the construction of a fleet of aeroplanes that should carry loads of 100 pounds over and above the pilot and fuel, and also to the Kaiser offering a prize of 50,000 marks for the best aeroplane motor of German material and design. A second prize of 30,000 marks is offered by the imperial chancellor; a third prize of 20,000 marks by the minister of war, and a fourth prize by the minister of marine.

As a further evidence of the earnestness of the Germans, a proclamation has been posted in banks and business houses throughout the empire announcing that subscriptions are being taken for a national aeroplane fund.

Early last spring fifty aeroplanes of the German type were ordered by the government. The foregoing fact, taken into consideration with the advance in the art of manufacturing and navigating dirigibles that has been manifested in Germany, caused a sudden shock of alarm in France. M. Millerand, the new French minister of war, has demanded an appropriation of 23,000,000 francs for military aviation.

Germany's supremacy in the matter of dirigibles is well recognized. She owes this to the efforts of Count von Zeppelin and Major August von Parseval. Germany is not much given to modern publicity, and, consequently, the outside world knows little of the progress that has been made within its borders.

There are three military aviation schools in Russia, the most important being at Sebastopol. The number of students enrolled who are qualifying for a pilot's certificate is 302, including 102 commissioned officers and 200 non-commissioned and petty officers and privates. The club school has fifty-five aeroplanes of home and foreign construction. Long flights are a daily occurrence when the weather permits, and

the naval aviators are credited with thirty-mile flights over the sea.

So far, only Italy has had an opportunity of testing aviation in actual warfare, and that the experiment was more or less of a success is shown by the fact that the government has ordered more dirigibles to be built. Italy now divides its military airships into three classes: first, or piccolo type, having a capacity of 5,000 cubic meters; the second, or N class, having 11,000 cubic meters; while the third, or G class, has a capacity of 40,000 cubic meters.

It is to be noted that the larger of the new dirigibles are to be equipped with two quick-firing guns and two torpedo-tubes for dropping bombs on the enemy.

Making a Million in Stock Gambling

Thomas W. Lawson relates some of his most thrilling experiences with the ticker in beating the stock market

THOMAS W. LAWSON, writing in *Everybody's*, declares the people of the United States, whether they play stocks or not, certainly pay. They are paying, he calculates, over 2,000 millions of dollars a year—Stock Exchange Gambling Tolls—in the increased price of necessities.

Lawson knows the game pretty well himself. In the course of his December article he gives a vivid description of some of his own operations, telling how he cleared up a cool million in a half hour. He writes:

"The ticker in my private office in 'Yonkers' may go on for hours with a monotony that never interrupts my writing. 'The Kennedy,' or my connections to my honey-bees and my butterflies, when suddenly it gives a peculiar purr, a tick, tick-tick, tickety-whirring hiss, and I am alongside in my reachings strides.

1. 8:00—50; 1600—38 1/2; 1600—34; 4000—35; 350—1 1/2; 6000—34; 400—1 1/2; 9000—38; 2000—37 1/2; 5000—7 1/2; 2500—15; 2000—2; 5000—37; 2000—57; 1000—37;—57; 1900—57.

Nothing in between; no other transactions; all Steel, and a violent break of two points and a halt and then activity.

I examine the yard or two of tape. I finger it back and forth, dwelling on this amount, lingering over that price. all the

time mentally rushing through all the American events of the past few days, the last few weeks—business affairs, crops, legislation, banking institutions; and then I make a quick jump all over Europe—war situations, diplomatic situations, strikes, throne overturns; and then I seven-league hoot it back to Yankeealand—and all the time the ticker is ticking away Steel at 57. Some one is throwing Steel over in big lots, but some one is buying it in equally big lots.

What does it mean? The man who can guess first will get the biggest slice of the assay money which is being chucked about in big hunks; for, if Steel has dropped in four minutes from 59 to 57 and is going to drop from 57 to 55 in four minutes more, he who can sell 50,000 shares "short" at 57 will be able to "take" it back in another four minutes at 55, "basing" by the operation \$100,000—real dollars.

On the other hand, if it is going to halt at 57 and turn and in the next four minutes jump back to 59, he who buys 50,000 shares at 57 will be able to sell it at 59 and "net" \$100,000—real dollars.

But, if this two-point drop means that the big load of Steel has fallen dead with heart disease, or been killed in his automobile, and this drop of two points is the

selling by some one who has advance information, it means that the man who sells 50,000 Steel at 57 may inside of another half-hour be able to buy it back at 37, and thereby make, in thirty minutes, a whole million dollars of very easy money.

But, then, too, if one's diagnosis of the cause of this two-point drop is wrong, one can as quickly and as easily be parted from as much of one's own real money as one can take from the other fellow by diagnosing it right.

After a few minutes' mad mental gallop through all the fields where lies the information necessary to the proper diagnosis, I have, on eight or ten different wires, eight or ten of the best-informed Stock Exchange members, whose business it is to tell me what they know. But after they have told me all they know, I still have not the solution, for they, too, are guessing.

That string of sales quotations on the tape can have come only from a limited number of sources. My experience, my lifetime of sleeping, eating, drinking, and playing with the ticker, tells me that—and tells me that if something real has happened, the orders must have come from one of a few particular "houses." I know them all, as a good kennelman knows the dams and sires of fifty or sixty mixed-color pups that look alike to the dog amateur who has had no kennel experience.

If it is only manipulation, that is, merely "a deal" involving the stocks obviously must have been "thrown" on to the market by one or another of the very few master manipulators.

So I lay out an elimination test to get at the true diagnosis of that two yards of tape. I take up telephone number one—"Sell 4,000 Steel at the market"—the market is still 57. That order goes to one of the most active brokers on the floor, a man who knows his business.

On telephone number two—"Sell 3,000 Steel at the market." This to a conservative commission house which hates to be eluded by floor manipulators.

Telephone number three—"Buy 5,000 Steel at the market." This to a two-dollar "floor operator" who can get the best prices going with two crooks of his finger.

On telephone number four—"Buy 2,000 Steel at the market"—and so on up and down my list of wires.

Then I finger the tape and watch it perform, and listen to the ticker too for the next minute or so. The figures come stringing out, up, down, down, up. Every

amount, every price, every fraction, every click means something. One by one I eliminate the various possibilities, and in another two or three minutes the ticker's voice sounds very loving to me. I put the tape loudly and say: "You're a dear old lovey-dove to tell me all you know."

Then I pinch it. Every time we drop the tape we pinch—crease—it, at the last-recorded trade, that we may know upon our return where we were when we left off. So far have we brought the science of the game that it might pay to give a \$20,000 or \$30,000 tip to a big manipulator's office-boy for a diagram of the tape "pinches" on a busy day—they might show how this "up" or that "down" drove him to his telephone.

I have the situation: So-and-So, one of my competitors, an old-timer, has just been employed by the "Steel crowd" to rush Steel up for a three months' campaign. So-and-so always starts in—doesn't know any other way to do the business—by "working them down a few points," that he may get a load or two of these orders" before "the deal" strikes its up-swing.

"My trading orders have shown me the situation almost as truly as if I had been at his desk when he was laying out his campaign. It has cost me—for I have sold only the same number of thousands of shares through one set of brokers that I have bought through another—a paltry ten to fifteen thousand dollars in commissions (paltry compared with the profits to come) and I am ready for business."

I order one broker to buy five thousand Steel, another ten, another ten, another five, another three, and so on, until I have, say, 40,000 shares on hand, and they have cost me, say, \$8 on an average. I begin to buy at 57. It is now 59, and going up.

My competitor, in his den in New York, is going through the same operation. He is calling over his various wires to his brokers to find out who, besides himself, is in the market, who is hutting in on his deals; and presently the tape tells him, as it told me, and he mutters, "Dams him." But he has little time for damning any one, for I have got my 40,000 shares, and have diagnosed his operation thus:

The Steel directors have been secretly "loading up" for the past two months with Steel for their own private account, and with three or four or five hundred thousand and low-priced shares on hand, they are now starting a campaign to buy for the treasury of the Steel Trust, with the stock-

holders' money, any amount necessary to lift the price to a desired point, say 59—the point at which these same Steel directors will unload the low-priced stock on to the foot public. This means to me that the Steel directors are going to let out "good news" about increased dividends and other "bull points" which will "send Steel soaring"—news which, after Steel is at the top of its soaringest high place, they will deny ever existed.

And the denial will bring Steel crashing back to its starting-point—59.

My diagnosis is published on the "news sheets;" the public rushes in to buy, as it always does in a bull market, and Steel jumps from 59 to 70; and I have on paper \$800,000 of some one's money, which I proceed to make real money by selling my 40,000 shares, although I might get another \$800,000 by holding on a while longer. It might go up another twenty points.

But experience has shown me that the nights are too long and too uncertain for an outsider to carry 40,000 shares of Steel through to the point where he might get a

full profit—that is, as much profit as an insider—so I take my half and get up on the fence and wait until months afterward, when my old friend the ticker again starts in her spattering.

This time my diagnosis shows that the Steel philanthropists have been unloading for weeks on a fanatically buying public that has been stimulated to believe Steel is going up to 150. They are now selling Steel "short," preparatory to breaking the market with "bad news." I, therefore, sell 40,000 shares of Steel that I don't own, and I complete my deal later—when the world has been flooded with "bad news" to shake out the public, and prices have dropped—by buying Steel at twenty points below my selling price.

It's a sweet, pretty game, isn't it? I ask you—you American people. If I, the outsider, from "reading" the tape can make \$1,000,000, what do you think of the chance of insiders, the ones who "make" the tape, to "make" easy money out of your hard-earned wages and incomes?

New Miracles of Health

The day of positive miracles is near—Loss of hand or foot will not be more than a temporary inconvenience very soon

DID you know that of all the arts and sciences, electrical science alone has kept pace with surgery during the last half-century? Such is the fact, and it should give pause to the critics who accuse the men of the operating-room of being too willing to use the knife—who say that the knife should be a last resort. It shouldn't; it should often be the first step, as it is the only one promising a ray of hope. Time was when Death was one of those at the operating table; now the anesthetic may be taken unafraid, although the knife is to search the very seat of life itself, for if there is any healing possible modern surgery will find it.

So runs the opening paragraph of an article in the *Compendium* on "New Miracles of Health." It was edited by one of the world's leading surgeons and, as might be expected, is an authoritative revelation of some of the modern surgical wonders. As a matter of fact the writer asserts that

"the day of positive miracles is not far off." And he proceeds to give examples of what he means. "The day is almost at hand," the article continues, "when the loss of a hand or a foot, an arm or a leg, by any of the accidents that become more common as society becomes more complex, will not be more than a temporary inconvenience. The effects of accidents and diseases that completely destroy the bones, the skin, muscles and tendons, blood-vessels and nerves, the glands, and even many of the so-called vital organs, are already being offset by surgery. So marvelous, indeed, viewed in the light of the knowledge of yesterday, are the surgical achievements of to-day that no one can put his finger upon any given point and say: 'Here human skill ends. From this point on the knife may not dare to venture.'"

"There are no apparent limits to the possibilities of the surgical transformation of the human body. There is hardly a part of

the body that cannot be used for repair work upon other bodies. Even the lifeless bulk of the dead can and do furnish material with which to strengthen and preserve the bodies of the living.

"The suggestion that such material, available for such use, should not be discarded by burial or destroyed by cremation, but preserved for use in restoring to health and activity those who are still alive, is seriously urged by eminent surgeons, foremost among whom is Dr. Russell Park, LL.D., who is professor of surgery in the University of Buffalo, founder of the New York State Pathological Laboratory, and the author of standard textbooks on surgery. Throughout the profession, any suggestion coming from him is listened to with the greatest respect. His forceful exposition of the possibilities that already lie open to the sufficiently skilled operator in transplantations from the dead to the living opens the widest range of possibilities to the imagination.

"Let a healthy young woman meet accidental and instantaneous death," said Dr. Park, in a recent address on "Thanatology," which has attracted the attention of the medical profession in all parts of the country. "It would be possible to use no inconsiderable portion of her body for grafting or other justifiable surgical procedures.

The arteries and nerves could be used, both in the fresh state, and the former even after preservation, for suitable transplantation or repair work on the vascular and nervous systems of a considerable number of other people. So, also, could the thyroid, the ear, and especially the bones. All the teeth, if healthy, could be reimplanted. With the thin bones, ribs especially, plastic operations—particularly on the noses—of fifty people could be made. And then the exterior of the body could be made to supply any amount of normal integument with which to do heterologous dermatoplastic operations, or would furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of epidermis for Thiersch grafts, which latter material need not be used in the fresh state, but could be preserved and made available some days and even weeks later. A portion of the muscles might possibly be made available, and possibly some other portion of the remains might be utilized for some unusual purpose. Then, what extracts or extractions might be prepared from other parts of the body—pituitary, adrenals, bone-marrow, etc."

This is, after all, not a fantastic dream, nor such an extreme picture as would at first appear, since every organ or tissue so far mentioned and more has been used as indicated, and with success.

Competency or Penury?

Statistics show that at sixty-five only three men out of every hundred own property—Remainder depend on earnings and assistance

IN THE Christmas Number of The Prudential Bulletin the statement is made based on the Mercantile Agency reports, that only three men out of every hundred in the United States and Canada own any property at sixty-five years of age.

"Man's average life is like a hill—the upward journey is usually one of production, and on the other side it is either competency or penury. The upward part of this hill is the profitable period of a man's life. It is a period in which he either makes his money or gets well launched into doing so. It is a period in which his finest powers are developed. Mercantile Agency reports show that at age 45, 83 per cent. of the business men in the country are

successful. As a rule, if he does not get a start by this time he never gets it; but as I say, it is shown that 83 per cent. do get a start. During these years the healthy man has nothing to fear about present comforts.

"Now take a glance at the other side. From 45 to 65 the man is going down. This is, in a sense, the age of losses. Statistics show that at age 65, 97 per cent. of the men in this country are dependent on their daily earnings or on their children for support. It hardly seems possible, does it? But it is an actual fact.

There are two reasons for this. One is that we are a "happy-go-lucky" nation, thinking more of pleasures and luxuries

to-day than of necessities to-morrow. We do not seem to be able to get it into our consciousness that it is possible for us to be in penury 20 or 25 years from now. We do not make big mistakes. We do not make fool investments, and, of course, we never will. We, of course, intend to make an estate some day; just now we cannot begin because we get too much enjoyment out of living up to our income, or nearly up to it. This, as you know, is the National American spirit.

"The other reason so few men (only 3 in 100) have property at age 65 is because of the mental transition they go through, usually between the ages of 55 and 65. Between these years a man goes through a mental transition that upsets his judgment. He makes business deals and goes

into ventures that he would not have dreamed of doing before. Hard-headed, shrewd men, with the keenest of judgment—men who would never dream of speculating, have their judgment warped during this period, thus causing the large number of failures you see recounted daily in the Sun and the Bradstreet news items. Are not these facts pregnant with meaning, and do they not point a warning to each of us?

"Does it not become imperative in the face of facts of this kind that we change our "happy-go-lucky" methods of living and at least lay by a sum that will provide for our old age? Luxuries may not be needed then, but comfort is, and the thought of dependence on others should make us shudder."

Norman Angell and His Gospel of Peace

"The Great Illusion" which fell flat at outset is being translated into

seventeen languages—Sketch of writer and book

A FEW years ago there appeared a thin octavo volume of about a hundred pages entitled "Europe's Optical Illusion." The book was a study in international politics, and its author was Mr. Norman Angell, "then quite an unknown personality in the greater world of letters." The work, destined later to be regarded as epoch-making, "fell absolutely flat; it was ignored both by the press and the public alike; and now at the present moment it is being translated into seventeen languages!" Well may Mr. Robert Birkmyre, writing in the London Bookman, say: "Mr. Norman Angell has every reason to feel grateful to whatever gods may preside over the fates of authors for the fortunate turn of events that has placed him almost at a bound as it were in the forefront of European authors." Under its present title, "The Great Illusion," Mr. Angell's book has influenced the enlightened leaders of thought and opinion in two hemispheres. "Men like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Winston Churchill have allowed the tenets of 'The Great Illusion' to shape their thoughts and to mold their policy; and the book has been honored by a plenary reference in the French Chamber—an unusual experience for a book."

Of Mr. Angell personally, the writer says:—

The career of the author of "The Great Illusion" was not always passed in the study poring over the problems of peace and war. Indeed, to anyone who knows Mr. Angell personally, and the facts of his life, it is a matter for wonder that he could have found the time necessary to devote to the study even of his own particular subject and the strenuous work of putting his ideas into book form. For unlike so many beautiful and artificial creations in literature "The Great Illusion" was not the work of a night; it did not "arrive" by accident; the author did not dream it as the poets; both great and small dream poems; he built it steadily bit by bit in his brain, so the builder builds a monument and the work took years of patient and laborious study.

Mr. Angell's volume has been subject to so much misconception and misrepresentation that the Bookman writer deems it advisable to state what the propositions laid down by the author really are. He tells us:—

"The whole idea of 'The Great Illusion' is simply that war is an unprofitable undertaking in the twentieth century, both to

the nation and to the individual who is part of that nation owing to the delicate interdependence of trade and finances. We are blinded by traditions that have passed away; haunted by shibboleths and have never really paused to think the matter out in a clear and logical manner. Mr. Angell preaches the gospel of peace but objectively; that is to say, if he had felt that any real profit, moral or material, could arise from the art of war as it is conceived and practised at the present day there would have been no need for his book and the slow, patient years in which he devoted himself to the problems of international warfare would have been given to more profitable things; but feeling and having expounded in "The Great Illusion" the folly and fallacy of war he advocates peace: it is the only alternative. He does not say, remember that war is impossible, which is a favorite misinterpretation; it is more than possible; it is even likely; and it is because it is so probable that "The Great Illusion" has become such an important factor on all questions touching on international policy. Mr. Angell endeavors in "The Great Illusion" to put the clock

right for us; we are slow by several centuries; and while we are so advanced and have made such gigantic strides in other things in the domain of international politics we are absolutely stationary and remain rooted where we were at the beginning of history when plunder was the prize of war, and the rough and ready methods of the Huns and the Vandals will not work in the twentieth century. Mankind has developed materially and morally since then (whether they know it or not) and at the present moment when the nations are more than ever bound by economic interdependence and considerations of trade; when the division of labor is a tie between State and State and man and man, war and the benefits that war is supposed to bring is an individual and national "illusion." It is not war we want, but co-operation, not strife but federation. That is the real and only possible interpretation of "The Great Illusion," if read with the usual modicum of light and understanding.

Mr. Angell, whose full name, we believe, is Ralph Norman Angell Lane, was born in 1874 in England.

New Books of the Year Put in the Balance

By common consent two leaders are named—Output of books absurdly in excess of demand, say authorities.

CRITICAL eyes are already beginning to scan the year's output of new books with a view to discovering the best amongst the enormously large bunch. By common consent, "The Letters of George Meredith," and H. G. Wells' "Marriage," are the two works which have aroused the most interest. One literary authority, A. St. John Adcock, acting editor of the Bookman, thinks the year's publishing does not so much reveal any definite tendency in English literature, as an eager groping and fumbling in a good many directions. "If it shows any actual tendency," he says, "it is towards a larger, freer handling of the facts of existence, a recognition that what is natural is not necessarily shameful." On the other hand, Robert Hagb Benson is of opinion that the tendency of English taste this year shows a continuation of interest in character analysis. "I do not think this a very hopeful sign," he de-

clares. "It is more important to care about the formation of character than about its analysis. An age of criticism is never an age of the highest art." Hence Annesley Vachell sounds a pessimistic note. "My conviction is certified by the year's publishing that the output of all books is absurdly in excess of the demand."

In regard to this question of over-publishing, which Mr. Vachell deplores, a prominent London publisher puts his finger on one issue of it when he says, "What leading publishers do complain about is the inclusion of a novel which lacks any distinction at all, and which is only published to enable the publisher taking it to form some kind of a list." Such novels are paid for by the authors, and are distinctly damaging to the sales of both the established author and the new author with promising talent.

New York Under the Microscope

Arnold Bennett places the Metropolis under the lens—description of the city as seen from "The Elevated"

IF Mr. Wells uses a telescope, then Mr. Arnold Bennett is master of the microscope, and in Harper's he places New York under the lens. Mr. Bennett's attempt to portray the United States with anything like his usual accuracy would necessitate his writing a novel every twenty-four hours for the next twenty years, and we must be satisfied with the present glimpse as we look out upon New York from "The Elevated."

What sharpened and stimulated the vision more than anything else was the innumerable flashing glimpses of immense torn clouds of clean linen, or linen almost clean, fluttering and shaking in withdrawn eucalyptus between rows and rows of humanized windows. This domestic detail, significant possibly to some, was particularly impressive to me; it was the visible index of what life really is on a costly rock ruled in all material essentials by trusts, corporations, and the grand principle of tipping.

I would have liked to live this life, for a space, in any one of half a million restricted flats, with not quite enough space, not quite enough air, not quite enough dollars, and a vast deal too much continual strain on the nerves. I would have liked to come to close quarters with it, and get its subtle and sinister toxin insensibly into my system. Could I have done so, could I have participated in the least of the unaccountable daily dramas of which the externals are exposed to the gaze of any stater in an Elevated, I should have known what New York truly meant to New Yorkers, and what was the real immediate effect of average education rearing on average character in average circumstances; and the knowledge would have been precious and exciting beyond all knowledge of the staggering "wonders" of the capital. But of course I could not approach so close to reality; the visiting stranger seldom can; he must be content with his imaginative visions.

Mr. Bennett may have his visions, but he remembers the limitations of his readers, and accordingly gives them facts rather than mere impressions. Of the east side of New York he says:—

The supreme sensation of the East Side is the sensation of its astounding populousness. The most populous street in the world—Kingsway Street—is a sight not to be forgotten. Compared to this, an uptown thoroughfare of crowded middle-class flats in the open country—is an uninhabited desert! The architecture seemed to reveal humanity at every window and door. The roadways were often impassable. The thought of the hidden interiors was terrifying. Indeed, the hidden interiors would not bear thinking about. The fancy shunned them—a problem not to be settled by sudden municipal edicts, but only by the efflux of generations. Confronted by this spectacle of sickly faced immortal creatures, who lie closer than any other wild animals would lie; who live picturesque, feverish and appalling existences; who amuse themselves with their themselves, who very often lift themselves out of the swarming warren and leave it for ever, but whose daily experience in the warren is surely and simply horrible—confronted by this inconceivable and overwhelming plant-metropolis (for such it seems), one is foolishly apt to protest, to inveigh, to accuse. The answer to futile animal-demonstrations was in my particular friend's query: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

On the conclusion of this, the first instalment, Mr. Bennett takes refuge in a sweeping disclaimer:—

As for these brief articles, I hereby announce that I am not prepared ultimately to stand by any single view which they put forward. There is naught in them which is not liable to be recanted.

Mr. Bennett's public will never insist on such a self-denying ordinance.

The Business Man of the Future in Politics

George W. Perkins sees a great opportunity for useful service on part of business men in handling national problems

"THE Business Man of the Future" is the title of an article by George W. Perkins in "Business" in which he urges business men to get into politics.

For the man who already has a competence there is something far more worth while in life than making money. I firmly believe that every citizen should, in some way, perform some public service, and somewhere between the work in your neighborhood and that of the nation, if you will but think about it and look for it, you will find a service that you can perform. Especially if you have an independent income, you can do it fearlessly.

Think what a tremendous effect even one hundred clear-eyed, straight-forward, fearless young men, who know, in advance, that their living was assured, could have on the destinies of their country in the next quarter of a century, if each would take up his work in that spirit. Very few of the men who left college forty years ago could look at the future in such a way. Their first thought, had of necessity to be the making of a living. Think of the difference—think what a difference it can make in the future of the country if proper advantage is taken of it. More has been done by the brain in the last twenty-five years, than in any preceding one hundred years, and the young men of to-day are the descendants of such brains. What an inspiration for the future. To believe in their country—in its institutions—in its business—and in its men is the biggest thing before us to-day.

In the great evolution that has been going on throughout the world our business leaders have been keenly alive to the fact that it is just as important to save waste motion in business, as to save and utilize waste product; that it is just as important to conserve ideas, to conserve methods, as it is to conserve coal and timber. Indeed, the last quarter of a century has been pre-eminently the age of the brain worker—the inventor not only of machines, but of methods; and whatever may be said for or against the profits men have made in recent years, we must not overlook the

fact that we have been passing through an era when extraordinary ability was necessary to safely guide the business ship. We could easily have taken a back seat in the commercial development of the world, whereas we have actually taken a front seat; and this has been possible because of the resourcefulness and mastery leadership of our industrial captains.

The time has come for the business men of the country to take a hand in public questions, to think them out wisely, to decide judiciously as to the best course for the country to take, then openly champion that course to the full measure of their ability. If this is done in each community—done honestly and fearlessly, we can trust to the good sense of our people to render a sane verdict.

Next to being dead right it is of value to be dead wrong, for if very wrong you provoke discussion, and enough discussion will bring right to the surface and make it prevail. A business age needs business men. The question is fairly launched. We have been so busy—opportunities for great achievements have crowded so hard upon one another, that we have said, "Oh, do not bother us about politics; there are plenty of others who will attend to that," and the result is that plenty of others have attended to it.

Business questions need business men, just as medical questions need medical men. We should have a system by which a pre-eminently successful business man could become a public servant, his ripe, mature judgment being utilized for the advantage of all the people. If the criticism is made that this would be turning governmental affairs over to business interests the answer is that such a suggestion is a base reflection on the patriotism of business men and is not justified by such experience as we have had. Our men of affairs have pushed business because in that direction they have found great opportunities for achievement and success.

I do not know of a more legitimate or worth while cause to-day, into which a man can put money and energy, than furthering

decent political principles and methods. There are thousands and thousands of men in this country keenly alive to existing conditions and thoroughly in earnest in their

desire to bring about changes that will represent sane, progressive principles, and the least that a man who has means can do is to lend a hand in so worthy a cause.

Stead's Plea for Church's Picture Galleries

Instead of closing up picture shows on Sunday the great Publicist urged that they be operated under church auspices

THE British Review of Reviews prints an article by the late W. T. Stead in which he advocates Sunday Cinema shows under the auspices of the churches. In these he saw a possibility of enormously enlarging the sphere of religious activity and an educational and moral development of the very highest importance.

Taken at its worst, says Mr. Stead, the Cinema provides millions of men, women and children with a means of spending their leisure hours more pleasantly than they need to do ten years ago, with less incitement to extravagance and to vice than either the public-house or the music-hall. The Cinema may be, and often is, a temptation to spend time pleasantly which ought to be devoted to study or to social service; but, as all police authorities attest, it has diminished drunkenness and immensely facilitated maintenance of law and order in the streets. The chief fault that can be found with the Cinema is that it is too stimulating. The rapid and constant succession of moving pictures leaves no time for reflection. You see life as from the window of an express train. You have not even opportunity to recollect the impressions of the scene. The Cinema picture is like a child whose only literature is picture books; it is apt to be satisfied with looking at the pictures and never learns to read. The approach to the mind is solely through Eye-gate; the approach by Ear-gate is entirely neglected. The Cinema challenges, but does not fix attention. It excites wonder; it does not allow time for reflection.

"It is an eye-pleasing, mind-tickling, unswerving thing," say its critics. To which reply: Maybe so, maybe not; but it draws. Is it not possible to utilize what there is good in it, and to leave out what there is bad in it, so as to make the Cinema useful for instructing, inspiring and saving the people?

Instead of shutting up the Cinemas on Sunday, let them enter in and take possession of the vast field which the Cinema posits offer them. In brief, what I propose is that there should be instituted at once a National Cinema Sunday Mission for the utilization of the closed Cinema palaces for ethical, educational and evangelic purposes. What scheme of Church Extension can for a moment be compared with this opportunity of suddenly exploiting in the service of religion 4,000 buildings, situated in the very heart of our densest population, which are the favorite assembling places of four millions of our people? It is not a case where we have to hunt for sites. Cleverer and smarter men than we have selected them already. The buildings are already erected. Their weekly congregations amount to millions. We have only to open the Cinemas on Sunday with the right kind of pictures presented as parts of an ethical, educational and evangelical service to reach millions who at present never "darken the doors of the house of the Lord."

Is it not an almost inconceivable scandal that an opportunity so great should be offered for our acceptance, and that no one from Land's End to John o' Groat's seems to realize what might be done if the Churches ran the Cinemas on Sunday as part of their regular machinery for reaching and rousing the people?

There are one or two indispensable conditions to be borne in mind before we consider the practical possibilities of a Cinema Sunday Mission. The Cinema should be used, not for the decoration of Sunday, but for its preservation. That entails two things—first, that the Cinema Sunday Services should never be permitted for purposes of commercial or financial gain. Whatever balance, if any, resulting from Sunday Cinema shows should be handed

over to some recognized local public, religious or charitable use; secondly, while it may be as necessary and as unobjectionable to hire an operator as it is now to hire an organist, no operator already employed for six days a week should be allowed to work on the seventh day; and thirdly, instead of charging so much for admission, as is done on week-days, admission should be given only to those who had bought the Cinema Sunday Programme, which would contain, for the information of the folks at home and the refreshment of the memory of the spectator, a popularly written description of the pictures on show. By this means there would be secured the regular distribution of interesting reading matter to a wider public than is reached to-day by any Religious Trust Society or Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The Sunday Mission being thus financially possible, it is easy to see that a strong and vigorous Church might find it possible to relieve the financial strain upon its poor fund by a subsidy from the Cinema takings. The next question is, whether it would be possible for the Sunday Mission

to run as popular, as drawing, as fetching a show as that provided on the week-day for the Cinema crowd. Let us admit at once that there are many of those who go to Cinema shows whom we could not hope to attract by anything we could serve up in the proposed Mission. Comic farcefulness attracts many, and pictures of crime or of conjugal discord would be ruled out. Those who go to Cinemas solely as they buy a penny dreadful would not attend the Mission. But then, if we allow that they compose the Cinema crowd, there would still remain the other half who would enjoy any show that had plenty of pictures, even if the merely fantastic and sensational films were excluded. There is also, he it remembered, a very large public which at present goes regularly neither to church nor to Cinema shows. It is not anti-Christian or irreligious. It would enjoy a good hearty religious service devoid of churchiness—we see this in the Wesleyan mission halls—and it would relish pictures which were seen to be remembered, instead of being shown only to kill the time.

The Great Essentials of Business Success

Among the outstanding factors are: imagination, accuracy, action and executive ability—The combination brings rich rewards

THERE comes in the life of every young man a time when numerous questions arise in his mind regarding his future success. Many of these questions are answered by older friends with more experience, but many of them are never satisfactorily answered until experience gives the solution. Glenn C. Webster discusses the problem in *System*.

One of these questions almost invariably is, "What are the qualifications necessary for success?" Men realize that there is something which goes to make up a man other than pure technical or academic training. There are some necessary qualities or characteristics in the man himself. There are four qualities necessary to success in any large degree:

- (1) Imagination built upon logical conclusions.
- (2) Accuracy built upon facts.
- (3) Action built upon a desire to serve.

(4) Executive Ability built upon a desire to see things accomplished.

In the minds of a great many people imagination is very closely akin to dreaming and, therefore, as much thought and attention is not given to this very desirable quality as should be.

Electricity, for instance, is doing almost every kind of work conceivable, thus replacing with natural energy much of the physical energy used a few years ago. This is all the result of the work of man's mind in seeing something which did not exist. With faith in imagination, based upon logical considerations, these problems have been solved.

Accuracy is the making of many men. Inaccuracy is the undoing of many others. We all know how a mistake in a decimal point in a factor of safety sent to destruction a steel structure costing hundreds of thousands of dollars and snuffed out a

score of lives. Every man establishes himself early in life as one being safe and accurate or unreliable and inaccurate. This characteristic is potent in his scope.

Action built upon a desire to serve will be one of the biggest assets of the future. How many of our large corporations give the very best of service until competition drives them to it? How many of our large business houses give the service they might give until some other house, seeking a foothold, gives better service than they have ever thought of? Every large business concern, whether it has serious competition or not, should build up an imaginary competitor and carry on its business policy based upon the severest competition. This would tend not only to satisfy the public and save the waste created by needless competition—which otherwise will follow—but would stretch it in the minds of the people so strongly that real competition would be impossible.

The man who can accurately figure out the very best possible service a company

can give and then insist upon action, based purely upon the desire to serve, will be in great demand in the future. He will not only be doing the community at large a service, but all things will come in the future to this man because he is of economic value to the community he serves.

Action, however, needs the cool, calculating head of executive ability to keep it upon the track.

If a man has the ability to execute the plans of others, he can become a power in the world. However, if this man has sufficient imagination to see things to be developed, he is a stronger and better man. If he is accurate, he is even more valuable. But the man who has ability to see what the world needs, accurately plans to supply that need with plans based upon the desire to serve and is then able to execute these plans and bring them to a successful conclusion, can go as far as he likes and accomplish things heretofore unthought. The world will bestow upon him her richest gifts.

The Lure of the Colonies

Sir Gilbert Parker heads movement for reaction against the depletion of Agricultural England—Protests against unrestricted emigration

AT last we see signs of a sane reaction against the depletion of agricultural England. And a Canadian by birth, Sir Gilbert Parker, is a leader of the movement. In the Nineteenth Century he is moved to protest against the enfeeblement of Britain by unrestricted emigration of her best men and women, whose presence in the land of their birth has been regarded for a generation as a modified blessing. Sir Gilbert points out that:—

There are three parties to the great process of organized migration—the colony which receives the migrants, the Mother Country which provides them, and the migrants themselves. For two out of the three the arrangement is admirable. The colony is enriched by the advent of sturdy citizens, energetic, capable, vigorous; takes good care to admit none but those with respectable credentials and the attributes which make for success, in every kind of immigrants it receives the elements essential to national progress. The migrants,

endowed with these qualities, have before them a career, rough perhaps, and hard, but a career with great possibilities. They have exchanged a monotonous round of unrewarded drudgery for a path which may be rugged, but which leads to better things. Behind them lie hopelessness, before them there is, at least, the chance of success, an opportunity.

Observers have for years pointed the moral that this country by encouraging the emigration of the fit, automatically increases the burden of maintaining a population of town-dwellers, and handicaps Britain in her competitive struggle with other nations. France has never been faced with this problem, but Germany has long since taken steps to check the outflow of her peasantry, and we are glad to find Sir Gilbert is not blind to the root cause of the trouble. He says:—

Surely the lesson is obvious. By fall, unfettered ownership and the chance of ownership new countries are drawing away

our people. By full ownership Germany has checked a rural exodus which excited her alarm. In full ownership Ireland is finding security, and her people are finding a bond that keeps them to the land. In Great Britain alone do we find legislation avowedly framed to place obstacles in the way of the peasant to freehold tenure—a deliberate antagonism to natural inclinations. And from Great Britain we see a ceaseless flow of her most essential citizens—a flow unceasing and increasing. The offices of the High Commissioners and Agents-Gen-

erals are besieged by applicants for passenger accommodation.

Such is the prospect, happy for the Colonies, cheerful for the emigrants, fraught with peril for the Motherland. Is it not high time that we took measures to avert the evil that threatens the physical superiority of our race, that will complete the destruction of the balance between the field and the workshop, that will make us wholly dependent for our food upon the stranger?

Advertising is Worth Doing Well

Even the smallest ad. should be gone over with microscopic care in order that valuable "white space" may be made effective

IN THE Business Philosopher, J. P. Fleissman makes a strong point that even the little things in advertising are worth doing well.

Edward J. Locke, author of "The Case of Besky," says that the reason for David Belasco's great success as a producer of plays is his skill in theatrical surgery. Belasco dissects every manuscript word for word, speech for speech, until its anatomy is in perfect theatrical proportion.

Says Mr. Locke: "From ten in the morning frequently till the next morning we went through the play with microscopic care. Often we spent hours on a few lines, on a single speech." And Thomas Dreier, commenting on this, writes: "How many business men give a fraction of this attention to the language and the message in their advertisements—advertisements that go into space costing thousands of dollars?"

There's a thought worth while here. I

have often wondered why folks will waste even the small amount that a Want Ad. costs by dashing off any kind of "copy," running it in a newspaper, and seriously expecting the newspaper to dump the contents of an advertising Horn of Plenty at their feet.

Newspaper space is valuable in proportion to the efficiency of the written word that is set up into type and goes into that space. Even a Want Ad. can be given "pulling power" by the kind of careful, painstaking preparation that is necessary to make any kind of advertising worthy of the name.

So don't dash off that Want Ad. pell-mell. Take a little time and trouble to convey your message just the way it should be conveyed. The newspaper can sell you white space. It is up to you to make that white space effective.

We can't all be Belascos, but we can learn something from Belasco's methods.

Arnold Bennett on "How to Make a Fortune"

Industry and ideas are set forth by leading writer as the two principal sources of wealth

THE two principal sources of wealth, declares Arnold Bennett, in Cassell's Magazine, are Industry and Ideas. He points out that both these words commerce with as "I," a fact which is not without a certain significance for the perspicacious. Mr. Bennett continues:

You doubtless imagined that in my preliminary paragraphs about the half-crown I was somewhat sarcastic, or ironic, at the expense of industry as a source of wealth.

That is so. I was. But I was then talking of one's own industry. The industry to which I direct your notice as a modern

source of wealth is other people's industry. Look around at the makers of great fortunes who dine every night at the Carlton or the Savoy and have a different motor-car and a new hat for every day in the week, and you will see that without exception they are men who have the supreme gift of finding other men who are willing to be industrious for them. Try to get a situation in any establishment of which the proprietor is an amusing a vast fortune, and the first thing you are told will assuredly be: "Got to work here, you know; no shuffling!" Naturally! Otherwise the proprietor's fortune wouldn't be vast; it, perhaps wouldn't exist at all. Rich and successful men are severely even industrious.

They pretend that they are, in illustrated interviews in magazines. They sometimes honestly believe that they are. But in reality they are not. They spend their time in seeing that other people work hard and in an appearance of being tremendously busy themselves. They have a telephone at their bedside—granted!—so that they may start issuing orders before they arise from the dreamy couch, and—they drop off to sleep giving orders. But no working-man in his senses would call giving orders work. Still, it is essential that the illusion of industry should be maintained. And one prime fact in this illusion, which no fortune-maker should on any account omit, is to make yourself very difficult of access. Always refuse to be seen at less than twenty-four hours' notice. When a request for an appointment comes along, consult a diary and reply that you are free between 12.5 and 12.15 on the next day but one, and that you will see the applicant provided he does not object to your doing your Sandow exercises the while. By these tactics your doors will be besieged by the elite of the land: Influential persons will tumble over each other to have speech with you, and your reputation for success will be assured.

Then, as to ideas—ideas are without doubt the very foundation of half the fortunes amassed within the last fifty years. So sure as a rich man dies and the death duties on his estate bring in a few hundred

thousand pounds to a needy Chancellor of the Exchequer, so sure is it that that rich man, in quiet five cases out of ten, has owed his wealth to some new idea—some simple invention, the exploitation of some dodge which has appealed to the public. Therefore the man bent on acquiring a fortune must acquire first of all such an idea. It ought not to be his own idea. If it is his own idea the chances are that he will make nothing out of it whatever. Investors are proverbially deep poor. The man with an ambition to roll in millions, if he shows the least propensity to invent, or to his own ideas, should court the propensity with a firm and ruthless hand. That way poverty lies. Let others invent, let others produce good ideas for making money. And when others have exhausted their brains over the invention, or in the production of the idea, then the future millionaire should come along and get hold of the invention or the idea. It may cost him a song, or a diver, or possibly even a little more. But it will not cost him much. Having acquired it, he must pretend to be very busy indeed; he must spend sixteen or seventeen hours a day in watching the rest of the world work; he must endow himself with a reputation for insomnia and indifferent health. He must be pale, and furnish another illustration of the truism that wealth does not mean happiness. And finally he must launch the idea—the invention—on the world. If he has played his cards correctly, it will succeed, and in a short time, instead of living on borrowed money, he will live by lending money, which is much less trying for the nervous system. Such is the procedure which has lately been followed by many prominent architects of their own fortunes, and as a recipe it is well-nigh infallible.

I would not go so far as to say that one's own industry, one's own perseverance, one's own brains, coupled with honesty and frugality and the less fashionable virtues, may not even now lead to astounding wealth. I will not overstate my case, and I freely admit that they occasionally do, indeed, frequently do.



Araban Bay, Santa Catalina Island

OUR EGYPT & : OUR ALPS :

By Edward Angus

TO rest their weary eyes, worn out by the glare of the eternal sunshine, Californians should come up into Canada. True, the sun shines in Canada, but occasionally a cloud drifts overhead, a feather-storm veils the sky and carpets the earth.

To break the monotony of a long winter, Canadians should go to California. The North American Continent is the show-place of the world. What we want to keep us healthy and make us happy is travel. The more we travel the

more we want to travel. Travel is the best possible educator, it enlarges our outlook, broadens our horizon, makes us more companionable, likeable, it teaches the child to appreciate the land in which we live, the Provincial-minded man that there are other Provinces, states and territories beside his own; it makes the patriotic more patriotic, the jingle less jingling. The people of this prime Continent of the universe are especially fortunate. We have our Arctic and our Orient; our Egypt and our



A Fallen Monarch—Mariposa Big Tree Grove

Alps, and we can journey from one to the other without wetting our feet, and nearly all the way by rail.

And talking of traveling by rail! Where under the sun can one travel so comfortably, not to say luxuriously, for so little money as in America?

Suppose you take a seat in the "International Limited" at Montreal at 9.00 a.m.! At 4.30 p.m. you are in Toronto. You dine that evening doing Dundas Hill, with Dundas Valley, "The Beautiful," below your window, the myriads of electric lights showing Hamilton holding Burlington Bay as a mother holds a child in the hollow of her arm. You go to sleep just after passing under the River St. Clair by the newly electrified tunnel—clear, clean and as light as day.

You wake in Chicago, step across the platform and enter a fresh Pullman, and breakfast as you begin your journey to the "Sundown Sea."

En route you stop at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, at Denver and Salt Lake City, or if you take a more northerly route, at Yellowstone Park.

If you take the Grand Canyon trail—the Southern route, you will begin to lay aside some of your wraps. The second day out from Chicago, crossing the desert, you will take off your flannels; and when you reach Southern California you will want your summer suit.

Once in the far West you will find plenty of places to visit—Santa Barbara, where the mountains meet the sea, and sunny Santa Catalina, the beautiful island resting like a jewel on the breast of the deep. There are many things interesting to see, Old Mission with crumbling walls, Mexicans with sun-tanned skins, six-horse teams traveling along the trunks of fallen trees, flying machines flying over the tops of trees that have not fallen; and en route, all



In Sunny Southern California

the way from the Rocky Mountains to Monterey, you will see Southern Indians, dried bits of "Jerkie," doing the most wonderful work with their hard hands.

If you want to come back to the Northland by easy steps and stops you can travel up the Coast to "Frisco town," then on up the Shore Line to Vancouver, or, at "Seattle, where it's wet," you can take the good ship "Prince Rupert" or the "Prince

George" and take that wonderfully interesting sail up the Sound, the grandest, wildest salt-water sail on any ocean.

In a couple of years more the tourist will have another route for the return journey—the New National Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific—up the Skeena, through Central British Columbia, by the banks of the Fraser," passing at the foot of wonderful Mount Robson (13,700 feet) the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies.



At Santa Barbara

Buy the Right Varnish

ONLY the *right* varnish can give the *right* result. This means not only *good* varnish, but also the *right* good varnish for each particular purpose.

By knowing and buying Berry Brothers' it is easy to meet these demands.

Most any dealer, or painter can supply you with Berry Brothers' Varnishes.

But the varnish blunders come through the use of cheap varnishes and cheap workmanship.

The color, half comes through using varnish not made for the work and not suited to it.

No one varnish—no matter how good, it may be better in all ways. There can be no general "best of all" in the varnish business.



Get the Right Result

CHOOSE one of those five and you'll be safe. Each Berry Brothers' Varnish is made especially for a particular purpose. It cannot be made better for the purpose intended.

It is not necessary that you remember the names of the various kinds. Simply make use of the Berry Brothers' label. Your dealer, architect, or painter can tell you which kind your work requires. Write for booklet, "Choosing Your Varnish Marker."

BERRY BROTHERS, LTD.
The World's Largest and Best
Varnish Makers
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

WASH LIQUID GRANITE VARNISH

For brushing down in the most durable manner possible.

WOOD LUXEGRY FINISH

For the finish called for painted finish on exterior woodwork.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH

For interior woodwork exposed to water vapor, shrinkage or full grain.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH

For all surfaces, such as brick, stone, etc., not exposed to the weather.

SPRAY LUXEGRY FINISH

For sprays, coats, doors and other exterior work exposed to weather. Use before treated with water wash.





**Your Home Against Dirt
CLEAN HOUSE WITH**

Old Dutch Cleanser

**MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS
ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN — 10¢**